

LIBRARY
OF MICHIGAN

December

Cosmopolitan

35 Cents



New
Level of
Modern Marriage by Meredith Nicholson



from the house of
CHERAMY

Cappi

PERFUME—\$1.25, \$1.50 and \$5.00
TOILET WATER—\$1.50 and \$2.75
COLD CREAM—50c and \$1.00
CLEANSING CREAM—75c and \$1.25
GREASELESS CREAM—50c
FACE POWDER—\$1.00
TALCUM—25c and 50c
COMPACT POWDER AND ROUGES—
50c and \$1.00
DOUBLE COMPACT—\$1.50
BATH SALTS—\$1.00 and \$1.75
BRILLIANTINE—50c
BANDOLINE—25c

Cappi TOILET REQUISITES were created for the girl bewitchingly smart—the girl most vividly aware of the imperative need for accenting one's individuality not only in dress, but in perfume as well. With Perfume *Cappi* she can do this. It is alluring, and enchantingly individual.

Cappi POWDERS, COMPACTS AND ROUGES are delightfully and lastingly scented with this new perfume. They come in the usual shades, and in new ones with which the girl bewitchingly smart may accent still more her own individual charm.

Cappi CREAMS (fragranced with Perfume *Cappi*) are the purest and most potent aids to loveliness of skin. Other *Cappi* aids to beauty there are—and these, too, carry the fascinating *Cappi* scent. The superior quality of all *Cappi* requisites is due to the French heritage of Cheramy, and the recognized skill of this fine House—which enables American women to enjoy the very best at prices not in excess of those prevailing in France.

created by **CHERAMY inc.**
102 West Seventy-second Street, New York City



Victrola No. 360
Walnut, \$235; electric, \$275
Other styles \$25 to \$1500

The finest gift of all!

The gift that keeps on giving—that keeps on giving something new. For no matter what kind of music you may want or when you may want it, a Victrola Instrument and Victor Records give you every kind of music—better.

The most brilliant opera house in the world can offer no such great company of artists as that shown above, but every Victor Record is made by an artist of distinction in some particular field. From the great music of the world to the most alluring dance or the trickiest bit of jazz—the names that everybody knows, the names that really count—are found on Victor Records. Let the nearest dealer show you. Victrolas are listed from \$25 up — and any one of them will play any of the nine thousand Victor Records.



There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks

Victrola

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

Contents for December, 1924

COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

Cover Design	by Harrison Fisher	
If	[Illustration by Rea Irvin]	by George Ade 15
A Pleasant Time Was Had by All		by John T. McCutcheon 16
And They Lived Happily Ever After		by Meredith Nicholson 18
	[Illustrations by John LaGatta]	
Babies by the Stars	[Photographic illustration]	by Frederick L. Collins 26
Button, Button—	[Illustrations by Marshall Frantz]	by Irvin S. Cobb 28
My Double Life	[Photographic illustrations]	by Charles W. Wood 34
Out of the Ruins	[Illustrations by Herbert Stoops]	by Sir Philip Gibbs 36
Danger?	[Photographic illustrations]	by Roy Chapman Andrews 42
The Bull that Thought	[Illustrations by John Richard Flanagan]	by Rudyard Kipling 44
June Week	[Photographic illustrations by Alfred Cheney Johnston]	by Kathleen Norris 48
I Married Mr. Twice-My-Age	[Photograph: illustration]	by Virginia MacFadyen 52
The Heart of a Follies Girl	[Illustrations by James M. Flagg]	by Adela Rogers St. Johns 54
The Enchanted Hill—Part VII	[Illustrations by Dean Cornwell]	by Peter B. Kyne 60
A Pigskin He Loved to Touch	[Illustrations by J. W. McGurk]	by H. C. Witwer 67
Beachcombers of the Boulevards	[Photographic illustration]	by O. O. McIntyre 72
The Pleasure Buyers—Part V	[Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell]	by Arthur S. Roche 74
Where Money Once Flowed Like Water		by A. S. M. Hutchinson 80
	[Illustrations by Ralph Barton]	
Heaven	[Illustrations by F. R. Gruger]	by Basil King 82
Must I Practise What I Preach?	[Illustration by James M. Flagg]	by Emily Post 88
A Knight in Armor	[Illustrations by Harley Steiers]	by Carl Hovey 90
A Hand-to-Hand Fight with Desert Fanatics		by Winston S. Churchill 94
	[Illustration by Herbert Stoops]	
The Moth Man	[Illustrations by Stockton Mulford]	by Belle Burns Gromer 96
The Ghost That Haunted Sunnybank		by Albert Payson Terhune 100
	[Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull]	

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission.

Beginning
Next Month
The
SKYROCKET
A Novel
of a Screen Star



By Adela Rogers
St. Johns
Who Knows More About
the Motion Picture
People Than They
Know About Themselves

Published monthly by the International Magazine Company, Inc., at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, President; C. H. HATHAWAY, Vice-President; RAY LONG, Vice-President;
JOSEPH A. MOORE, Treasurer; AUSTIN W. CLARK, Secretary.
Copyright 1924, by International Magazine Company, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Magazine). All rights reserved under the terms of the Fourth American International Convention of Artistic and Literary Copyright. 35 cents a copy; subscription price, United States and possessions, \$3.00 a year; Canada, \$3.50; Foreign, \$4.00. All subscriptions are payable in advance. We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Unless otherwise directed we begin all subscriptions with the current issue. When sending in your renewal, please give us four weeks' notice. When changing an address, give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you. Entered as second-class matter, September 8, 1905, at the Post Office, New York, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered on July 1, 1918, at the Post Office, Atlanta, Georgia; Boston, Massachusetts; Chicago, Illinois; Los Angeles, California; San Francisco, California.

By
*George
Ade*



Illustration
by
Rea Irvin

IF YOU fail to become interested when the young people are making fudge and say that the stuff hurts your teeth. If you express a belief that the weather is changing—that the winters used to be colder and the summers hotter. If you say that probably John L. could have licked Dempsey.

If you ask, during a dance, "Why don't they play more waltzes?" If you think that stage dancing has gone off a little since the days of Billy Emerson and George Primrose. If you like to talk about Gilbert and Sullivan. If no one has ever succeeded Lillian Russell as queen of beauty.

If you are disappointed to meet people who never have read Dickens. If you still believe in porous plasters. If you smell camphor when you have a headache.

If you know that oratory has slumped since the days of Blaine and Conkling and Ingersoll. If you prefer apple pie to *café parfait*!

If you maintain that no dramatic company of today compares in acting ability with the Daly organization which included Ada Rehan, John Drew, James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, Otis Skinner, Charles Fisher, May Irwin, Charles Le Clercq, W. H. Thompson and some others. If, in cold weather, you are not afraid to wear

I F !

mitten instead of gloves. If you do not object to a canary in the room.

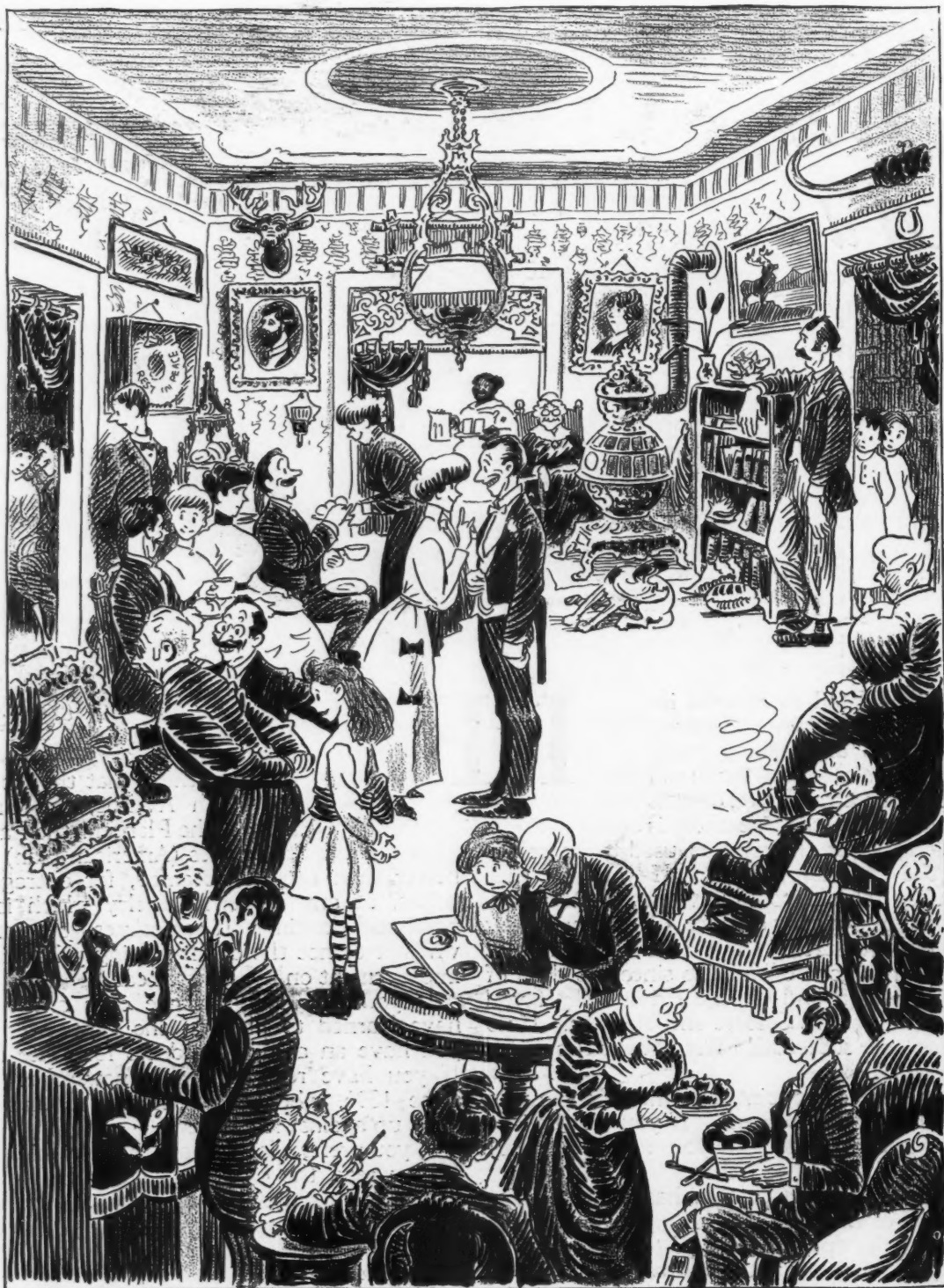
If you think that the food at the Fifth Avenue, the Grand Pacific, the Planters, the Parker House or the St. Charles (American plan) was better than can be obtained, for outrageous prices, at any modern hostelry which is all noise and dancing. If sometimes you wonder whether or not the death-defying yellow is an improvement on the hansom cab.

If you hate long-distance calls and never have learned to play on the typewriter. If you have an abiding fondness for grate fires. If you have read the same newspaper ever since 1896, when the conservative elements lined up against free silver.

If you prefer Mark Twain to the comic strip. If you read the obituary column before you glance at the sporting page. If you never boast of wearing the same weight all the year round. If you have the courage to cling to a derby in a world of fedoras.

If you do all of these things, it is your own business and possibly you are right as often as you are wrong, and these items of private conduct and opinion do not matter a great deal; but, just the same, there can be no question but that you are growing old!

A Pleasant Time Was Had By All



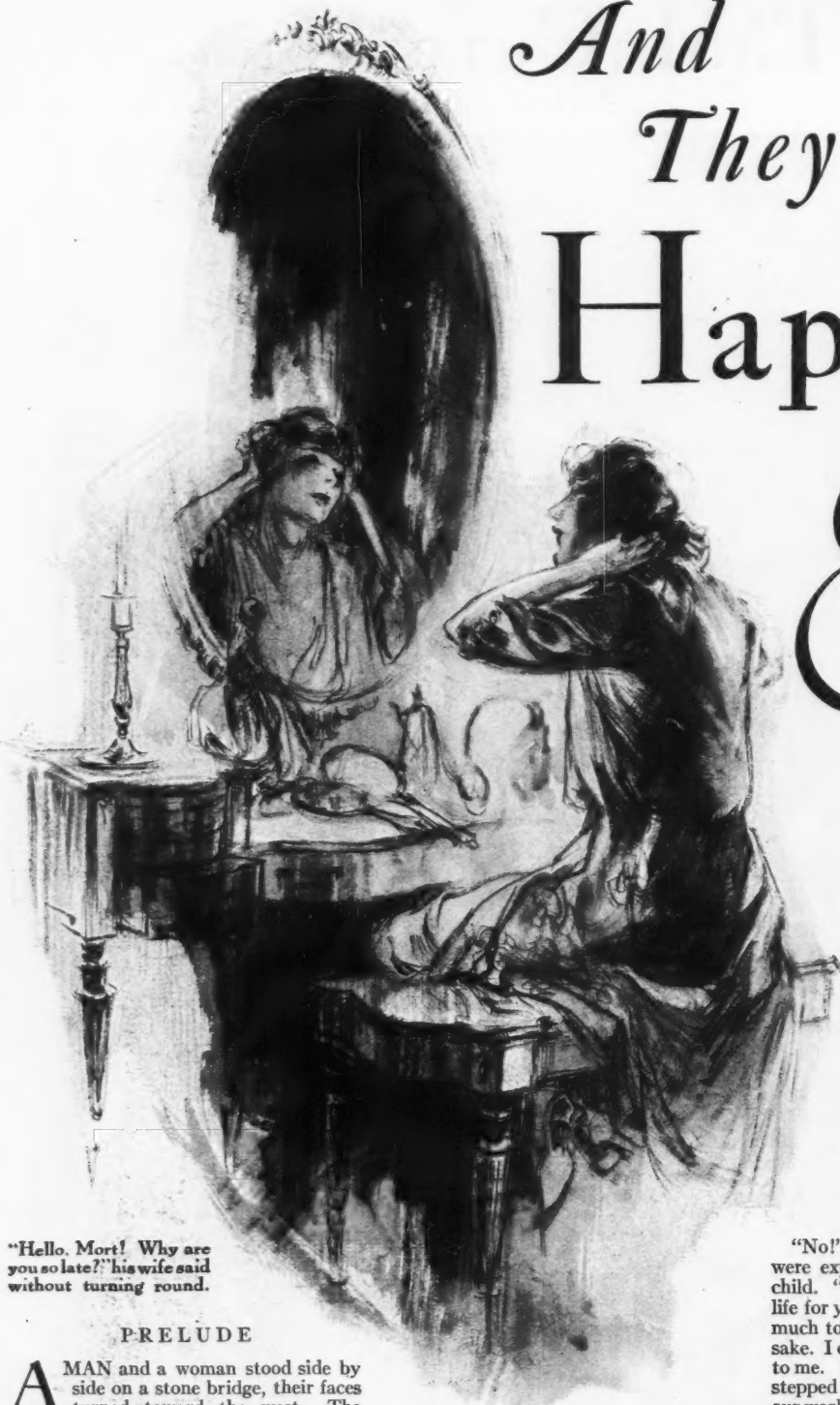
There was a day in the Lambrequin Age when a party was "given"—not "thrown" * * * The family album and the "Believe Me" quartet were two of the evening's knockouts * * * If you were a timid roisterer, you could seek sanctuary in the Turkish Corner, where the stereoscope, with its powerful lenses, would bring to life for you the Sphinx or Niagara Falls * * * Along about 9:30, when the folks had really warmed up and coy compliments were flying right and left, refreshments were served—feathery cup cakes and lemonade and rosy apples and perhaps cocoa—"It don't keep a body awake all night."

By **JOHN T. McCUTCHEON**
America's Best Loved Cartoonist



AND NOW LOOK AT THE PLACE! The embossed cocktail shaker sounds a tinkling accompaniment to the not so close harmony of "Hinky, Dinky, Parlez-vous" * * * The mode of the moment is sound—sound of all kinds: the ecstatic of the radio; the click of Mah Jong tiles; the shriek of the preserved saxophone; cries of "Double a spade"; shameless yawns; the crunch of lipstick on hard-boiled lips * * * It's a dull evening if some of the children don't motor off to the nearest J. P. to pick up a marriage certificate * * * Meantime the punch bowl in the—ahem—refectory is increasingly popular—"It keeps you pepped up until daylight."

And They Lived Happily Ever



"Hello. Mort! Why are you so late?" his wife said without turning round.

PRELUDE

A MAN and a woman stood side by side on a stone bridge, their faces turned toward the west. The stream was a narrow creek and the road an unfrequented byway just beyond the borders of a mid-Western city. It was near the end of October and the sun was completing its solemn recession down a sky streaked with scarlet and purple that softened to pink and lilac. The day had been all golden, but with the sun's decline a chill crept into the air. The woman turned up the collar of her tan coat, and glanced solicitously at her companion, whose hair was ruffled by the breeze that rose as the sun vanished. Somewhere a cowbell jangled fitfully. In the fields there was a whispering as of ancient mysteries in the ranks of ripened corn.

The world had lost its light and warmth, and one might have thought that for these two, as they lingered at the balustrade

above the softly murmuring water, something more than the day had ended. This was written in her grave, dark eyes as they sought the glowing sky, and it was suggested even more clearly by his attitude of dejection. Whatever might have been the crisis through which they had passed she, it was evident, had met it with the greater courage, and it remained for her to give the last touch of finality to their parting. She touched him lightly on the shoulder and as he turned, smiled into his eyes.

"We must go," she said gently.

"But I may see you again?"

he pleaded, taking her hands. "It's cruel to say that this is the end!"

"The very end," she replied firmly; but her lips trembled.

"It is worse than death."

"No!" She smiled tolerantly, as if she were explaining some difficult matter to a child. "No; this is the beginning of a new life for you and me! If I've really meant so much to you, you will go on bravely for my sake. I can never forget the help you've been to me. But now—" she freed her hands and stepped a little away from him "—we have our work to do—you have yours and I mine."

"Tell me again—tell me you do care!" he begged.

"We've done with all that," she answered patiently. "It's not whether we love each other, but whether we can be true to ourselves; that's all that's left to us now. And you will not fail in what we've agreed to do. You will keep faith with me!"

There was a challenge in her voice that caused him to lift his head. Their eyes met in a long gaze.

"Yes," he said brokenly. "I will keep my promise; you may be sure of that."

"Every day till I die," she murmured, "I shall say a little prayer for you, for strength and courage to keep the right way." She laid her hands lightly upon his shoulders, her eyes shining.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Begins a New Novel

of Married People's Morals

After

"And so—good-by, dear!" Her voice had sunk to a whisper. She took his face gently between her hands and kissed him on brow and cheek.

He heard her quick step, muffled by the dust on the bridge driveway as she sought the road. A little farther on she had left her car, and he heard the whirr of the engine as she drove away. He waited, watched the glare of the headlight flung up the hill beyond, till it reached the crest and passed from sight.

He groped along the balustrade for his cap, settled it on his head, and walked away, a little unsteadily, like one who has traveled far and is overcome by a great weariness. He found his car at the roadside and in a little while was traversing a boulevard whose lamps narrowed in a long perspective. Here was the city in which all his years had been spent, and here he must gather up the broken pieces of his life. He had given her his promise to do certain things, and it remained to be fulfilled, the one enduring tie between them.

And so, leaving him with his thoughts seeking new channels of duty and endeavor, let us go back to the beginning.

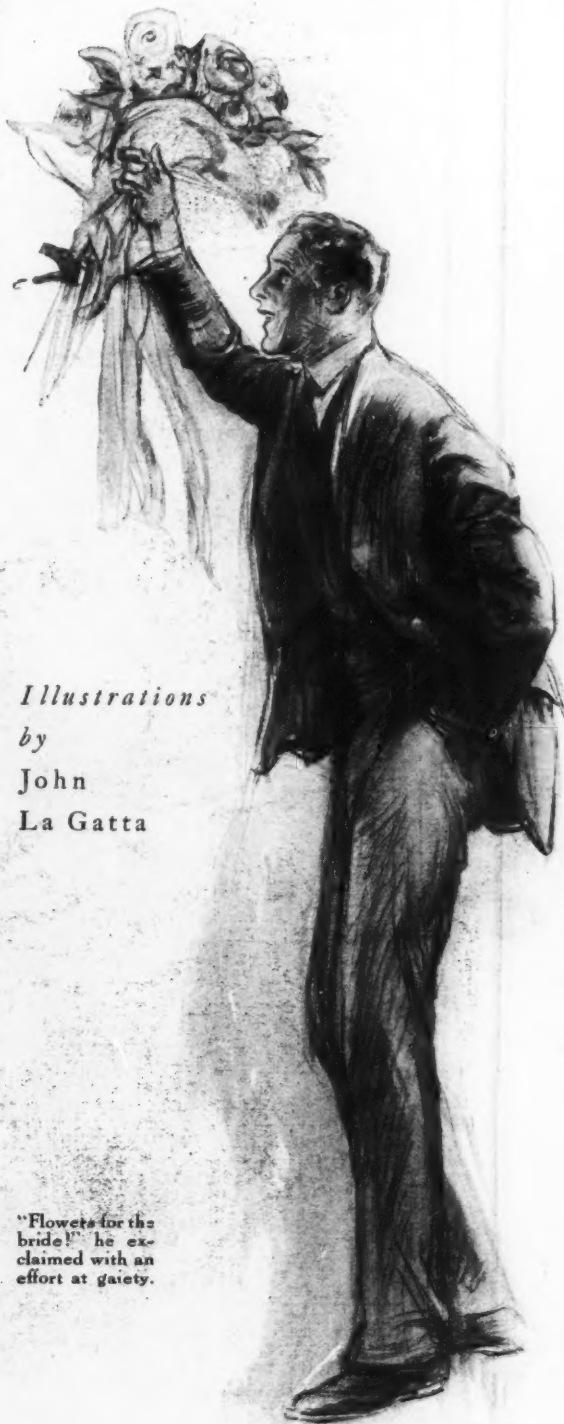
CHAPTER I

MORTON CRANE, returning to his private office, found Howard Spencer, the president of the company, waiting for him. It was toward the end of a vexatious day, and Crane's face wore a look of weariness. He was close upon forty; tall, slender, with a head thickly covered with coarse iron-gray hair. His face, rather long, had retained something of the freshness of youth in spite of deep lines about the mouth and faint pencilings about the eyes. The brown eyes arrested attention, perhaps because they were a little feminine—handsomer eyes than are commonly bestowed upon men.

One might have thought that nature, having completed the eyes, was afraid of making their possessor too handsome and had thereupon thrown in rough lines to impart ruggedness to the general effect. A man with a habit of reticence, given to worries over small things—prone to exaggerate the value of the unimportant. But withal a kindly man, sensitive and conscientious; one whose character had not reached its complete development.

Crane gave his associate the merest murmured greeting, and seized the revised proofs of a booklet which had been returned in his absence. Spencer, who had been scanning the afternoon newspaper, frowned, impatient at Crane's immediate preoccupation with the proofs.

"About time to knock off, isn't it?" he suggested with a yawn, tossing the paper on Crane's desk. An equivocal "um-m" was



Illustrations

by

John

La Gatta

"Flowers for the bride!" he exclaimed with an effort at gaiety.

Crane's only reply. A whistle in the engine room emitted a quick raucous bark, and this was followed in a few minutes by the patter of feet in the passageway outside the office as the workmen took their departure. Crane, as if to escape from the confused sound of voices and hurried steps, turned his back to the glass partition and drew himself onto his desk to bring the proofs under the shade of the swinging lamp.

"This worked out pretty well," he remarked detaching the



"If men bragged of their wives as they do of their bootleggers, the world would be a Paradise."



remarked Tom Bowen. "That's a noble sentiment for a wedding anniversary," declared Avery.

cover from the pages. "They wanted something that didn't look commercial. They've O. K.'d it so I guess they're satisfied. I'm rather tickled with this cover—it's that new paper the Torrington people are turning out."

He was speaking half to himself, as he narrowed his eyes and squinted at the cover, slipping a corner of it between his finger and the thumb for the pleasure of contact with the rough close-woven texture.

"A dignified job," Spencer remarked. "You do the design?"

"Um—yes. I got a good deal of fun working it out. What d'ye think of it?"

"Maybe a little too tame," Spencer replied deliberately. "My own taste would be for something more vivid. I'd say that gray paper rather calls for brighter tones than the tints you've got there."

He drew out a silver case and lighted a cigaret. In the early forties, of medium height, stockily built, but well set up, broad of shoulder and with deeply tanned face and hands, Spencer was a capital representative of that newer type of American business man who prides himself on keeping fit, and mentions casually, when health is under discussion, that he takes a cold shower every morning the year round. Spencer neglected no small item of his attire. He was the pride of his tailor—the best in Indianapolis—who rejoiced that there was one man among his customers who kept a discernible waist line, and was able to order three business suits at a time without feeling that he was indulging in wanton extravagance.

The Spencer Press had been founded by Spencer's father, an old-time printer, and the son had inherited the property. He was, as the phrase goes, a good business-getter, not in the clumsy fashion of the ordinary solicitor but by dignified and gentlemanly methods. He always spoke of the establishment as the Press; not the shop or the plant. Spencer owned approximately three-fourths of the stock in the Press; Morton Crane a fourth, a few odd shares being distributed among clerks and employees to complete the organization of the company.

Mort Crane had begun life poor. He got his education at the Manual Training High School, and had been taken into the plant by the senior Spencer a few years before his death. Crane had made the most of his schooling and after he went to work spent several years in the night classes of the art institute. He had married, at twenty-two, a girl who had been one of his manual training classmates, and when a bachelor uncle of hers died leaving her thirty thousand dollars Crane had acquired the interest he still held in the printing company.

He had been an important contributor to the development of the Press. Without serving an apprenticeship he had learned the possibilities of type, and he was clever and shrewd enough to suggest changes in copy without wounding the customer's vanity. He recognized in advertising an art, and studied with care methods of creating circulars and catalogues that would win a second glance at least before finding their way into waste-paper baskets.

It was not wholly pleasing to Spencer that there were persons who said that the reputation of the Spencer Press for artistic work was due to Crane's genius; he preferred to think that it was his own taste that had put the Press to the fore. Crane was vice-president and secretary of the company, and for several years this fact had annoyed Spencer every time he saw the official connection indicated on the office stationery.

Crane's social background was rather sketchy. His father, long dead, had been a machinist; his mother had helped her son through the Manual High School by working as a seamstress, and he had carried a newspaper route and otherwise contributed to his own support in those difficult school years. Spencer had not only enjoyed better advantages than Crane but his family was an old one—never particularly distinguished but dating from pioneer days. His great grandfather had been an early merchant of the town, and a number of Spencers had been county officials or legislators, or had attained the rank of major in some war; and long residence, combined with a tradition of civil or military office-holding are not without social significance and value even in the broad corn lands that are supposedly sacred to democracy.

Satisfied that the proofs realized the general effect he had aimed at, Crane dropped the booklet into a drawer to await final scrutiny in the morning. He was aware that there was something on Spencer's mind, and he sat down by his desk and assumed an air of attention.

There was a smudge of ink on Crane's face and a faint odor of benzine clung to his clothes. He became, as he often did in Spencer's presence, a little self-conscious, twisting a lead pencil nervously in his long supple fingers. His was the most

transparent of natures. He was amiable, self-effacing, anxious to please. It would never have occurred to him that Spencer was jealous of his standing among the patrons of the Press. In the years immediately following the senior Spencer's death Howard had been a frequent visitor at Crane's house that boasted an acre of ground and a garden on the new northern frontier of the city.

The Crane ménage was the simplest, but Spencer had joined cheerfully in preparing Sunday evening suppers and had even thought it a fine joke to don an apron and assist in clearing up and putting away the dishes. He had liked Alice Crane's audacious speeches, her liveliness, her readiness to run out somewhere on short notice for country suppers, her willingness to flirt with him boldly before Mort, who pretended that when Howard brought another girl along it was merely that his wife and business associate might have the greater freedom. This was all perfectly open, a matter for constant jesting. But Spencer had gradually effected his transition into social circles beyond the Cranes' orbit, and the visits were not so frequent.

Spencer crossed his legs and unhurriedly lighted a fresh cigaret, smoothing the silver case with his hands before thrusting it back into his pocket. Crane drew a bag of tobacco from his black alpaca office coat and filled his pipe.

"I've just been going over the inventory—studying our whole situation and turning over some plans for next year," Spencer said.

Crane assented with a nod, wondering why Spencer had chosen this hour for opening such a discussion.

"Last year was the best in the history of the Press," he suggested. "We've got all the work we can handle right now."

"That's just the point," Spencer replied forbearingly. "We've got to expand; this matter of taking care of new business that's waiting to be picked up has been troubling me for a good while."

"Yes? But you can't say we're not growing."

Crane's tone indicated that he resented the idea that they were not growing.

"In a way, yes," Spencer assented. "But that's not enough. There's a line of big jobs we can't take on simply for lack of equipment. For example there are county and state contracts, and there's a big profit in that stuff and we simply can't compete for it now. The Press can do a prettier job than any other plant in town and of course we're proud of that, but—I'd like to be able to handle anything that turns up."

"We've got to begin working night shifts right now to take care of work that's promised for January. We need new presses and our bindery isn't adequate. We're short of floor space in every department. What we need is a modern building; we've tacked onto this to the limit. The fire inspector was poking around here the other day, and first thing we know this old thing will be condemned."

"But it's quality work that has advertised the Press. We've got that pretty well cinched," observed Crane. "We're taking work away from some of the bigger plants simply because we do distinctive jobs. Why—" he paused, realizing that his remark had not met Spencer's point, as to the possibilities of expansion or the hazard of fire.

Every corner of the lumbering old structure was precious in Crane's eyes. There was a lot of old stuff in the establishment that would, no doubt, have to be discarded if a change were to be made, and he revolted at the thought. He liked to hold on to things—old fonts of type which some day he might find a use for; an ancient, flat-bed hand press on which he liked to pull proofs. Like a child threatened with the loss of prized toys, he grieved by anticipation at the thought of relinquishing them.

Then suddenly, as he looked at Spencer, calm, wholly at ease and indifferent, Crane experienced a sense of inferiority. His mind always functioned quickly and his thoughts now traversed a wide circle. He was only Mort Crane, whose one-fourth interest in the Spencer Press had been bought with his wife's money. He fussed and puttered about his work like an old man; Spencer, who traveled, even crossed the seas, met men of broad vision, touched the deeper currents of life. At times before this Mort had been assailed by such thoughts and had hated himself for harboring them. It was curious that his self-respect, his joy and confidence in his proved ability should shrivel before a man who was no better than he—who only wore better clothes and gave a smarter twist to his tie!

"Of course it will take money to make these changes," Spencer was saying. "It would mean a complete reorganization and getting in more capital. I want to work it out this year. I've already talked tentatively to some people—personal friends—several bankers—just to feel them out. It may be necessary to



"I've looked the room over carefully," Spencer said, "and you're the most satisfying object that meets my eye."

float some preferred stock. Probably I could get all the money we need that way."

"I suppose you could," Crane replied, trying to appear interested; but the suggestions chilled him. He already saw the Press distended, altered beyond recognition; no longer the simple affair with which he was so familiar in every detail. He was too tired to interpose objections.

Spencer rose, stretched himself lazily, glanced toward an electric clock visible through the glass partition, and dropped his cigaret into a brass receiver on Crane's desk.

"I just wanted to let you know what's in my mind," he said, "so you can be thinking it over. We've got to pull together, of course."

The "of course" somehow lacked sincerity, or so it seemed to Crane. He did not like the tone in which Spencer uttered that last sentence. With a careless good night Spencer lounged out, leaving Crane staring after him, uncertain of the president's meaning. The idea of selling his interest in the Press had never occurred to Crane; he had thought of himself as a permanent fixture, going on to the end of his life in much the same routine

that he had followed since he bought with his wife's money his share of the stock. If Spencer wanted to force him out he could probably find a way of doing it. Spencer, having got his hat and coat, went out with a wave of the hand. Crane changed his coat and had put on his overcoat and hat when the telephone jingled.

"Yes, Alice."

It was his wife's voice which, in his mood of depression, seemed infinitely remote. He glanced at his watch, thinking she had called to remind him, as she did not infrequently, that it was time to go home.

"Do you know what day this is, Mort?" she asked.

"What day?" he demanded, looking down at his desk calendar. "It's the twentieth of April."

"Oh, then you know what day it is! I wondered this morning if you'd think of it," and the wire carried a suggestion of injury.

Spencer had left him worried, annoyed, apprehensive, but he pulled himself together, trying to remember what it was that he should identify with the day.

"Just what is it, Alice?" he asked and his voice was cool.

"Oh, well, if you don't know!" she replied petulantly.

The bold "April 20" on the calendar with its neatly checked-off memoranda of things he knew he had done taunted him as he sought vainly for a clue to her question. A thrust of his finger into the waistcoat pocket in which he carried notes of home needs disclosed nothing.

"Why—" he began.

"Oh, all right, Mort!" she said with an inflection eloquent of implications that something was not all right. At this moment the mocking figures on the calendar suddenly gained significance.

"Why, of course, Alice! I was just kidding! There's one day I'll never forget!" he laughed into the receiver to conceal his chagrin at not remembering. "Seventeen years! Why it doesn't seem possible that we've been married so long! Time does have a way of skipping!"

"Yes—I've noticed that," she assented without enthusiasm.

"I'll be right out!" he said with an effort at cheerfulness. "Or wouldn't you like to come in and go to a show?"

He recalled, now that the fact that this was their wedding anniversary had impinged upon his consciousness, that they had celebrated earlier recurrences of the day in some simple fashion—dining somewhere downtown and going to the theater. He was heartily ashamed of himself. He must carry home some flowers to make amends for his carelessness. Still it was rather encouraging that she had telephoned; by waiting a few days she might have made him more uncomfortable about it. In his confusion, his thoughts racing, he was hardly hearing her further words, and he had to think back to grasp them.

"Well, Mort," her tone was not ingratiating and she spoke rapidly, "I thought that since it is seventeen years we ought to give ourselves a party! You know Nell Armstrong's sister Clara—she's the artistic one you used to be so crazy about—is here on a short visit. I only found out this morning that Clara's leaving tomorrow, and Nell's always asking me to things and we haven't had them to the house for ages, and Will Armstrong was so nice about giving you some shrubbery for the garden last spring, and it being our anniversary, I've telephoned enough people for five tables, so there'll be some bridge. I don't like to jerk up a party this way without asking you about it and I was just a little peeved you forgot. Oh, yes, you did!—and I only called you up because I'm afraid the Criterion won't send the ice-cream—they fuss so about delivering so far out—and I want you to stop and get it. Please don't forget that!"

"Yes; all right," he agreed trying to grasp the essential points of her long speech. He was physically and mentally tired, and the prospect of acting as host to a card party filled him with dismay.

"And—oh, Mort!" his wife called detainingly as he was about to hang up. "I've asked the Westons—and wasn't it lucky!—they had the evening free! I knew you'd be pleased they're coming!"

"Yes, Alice, that's fine!" he answered almost with a groan.

"And I asked Tom Bowen. You're so fond of Tom and I thought it would please Mrs. Weston to have her brother invited."

"Of course, Alice."

She had enjoined him to hurry home, and he set off at once in the shabby runabout in which he drove to and from work. As he started the car he doubted whether the party Alice projected had taken form quite as spontaneously as she had said. She wasn't always quite frank about such things, but he reflected that his dislike of the kind of sociability that was as the breath of life to her probably justified her in her subterfuges. He paused at a florist's and bought a dozen roses as a peace offering for his forgetfulness about the wedding anniversary.

With the box beside him on the seat he tried to bring himself into a sentimental mood. He thought of the evening when he and Alice had been married in the parsonage of the little neighborhood church in the East End and of their wedding trip to Cincinnati and of the joke he made of her fears lest his money would give out before the week was up. But for her uncle's bequest, that came later just after Freida was born, when the bills had rolled up dismayingly, he might still be a clerk. Yes;



he owed a good deal to Alice. Seventeen years! It seemed a long time. It was a sobering thought that they weren't quite as happy now as they had been in their first five years.

Alice liked to spend money; she entertained social ambitions that ranged beyond the home they had established, and her neighbors who ranged from sales-managers, small merchants, insurance and real estate agents, to men struggling for a place in the professions. It was for Freida, Alice said, that they must look higher; in a few years their daughter would reach an age when their social contacts would fix her status.

Alice wanted Freida to marry well. Freida was the excuse for a good many extravagances. They had put her into the Misses Palmer's school and already Freida, a pretty, intelligent and fun-loving youngster, had made friends beyond her parents' narrow orbit. Alice was enormously proud of this, and pointed to Freida's acceptance in the homes of the rich, and to the fact



that the brothers of Freida's schoolmates called at the house and took her to parties as justification for the extravagance in not sending the girl to high school.

Crane was proud of Freida; she was the finest girl in town, and he shared his wife's desire to give her the best opportunities in life. It was not a fault in Alice if she saw in Freida a chance to advance her own social pickets. In his hard working days, his zeal for the Press, his delight in even the least profitable job so long as he was permitted to do his best with it, he had concerned himself very little with saving money. The house would soon be paid for, and there was his twenty-five thousand dollar endowment policy. No; they hadn't done so badly; they ought really to be very happy, but he reflected as he crossed the Fall Creek bridge and looked up and down the little stream with its brightly lighted boulevard borders that the day might really mark a turning point in his life.

"How long ago was it that I kissed you in your own house under the mistletoe? I remember you dared me!"

The more he thought of Spencer's talk the less he liked it. The very casualness with which the president had indicated his purpose to expand was ominous. Alice had frequently complained at the small amounts paid out of the profits of the company. Alice had no head for business. The explanation that a large percent of the earnings went back into the Press for necessary purchases of equipment seemed to her sheer foolishness. And she never forgot that the stock he held had been bought with her money, a circumstance of which she reminded him every time he complained of the monthly bills.

Crane shook his head impatiently as (Continued on page 185)

By Frederick L. Collins

Babies by the STARS

Evangeline Urges that the Planets Be Invited to the Birth

I AM not an astrologer. I wouldn't know Venus from Aquarius on a moonlight night! And I haven't any more respect for the average star-gazer than I have for the gypsy at the circus—or the pink lemonade.

But Evangeline, as I soon found out, is no average star-gazer, and certainly no gypsy. Two of her ancestors signed the Declaration of Independence; one became President of the United States. Her immediate forbears were products of theological Andover and scholastic Cambridge. And when Evangeline speaks, I listen—even when she talks about having babies by astrology.

She told me, while I was still the active executive of a good-sized business, that I would end my days as a writer—and here I am, in the tangled thirties and adolescent forties, consorting night and day with a portable typewriter. She told me, while I was still a dug-in New Yorker, that I would travel habitually on matters that had to do with governments and dignitaries—and here I am wandering about the world calling on governors, ambassadors, and kings.

I laughed at these predictions when they were made. But now—even I could see that, *if there was anything in this astrology business at all*, some previous Evangeline might have told these same things to my mother and father before I was born.

"Before you were conceived," corrected Evangeline. "And then, if your family hadn't liked the picture astrology painted, they could—well, they could have seen to it that you weren't born under those particular stars."

The idea of anybody's parents consulting a lot of figures on a horoscope chart, to find out just where the stars were before they ventured into the baby business, struck me as most amusing. But—since it was Evangeline's idea—I suspended judgment. If she told me with sufficient solemnity that my black derby hat was brown, I might not agree with her—but I'd buy a new hat!

I had just been asking about Governor Groesbeck of Michigan.

She didn't know his name. She didn't know whether he was a man or a woman. She didn't know anything about him except that he was born on a certain day of a certain year. At least, she didn't—until she consulted her astrological books to determine the exact position of the stars when he was born, complete her usual mathematical calculations, and penciled the results on one of her clocklike horoscope charts.

Then, she knew everything.

She began, as she often does, by telling certain obvious things: that he was neat in personal appearance, straight forward in manner, clear-headed in thinking, idealistic, conservative, inclined to be bashful. Then, she said, "This person ought to be an old maid."

As a matter of fact, the Governor is a bachelor.

"How did you know that?" I exclaimed.

"Because," she answered, "he has Venus in Libra. If a woman is like that, she'll be an old maid all her life. How would you like to have that sign?"

"I don't know. I've never been an old maid."

"Well I *have*—and I don't approve of it—astrologically or otherwise. By the way," she added, looking up from her chart, "hasn't this friend of yours a peculiar gait?"

I admitted that he walked as if God had given him stilts instead of legs.

"I thought so," said Evangeline. "He has Saturn and Mars in Capricorn."

"And what does that do?"

"Rules the knees," she replied.

I laughed as I thought of Michigan's dignified chief executive stumping by my side down the long corridor of the Dime Savings Bank Building in Detroit. I could easily believe that stiff-kneed planets had been present at his birth!

And then, when I told Evangeline that the man, with whose

knees she had been so familiar, was the Governor of a great state, she surprised me by saying: "I don't care. That Governor's father and mother ought to have thought about those knees, and had their son born under other stars."

I knew that Evangeline's theory—the theory of all great astrologers from Babylonian times to the present day—is that the position of the stars at the time of birth determines to a large extent the life of the individual. To her, the universe is like a great clock, a Big Ben of the Signs of the Zodiac; and through these twelve signs the planets are continuously moving, not with the nervous frequency of minute hands and second hands—but slowly and inevitably like the seasons: planets that are present at your birth mean one thing; those that come into your sign from time to time mean other things. But it had never occurred to me that any particular combination of stars might mean that it was a good time or a bad time to have a baby!

"If you believe in astrology at all," she insisted, "you wouldn't think of having a child without first consulting the stars under which he would probably be born. If, for instance, you knew March was a bad month for having babies—"

"Is it? I was born in March."

"Some years it is!" Evangeline smiled, enigmatically. "Let's suppose it's a bad month next year, and July is a particularly good month. Wouldn't you be foolish, if you believed in astrology's teaching, to plan for a March baby instead of a July baby? Wouldn't you be foolish to run any risk of having a March baby?"

"That sounds like birth control."

"Oh, but it isn't! It's birth release. If a young wife knows that she can surely have a good baby, one that will be healthy and strong and lucky, isn't she going to be all the keener to have one?"

One thing was sure. The woman in front of me might be talking the veriest nonsense—but she believed it solemnly.

"The date of conception," she explained, as she dusted off her New England spectacles and deposited them neatly in the Chinese jungle on her desk, "is important only as it affects the date of birth. But as such, it is the most important event in a child's career."

"That's discouraging."

"Not at all," answered Evangeline, sitting back in her carved chair, and commanding the littered studio as if it were the throne room of an Oriental court. "To have babies brought into the world when the stars are favorable *should* be the biggest thing in anybody's life—and the greatest happiness. Take, for instance, the Ray Longs and their new youngster. They couldn't have had a better baby if they had planned for it."

"Don't you suppose?" I laughed, "that they did plan to have a fairly good one?"

"I mean *planned astrologically*."

Evangeline did not laugh. She was in one of her most serious moods, and refused to be jostled out of it by my levity.

"Some of my most frequent callers," she began with apparent irrelevance, "are men—men you probably know personally. A member of President Coolidge's cabinet, one of his most trusted advisers, often sits where you are now sitting. Two presidents of the New York Stock Exchange have sat there. John Burroughs was a frequent visitor. So was J. P. Morgan, Senior. The bigger the men, the quicker they are to recognize the value of astrology. But on this matter of babies—well, women have a special interest that men don't have. They are the ones who have to have the babies! And they are naturally interested in knowing when it is safe to have them, and easy."

"Easy and safe?"

"Yes," said Evangeline, simply, "those are the watchwords of the new natology."



PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

Evangeline plots the horoscope of a baby, who if the stars tell the truth, will have money, health, luck, a love of the mystic and an artistic career. He's David Stanton Iredell, and his mother saw to it that he was born under the proper planets.

Evangeline paused, as if she wished the full significance of her dictum to sink into my masculine consciousness. But she needn't have worried. I have no sympathy with the present grin-and-bear-it school of obstetrics, in which the father does the grinning and the mother does the bearing.

"Isn't it true," I asked, cautiously, "that some mothers just naturally have an easier time than others?"

"Yes," said Evangeline, "but it is also true that the same mother has an easy time with one child and a hard one with another. In fact, it is a very common thing for a mother who has had a very easy time with several children suddenly to have an exceedingly hard one. Sometimes there is a medical explanation for these things; sometimes there is not. But there is always an astrological one."

"For instance?"

"Well, the planet Saturn is a good example, because it tends

to increase congestion, contraction, nervous tension—factors which should not be present at a successful childbirth. If my sins are not forgiven me for any other reason, I expect they will be for the lives I have saved by telling mothers not to have babies while Saturn is in the ascendant!

"One of the hardest things about my calling," continued Evangeline, "is to see people suffer, and sometimes die, unnecessarily. I often wonder if Charley Murphy wouldn't be alive today if he had known as much about his stars as I did."

I knew what Evangeline meant. A Tammany district leader, who has been coming to see her for years, always asked about the health of his chief, Charles F. Murphy. The last time he came in the Spring of 1924, he forgot his usual question, and called her back on the phone.

"What do you see for June 20th?" he asked, referring, as he always did, to the late boss by his (Continued on page 110)

IRVIN S. COBB *Used to Be One*



"I thought to myself, 'Why should he lie to me about a simple matter like a sweater?' And I said to O'Hara, 'I've a hunch there's something wrong about this case.'"

of New York's Cleverest Police Reporters.

You'll Understand Why

When You Read—

Button, Button..

Illustrations by Marshall Frantz

AT THE Hotel Kuttawa on East Forty-ninth Street just off Lexington Avenue, a lady was occupying corner suite 5-B on the fifth floor—parlor and bedroom opening by separate doors on the hallway, with connecting bath between. She had been a guest of the Hotel Kuttawa for two weeks, spending most of the time in her rooms and taking practically all her meals there. She was registered as Mrs. M. Lynn, Springfield, Mass. She was a well-groomed, robustly built woman in her early thirties, not at all bad-looking, in manner very sedate, in dress very quiet.

On this day, her second week being up, she was preparing to leave. Immediately following luncheon she had asked for her account, and the assistant room clerk brought it up and she paid it. Her bags—a heavy suitcase and a plain leather valise—had been sent downstairs and were in custody of the head porter. She had no trunk, being one of those wise travelers, rare among women, who go about only lightly burdened as to baggage. She was ready for the street or for the train, as the case might be; gloves on, hat on, plain black tailored suit on, small neat handbag looped by its strap over one arm. But she stayed on, seemingly on the wait for something or somebody. Seemingly, that something or that somebody was delayed. A small pucker showed between her straight black brows, which for a woman were noticeably thick, and with a toe to the floor she made little impatient tapping sounds as she sat on the small *chaise longue* in the living-room.

The telephone rang and she went swiftly across the room to where the instrument stood on a little tabouret close up against the sill of a side window, and put the receiver to her ear and said sharply:

"Hello! Well, what is it?"

"Mrs. Lynn—suite 5-B?" The voice at the other end of the line was pitched in a tone of interrogation.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Lynn."

"Information desk speaking. Gentleman to see you."

"A gentleman to see me?" The frown in her forehead tightened into a deeper V. "What name does he give?" She caught herself hurriedly. "No, no, never mind the name. I think I know who it is. Ask him to come right on up, please."

She replaced the receiver on its prongs and stood by the center table in an attitude of expectancy—and annoyance. One might have said the annoyance predominated over the expectancy.

In a minute or so she heard the elevator stop at her floor—or at least she heard the metal slides of the cage clang as the car stopped. The Hotel Kuttawa was a small hotel, as first-rate New York hotels went, and the elevator shaft ran up through it almost alongside her suite, so she could hear the sound quite plainly. Immediately after, there was a discreet rap at the door.

"Come in," she said, and the note of her irritability was stressed in the speech. "It's not fastened." Then, as the knob turned and the door began to swing inward! "Why didn't you follow instructions—"

She broke off, staring and alarmed. The man who had entered,

closing the door behind him and bolting the thumb latch of it, was an absolute stranger.

She backed away from him a pace or so.

"You've made a mistake," she said.

"I guess not, miss." He advanced a step forward into the room. He was stockily built, of middle age, of a somewhat bucolic aspect. Certainly you could not have set him down for a city dweller. "No'm, I guess there's no mistake. This here is the right number I've come to."

"But I don't know you." Her voice was tense with nervousness, but not shrill. She kept it at a medium pitch. "I never saw you before. What business have you—"

"I never saw you before, neither, as I know of," he said, "but I know who you are. I've got a picture of you right now in my pocket—along with the warrant and all. You've let those eyebrows grow out and your hair's longer now than 'tis in the photograph, but I know you—and I want you."

He turned back the left lapel of his coat, not taking his eyes off her as he did so, and a heavy gold badge showed where it was pinned in the breast of a thick wool sweater which he wore instead of a waistcoat. His manner altered, becoming official and precise:

"I arrest you, Mary Jane Lang, alias Winnipeg Maisie, alias May Livermore, alias Missis M. Lynn, alias I don't know what else, for being the main one in working that big jewelry swindle on Goebel & Stein's store at Ferris Falls, this state, on the twelfth day of June last past; also for jumping a ten-thousand dollar bond put up for you by a certain citizen of that town, also for being a fugitive from justice from the state of Nebraska and the city of Omaha, in said state of Nebraska. You're under arrest, and anything you say is liable to be used against you. So you needn't say anything without you feel like it. But I'll ask you to hold right still for a minute and not move your hands from where they are until I get through doing what I've got to do next. You being a woman, I ain't going to search you for weapons. Anyways, I calculate you ain't carrying any, but still, just to be on the safe side, I guess before we go any further you'd better slide that there wallet off your arm without trying to open it, and let it drop on the floor—so!"

All of a sudden his deportment was colored by a sort of embarrassment as though a sudden diffidence and a certain kindness in him contended against a sense of his bounden duty. But what next he did hardly could have been called a polite deed. Even so, he performed it politely.

"I hate to have to do this—I sure do." So regretting, he fetched forth from a side pocket of his coat a pair of very shiny, very new-looking handcuffs and he sprung their notched jaws apart and went up to her and set them on her wrists and squeezed them in, with small mechanical clicking noises, to snug fits, she making no resistance at all and saying nothing at all, but going very pale.

In contrast to him, the pinioned one was now the calmer one. Apparently, she was entirely calm. Only that quick pallor betrayed her stress.

"I suppose you don't mind, do you, if I make myself comfortable over here?" she inquired, in quite a matter-of-fact way, and without tarrying for his consent she retreated to the little sofa and sat down there. She hunched her shoulders slightly in acceptance of the inevitable, then coolly, almost indifferently, put another question.

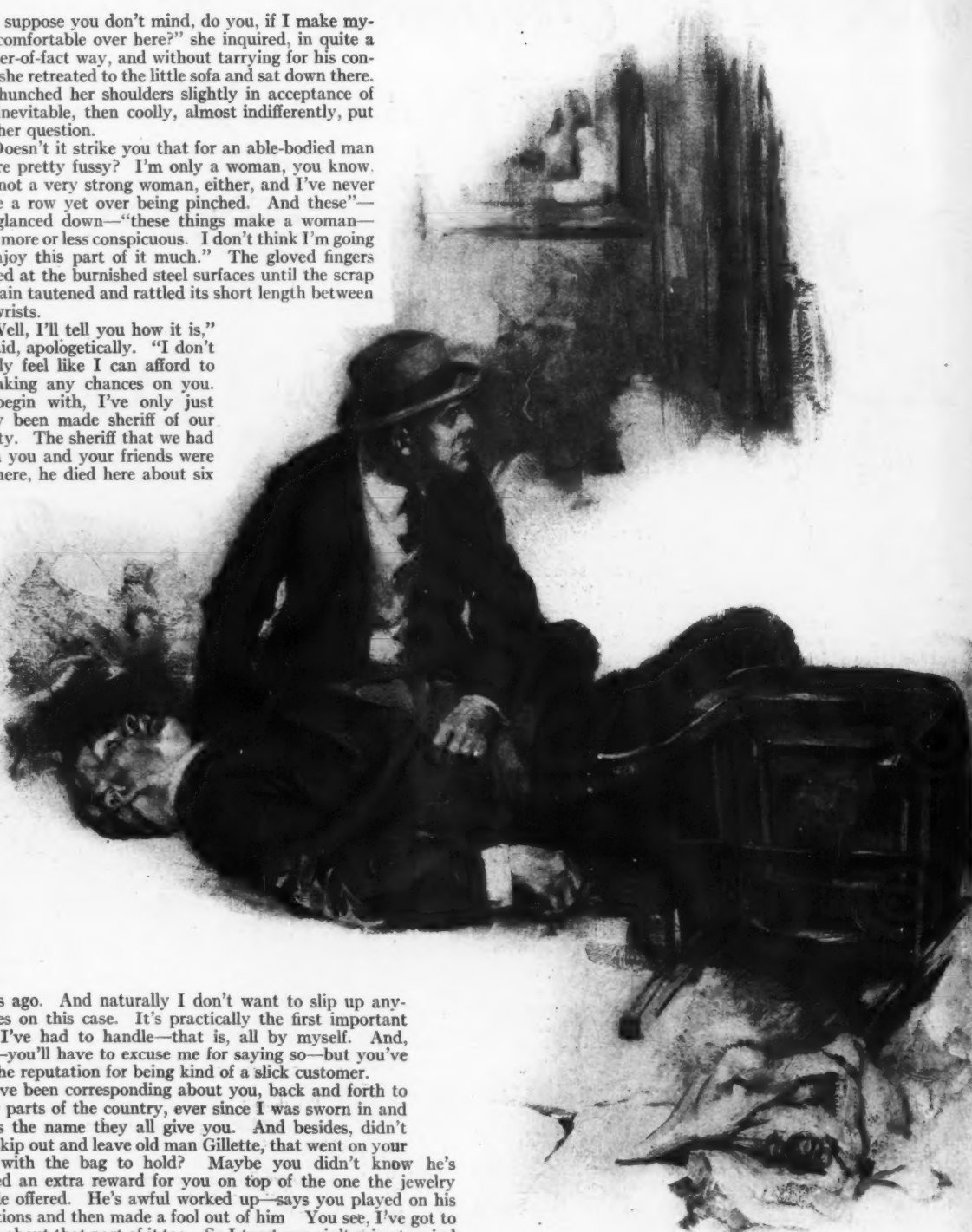
"Doesn't it strike you that for an able-bodied man you're pretty fussy? I'm only a woman, you know, and not a very strong woman, either, and I've never made a row yet over being pinched. And these"—she glanced down—"these things make a woman—well, more or less conspicuous. I don't think I'm going to enjoy this part of it much." The gloved fingers tugged at the burnished steel surfaces until the scrap of chain tautened and rattled its short length between her wrists.

"Well, I'll tell you how it is," he said, apologetically. "I don't rightly feel like I can afford to be taking any chances on you. To begin with, I've only just lately been made sheriff of our county. The sheriff that we had when you and your friends were up there, he died here about six

weeks ago. And naturally I don't want to slip up anywhere on this case. It's practically the first important case I've had to handle—that is, all by myself. And, well—you'll have to excuse me for saying so—but you've got the reputation for being kind of a slick customer.

"I've been corresponding about you, back and forth to other parts of the country, ever since I was sworn in and that's the name they all give you. And besides, didn't you skip out and leave old man Gillette, that went on your bail, with the bag to hold? Maybe you didn't know he's offered an extra reward for you on top of the one the jewelry people offered. He's awful worked up—says you played on his affections and then made a fool out of him. You see, I've got to think about that part of it too. So I trust you ain't going to mind it so very much having to wear that set of cuffs till I get you back to Ferris Falls. They're the very latest model." He added this last as though hoping his prisoner might be conciliated by the fact that her fetters were of a modern pattern.

"I bought 'em less than an hour ago just around the corner from the depot. You being a woman and usually so ladylike, by all reports, I got 'em 'specially on your account because the pair I brought down with me"—he tapped at his hip—"are those old-fashioned heavy kind, you know, not nice and trim-looking like this here new set. And they have to be locked fast instead of working automatic—by gee; that reminds me! You'll have to excuse me again, miss." His grin was sheepish. "I've went and left the key still hitched onto them new ones. That might be all right from your standpoint but it wouldn't do well so from mine,



would it now? Just lift up your hands a minute, please. That'll do, thanks!"

He undid a small key which dangled by a small loop of soft wire from the middle link of her manacles and transferred it to a ring burdened with several other keys which he brought up from the depths of a trouser pocket. Revolving the ring on a blunt forefinger, he for the first time looked about him, taking in the immediate surroundings.

"I see you're fixed up for outdoors," he said, and now being slightly more at ease, his face widened in a gratified smile. "Seems like I dropped in on you just in the nick of time."

"You did." She said it, bitterly. "My bill is paid, my bags are down at the porter's desk. I was just about to beat it



"I remember now," she cried springing to her feet. "He didn't put the key in any pocket. Maybe he dropped—"

when you arrived, Mister Sheriff. You can call yourself lucky."

"Well, maybe so," he assented; "but for a green hand, I've showed some sense on this job; if I do say it myself." Pride in his accomplished coup began to make him wishful to recount the successive steps he had taken. "Maybe," he ventured tentatively, "maybe you'd like to find out how it was that without any outside help from anybody, I come to locate you here at this hotel?"

"Can't say I won't be interested," she stated crisply; "but you'll pardon me if I don't show much enthusiasm over your success." Once more she shrugged. "Don't mind me—go right ahead. I'm listening."

She was, too. Her body was relaxed, its posture eased and submissive, the tethered hands resting in her lap. Into the look she gave him she strove to put resignation. But she was listening until her strained ear-drums fairly ached.

He rose to the lure. Exultation and vanity had possession of him, fifty-fifty.

"Well, then, I will. The way I got onto your present whereabouts was by reason of something you done yourself. It was that there letter you wrote day before yesterday to a certain party up at the Falls—no use to be naming any names even between us, eh?—to a certain party, as I say, telling him where you was and saying as how he could reach you care of this address for the next forty-eight hours and under what name. That was your big mistake. Well, I was on the lookout all the time for just such a message and so I walked into that same party's office on Genesee Street not two minutes after he'd read it and

before he had time to tear it up or burn it up. I can't tell you how I come to know he was expecting word from you—that'd be giving away secrets—but I did. And I called on him to hand it over or else get ready to be locked up himself for conspiring to defeat the law and the statutes.

"Maybe I had something else on him besides. I ain't saying as to that. A fellow that's been shystering around that town for as many years as he has is bound to lay himself liable sooner or later. Well anyhow, after spouting high and mighty for a spell about a client's rights and a lawyer's professional relations and all, he seen the light and caved in and handed her over. He was so scared I knowed he wouldn't dast to try to notify you what had happened, after I was gone. Oh, I had him dead to rights.

"So I caugther last night's late train down and I got here this morning and got things sort of fixed up and then I just walked into this hotel and had 'em call you up, figuring that maybe you might be expecting a visit almost any time from somebody else and so wouldn't suspicion nothing out of the way. So there you are, miss."

"As you say, here we are," she agreed, with a fine pretence of listlessness. "Well, what's next on your program?"

"Well, being as I've got the warrant all properly made out and here in my inside pocket, if you'd care to see it, and there not being any requisition papers to fuss over, same as there would be if I'd arrested you outside the state, and your things being packed up, suppose you and me catch the next train back up-state? There's a good one out at three forty-five, a little less than an hour from now. I looked it up. It connects at Utica with the train over the branch line and that'd land us into Ferris Falls at two o'clock tomorrow morning. There's a still later train but it don't make the connections. 'Course it means setting up till late hours but it'll save you from having to be locked up somewheres here all night and going up by daylight tomorrow. Still, if there's anything you want attended to in the City first why I'm perfectly willing you should be accommodated. Yours to command—within reason." Complacently he continued to spin the key-ring on the forefinger.

For the moment his choice of suggestions seemed not to concern her. Under their straight heavy brows her eyes narrowed and were hard as black flints.

"Then you didn't tell anyone at the desk downstairs who you were—or what your business was?"

"No."

She tried not to be eager. She tried to make the next sentence appear casual.

"The house dick here"—she corrected her slip—"the house detective, I mean—you didn't speak to him, either?"

"I didn't know there was one. If I had though, I wouldn't have told him."

"A big-town cop would," she commented. "But I get your point—you want all the credit for pulling off this pinch, don't you, Mister Sheriff?"

"You might put it that way," he confessed. "Well, going back to the subject, how about us catching that three forty-five?"

"Whatever you say," she assented. "But do me one favor: Don't take me down until train time. Let me stay right here in this room till the last minute. You understand?"—she lifted the gloved hands—"don't you?"

"Sure, I get you," he said, heartily. "Won't take us but a little while to get over there to the Grand Central. I'll lug your grips. I've got a mileage book, too, and that saves buying tickets." All at once remembering his manners, he took off his broad-brimmed black hat and put it on the center table. "We'll just set here nice and quiet till it's most time to get aboard."

"Thanks," she said, gratefully. "Take that chair yonder." She indicated one at the opposite side of the room close to the portières draping the opening into the bathroom. "You'd better

turn it a little this way so it faces me—I suppose you think it's part of your job to keep a watchful eye on the prisoner."

"Much obliged."

He swung the heavy chair about, then straightened, still making music with his key-ring. Whirling it seemed to be a habit of his. "By gee," he exclaimed, "there was one thing I came mighty near forgetting. I've got to call up Police Headquarters a minute."

She turned rigid.

"But you said only a moment ago that you'd told nobody that—"

"Well, that wasn't quite right; you misunderstood. I went down to them Headquarters first thing after I got in this morning. I seen the head man of the Detective Bureau, as they call it—Inspector Catlett, his name is. Told him I'd just called to pay my respects while I was down here working onto a private clue in connection with that big Goebel & Stein jewelry swindle up at our town. By gee, he never had heard of it! What do you know about that—a big case like that? Seemed like he didn't care to hear much about it—not 'specially interested, near as I could make out. Guess he thought I was just a rube sheriff from a back district fooling around wasting my time. Offered to send one of his men along with me, though. I seen through that—if by any chance there was anything doing he wanted to horn in onto it. Told him I didn't need anybody. He was snickering to himself when I walked out. I could feel it. Well, guess it's my time to do a little snickering now. I'll just use this telephone here and leave the money for the call as we go out."

"Don't do it!" she begged him. "You don't know these Central Office dicks. I do. You're making this thing as soft as you can for me. Now I'm giving you a tip for your own good. Didn't he hand you the laugh? Let him stayed fooled!"

"That's just it—I aim to turn the laugh back on him. Besides, I gave him my word if my tip came true that I'd let him know about it right away."

"I tell you you're playing the sucker. They'll find a way to hog the credit for this pinch. They'll swell the Department in the papers and make you out a Johnny Raw."

But the telephone book was open before him and he had found a certain number on a certain page. He wriggled his stoutish form into the small chair at the tabouret, his left hand resting idly on the sill of the open window. With his right he lifted the receiver off the hook. "Gimme Spring 3100, please, ma'am," he said, in the transmitter. Sidewise over his shoulder, for his latest maneuver had so shifted him that she practically was behind him, he addressed his captive: "Don't you worry. I guess I've proved once already today that I know my way about."

"They'll want you to bring me down there," she pleaded. She was humbled, as a suppliant should be.

"They'll want to stick me in a line-up to be stared at by their gang of thick fly cops. They'll want to mug me for their picture gallery. Don't fall for that, please. Don't drag me around this town like—like this." She thrust her hands out toward him in a sincere entreaty.

"Not a chance," he pledged. "Them things you speak of is just what I won't do . . . Oh, hello"—into the telephone

now and all jubilation—"that Police Headquarters? This is Sheriff Otis B. Tholens speaking . . . Yep, sheriff of Massasaugua County, this state . . . Connect me right away with your Detective Bureau—with Inspector Catlett . . . Yes, important business. He'll know who it is, soon as you tell him my name—Otis B. Tholens. I seen him this morning . . . All right, I'm waiting."



O. O. McIntyre at the age of eleven.

GALLIPOLIS is a quaint little town, nestled among the hills along the Ohio River. They take life pretty calmly there. No hurry, no bustle; but a lot of the real joy of living.

You can't be in the town for more than half an hour before someone points out the landmarks of the days when Odd McIntyre was the most mischievous boy in Gallipolis.

"The Park Central Hotel over there," said my father-in-law in showing me about, "is where Odd and another boy hypnotized the hired girl and put her in such a trance that it required nearly all the physicians in town to bring her out of it."

"That big tree on the corner is where Odd and some others tried to hang a boy as part of an initiation to their gang. Right down there is where he almost drowned one day when he got cramps."

Yes, they remember Odd.

And Odd, now the O. O. McIntyre who is called the most typical New Yorker, remembers them. He was telling me about Christmas and New Year in Gallipolis. His voice grew husky, and if I didn't know he was so hard boiled, I'd say there was mist in his eyes.

"Tell the folks who read Cosmopolitan about that, Odd," I said. "They'll love it."

He has written the story for you just as he told it to me. It will appear next month under the title "That Was Happy New Year."

[R. L.]

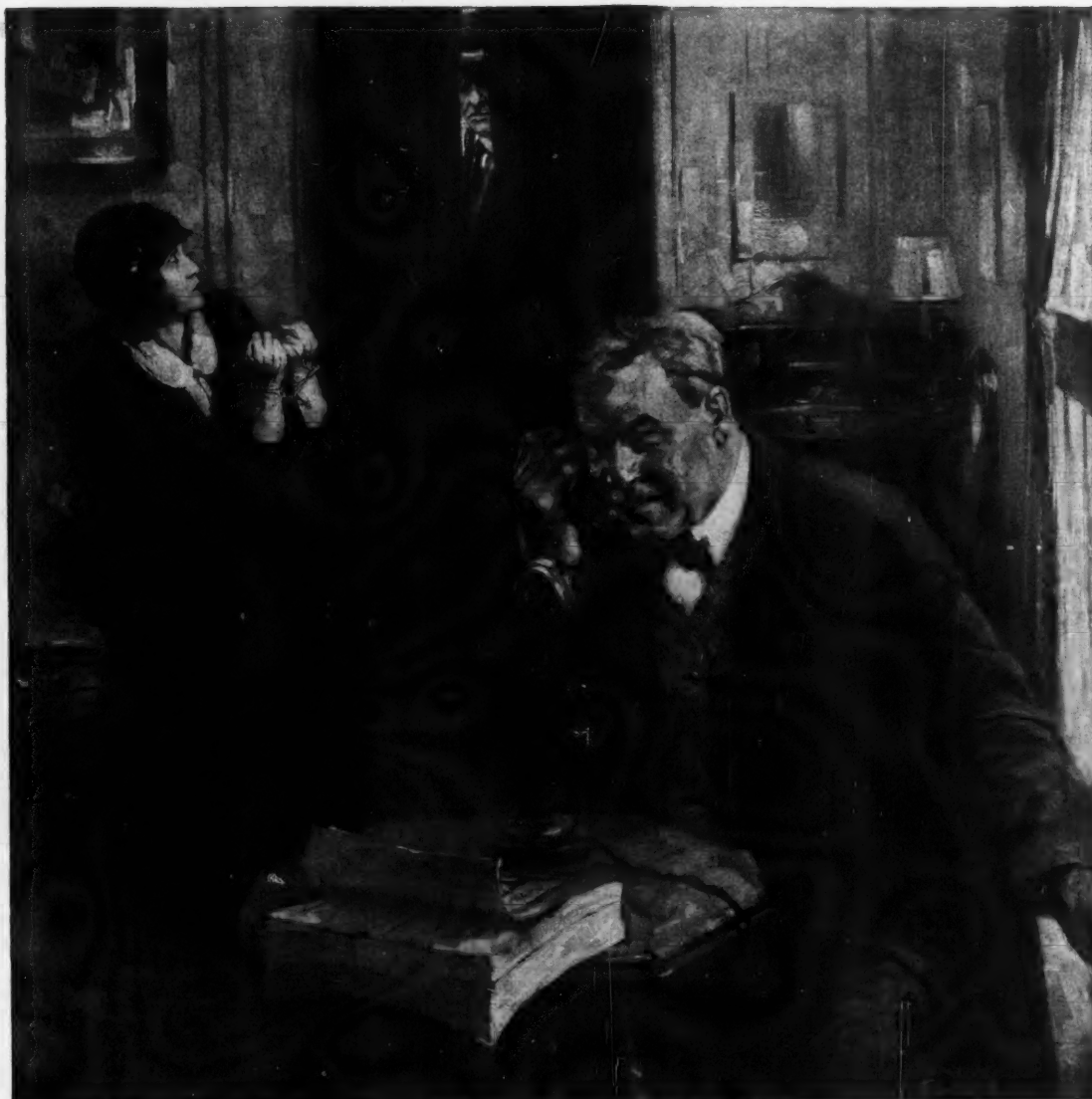
She had settled again against the back of the sofa. Then, from behind her, through the adjacent curtains, she heard that for which all this while, even in her latest flurry of panic, she had been listening, been counting on, been praying for, been trying to provide for, and her figure re-stiffened. She heard, in the other room, the outer door-latch click very, very softly—she would never have heard it had she not been harkening so intently—and she heard cautious footfalls on the carpet of the bedroom. All along, she had been speculating desperately how, when this perilous emergency should arise, she might contrive to give the warning. Now, she had but inwardly to give thanks. For, topping the peculiar little throaty cough which she uttered, the sheriff's solid bass also broke into the pending spell of silence, and at that the nearing footsteps ceased and there followed a faint stealthy approaching, inaudible to any other ears than hers.

"Hello, hello!" the sheriff was saying; then he went on, with short pauses between some of his sentences while the responses over the wire registered. "That Inspector Catlett? . . . Well, why ain't it? That's who I asked for. I don't want to talk with any of his office help. Didn't your switchboard central tell you who this was? . . . They did, heh? Then I guess you'd better put the Inspector right on, young man. This is important."

For a fractional space an apprehensive eye peeped through a slit where the drapes met. It darted downward and sidewise to the poised woman; it caught the meanings of the look that she cast upward and the swift furtive movement, as of striking, that she made with her joined forearms; flashed thence understandingly to that second shape, showing two huddled broad shoulders and the top of an alien head above a slim chair-back; then it winked her way, vanished, and the folds of the curtain closed. The woman, knowing that an ear should now be pressed to the place where this eye had been, exhaled her pent breath in a quick little gasp.

"Hello, that you, Inspector? . . . Well, sir, I done it just like I told you I was going to. Not more'n twenty minutes ago up here at the Hotel Kuttawa I landed the party I was telling you about. Yes, sir, I've got Mary Jane Lang safe and sound right here in the rooms up on the fifth floor that she'd been living in 'em for two weeks under the name of Missis M. Lynn. I'm speaking from there now

. . . How's that? . . . Oh, no, she didn't kick up any rumpus. Soon as she seen the jig was up she took it nice and quiet . . . What, Inspector? . . . Want I should fetch her down to your place? Well, I tell you, Inspector, I don't believe I can do that. In fact, I'll just say no right now and save any argument about it, seeing as she's my prisoner and I've got the final say-so. You see, I'm naturally anxious to get her back to our town; there's



For a fractional space an eye peeped through. It darted sidewise to the handcuffed woman, then flashed understandingly to the telephone.

other reasons, too. So we'll be catching the train that leaves Grand Central at three forty-five . . .

"How's that? . . . Which, East Fifty-first Street, did you say? Where's that? . . . Oh, right in this same neighborhood, eh? But looky here, Inspector, I don't need any help in hand ing her . . . Oh, I see; you just want a couple of your detectives from the East Fifty-first station to meet me here so's they can make a report on the case and keep the precinct records straight. That's the idea, eh? Well, Inspector, since that's the way you put it I can't say as I've got any real objections. But you'd better telephone up to that there station to have 'em hustle over here right away because we've got to catch that train . . . Much oblige' for your congratulations, Inspector . . . Yes, guess I have earned 'em. Well, good-by and glad to have met you."

As he dropped the receiver in its fork, no sooner and no later, but precisely in that very instant and before he either could lift the bent head or turn it rearward, a stroke that was as well-calculated as it was well-timed, fell squarely upon the top of that unprotected skull of his. He gave one thick grunt and no more, and settled into himself and slumped forward to the floor and lay there on his face in an awkward clump, bleeding a little where the scalp was abraded and resembling nothing quite so much as a heap of crumpled garments.

The person who so aptly had delivered the blow—a bulky well-dressed person—poised on his toes looking down at the results of it and slowly unwrapped a muffling of bathtowel from about the weapon with which it had been delivered, this last being a short ornamental andiron, one of a pair

properly belonging within the fireplace of the bedroom.

"And that's that," stated the satisfied assailant and drew away from the emptied chair. He faced the woman, his lips framing words, but she flashed on past him and went to her knees and with her hampered coupled hands strove to turn the countryman over on his back.

"Be quick!" she bade the newcomer. "Help me! Help me frisk him for the key to these God-damned bracelets!"

He laid his brass bludgeon aside and stooped and helped her, his faster fingers probing one pocket after another. While they worked, pulling the limp bulk of the victim by little jerks this way and that, he threw questions at her and she, panting in her haste, threw back the answers so swiftly that their words overlapped—a clapboarded dialogue:

"How did he slough you in? It was that phony mouthpiece up in that hick town that took my good fall-money to spring me after you two made your break-away and then squawked on me when this boob here threw a scare into him. How do you mean, squawked on you? Turned that letter I wrote him over to this sheriff, that's what. But how did you come to let a hick screw in on you? Oh, my fault again. When he was announced from the desk I thought it would be you. But wasn't it framed that I'd go up to the sixth floor on the elevator and then sneak down the steps and come in by the bedroom door? Of course. I thought, though, you'd forgotten or switched the layout, for some reason. So he nailed me and clamped the steel-work on me. So then there was nothing else to do except stall for time and try to scheme out a way to slip you the office when you showed up, (Continued on page 163)

Mrs. Wood believes in the old idea that marriage makes two people one, and that they ought to own their own home, be it even as humble as the Woods' cottage.



My DOUBLE

Charles W. Wood Says That Marriage

MABEL and I used to be two people. One day, about seventeen years ago, a Baptist clergyman came to her house and pronounced us one. It didn't work. To tell the truth, I didn't think it would. But Mabel did. When we went on, almost as two as we ever were, it nearly broke her heart. Our seventeen years, I'll tell the world, have not been seventeen years of unbroken bliss.

They *have* been seventeen years of unbroken love. That's where the trouble came in. If we hadn't cared so much—if we only *could* have separated—there wouldn't have been so much to worry about. But when two persons remain two, and yet are absolutely unable to disentangle themselves from each other, that's what I call trouble.

If I ever write the Great American Tragedy, it will be the story of two persons who remained two until death did them part, she with a never-ceasing ache in her husband and he with a perennial pain in his wife.

I want it understood at the outset that none of this trouble was my own fault. Neither was it Mabel's. We weren't to blame for being two. God made us that way, and the most devout clergyman in town was wholly unable to undo the miracle.

Let me give you a self-portrait: I believed in being comfortable. That is, I didn't work unless I had to. I was very efficient. That is, I didn't waste my labor. If I felt comfortable in old clothes, I wasn't foolish enough to do a lot of work in order to get a new suit; and generally the old ones felt good enough.

The thing I prided myself most upon was my character. I observed that worry was America's besetting sin, and I set my face like flint against it. Many of my most intimate friends used

to worry, especially those I borrowed money from, but I never lost my poise.

I guarded myself likewise against the twin evil of haste. Whenever I found myself getting in a hurry, I used to sit down and drink ten beers; whereupon my hurry was miraculously cured and I looked upon the world with serenity once more.

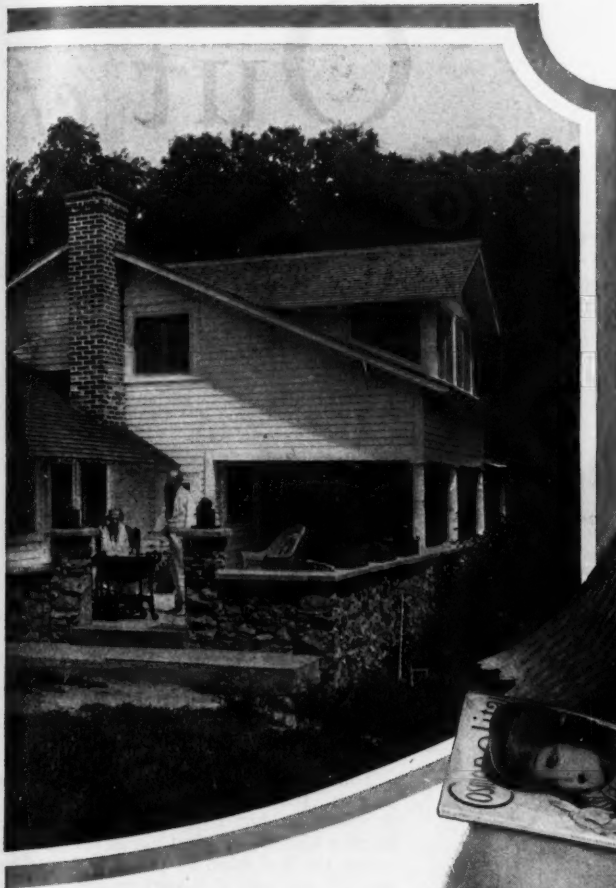
Of all the foolish ways of spending one's existence, the supreme folly, to my way of thinking, was to spend it building a home. That may sound queer to a lot of my readers, but wise ones will understand.

I had no objections to anybody's having a home if he wanted one. But among all my acquaintances, the most forlorn and unhappy were those who were building or buying homes. From the day the deed was signed, their whole lives changed. Laughter went out and grim determination took its place. Everything else was sacrificed to the building bills. No more fun. No more parties. No more spending one's money for the things that brought immediate and appreciable returns.

And the thing usually went on for years and years; until, whether they had succeeded in finishing the job or had succumbed eventually to the pressure of the mortgage, their capacity for enjoying themselves was utterly wrecked.

"It's the sense of security that comes with owning one's own home," they used to tell me. But a sense of security was the principal thing they didn't have. They had a sense of mortgage, or, at the very best, a haunting fear that the darn place would burn down.

Often, in the towns where my home-building friends were most numerous, there would be a strike, and the home-builders would go almost crazy for fear their industry would move out of town.



Mr. Wood, railroad fireman, ex-Socialist, newspaperman, and magazine writer, asserts that when two people marry, instead of becoming one, each of them becomes two.



E L I F E

Makes Tender Liars of Us All

I hope there are no snoop psychoanalysts reading this; but for fear there may be, I may as well make a confession. It wasn't merely this clear line of reasoning which made me determine that I would never waste my life building or owning a home. The fact is, I didn't want a home. I didn't want to get married. A wife, as far as I could see, was as bad as a house for tying a man down to the sort of life he doesn't want to lead.

I was a locomotive fireman in a typical American town. Most of the firemen were not married, and uniformly we pitied the engineers who were. We used to keep them in chewing-tobacco—especially if they were building homes.

So far as I know, no bachelor of those days was gullible enough to suppose that marriage could be a happy state. That people could stick it out, we knew, but that was because there were so many game losers.

"I don't want you to think that I've got any kick coming," an old engineer confided to me, on one of my first trips on the road. "I don't want you to think I wish I hadn't married. But if I wasn't married to this particular woman o' mine, believe me, I wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived."

And before I had quit railroading, practically every married engineer on the division had told me the same thing.

That matrimony, which had such a reputation then, should not be working very well at present seems to me to surprise our moralists somewhat more than it should. Our attitude was not considered immoral. We did not argue against matrimony or justify any substitute. We were willing to concede that matrimony was holy, but we were ordinary railroaders and weren't thinking of taking holy orders just then. The only attitude we ridiculed was that held by some girls we knew,

who persisted in claiming that marriages could be happy. About that time I fell in love. Incidentally, I got married.

Let me say again that the poets, the novelists, the playwrights and the clergymen are wrong. When two persons marry, instead of becoming one, each of them is far more apt to become two. At least I did. I found myself trying to be my old, sweet self and at the same time the idealized somebody my wife married. And the result was a two-legged lie.

The ordinary sentimental American will remember that he often lied to his mother when he was a kid, and that these lies complicated his existence fearfully. The chances are he wasn't afraid of her, but he was afraid of hurting her feelings. That's the story of my childhood. I couldn't bear to see my mother grieve; and I knew, if she ever discovered how bad I was, she would.

I didn't want to lie. No liar does. It's great to "look everybody straight in the eye and tell him to go to hell." But if you are reasonably tender-hearted, as most Americans are, there are certain people you just can't treat like that. The first one is your mother.

I was a hypocrite at six and lived a double life until I was eighteen. Then blessed poverty came to my relief. I had to leave home and go to work. I went straight until I was married. I went straight to the devil, to be sure, but I went straight; and living one life instead of two is a joy for which even hell doesn't seem to be too high a price. For nine years I was an exultant soul. I didn't have to pretend. I could be just as bad as I wanted to be, and the only time I had to lie was when I wrote home.

I worked as an unskilled laborer; for my parents had hoped that I would enter the ministry and I was utterly unfit for any job requiring skill. But people let me be (Continued on page 182)

By
Sir Philip
Gibbs

Out of



"What's the matter?"
Jean asked. Yvonne was
staring at a figure standing
motionless by the ruins.

This marriage would be the crown of his success. It would cement his social position. It would lift him to the level of all those families who had despised him in the old days before the war when he was a little builder and odd job man at Blangy on the outskirts of Arras—before the work of reconstruction when he had obtained government contracts against all competitors (the political influence of his future father-in-law had been very useful) and bought up the claims of many poor people in the devastated region which if properly worked were worth more than a gold mine.

Already, he was getting alarmingly rich. Sometimes, with a sense of amusement, he was almost scared at his own profits from the supply of bricks, stone, cement and timber and by the ease with which his bought-up claims and his own figures of compensation were being passed and settled by the government officials in Paris. Well, it was only just and right, he thought, after all the agony and sacrifice of the war. It was true that as a man of forty-five his own war service had been restricted to washing out the yards and offices of a hospital at Lyons, but spiritually he had agonized as much as the men in the trenches. Indeed he had, he believed, suffered more than the combatants. Now it was his time of reward. He was getting prosperous, powerful, and—alas—rather too fat.

"In a little while," he said to his future father-in-law, "the reconstruction of our beloved city will be in full swing. Already I have contracts for four hundred houses, and fifty are completed. I confess the tears come into my eyes—you know how emotional I am!—when I hear the music of trowel and hammer and saw as I walk about the streets. Arras is rising again from its ashes. The wounds of France are being healed. Men like myself are reaping the reward of our service. I shall be the happiest man in the world in a month's time when Yvonne comes to share my new home . . . Well, it's a fine house—the government has been generous in accepting my claims, as I must acknowledge—and Yvonne won't be the wife of a poor man!"

He put out his plump hand across the table and took hold of Yvonne's hand, so delicate and thin, and gave it a tender little squeeze.

"Yvonne is a lucky young woman," said her father, the former Mayor of Arras who sat smoking a cigaret with a glass of vermouth at his elbow. He stroked his white mustache and beard

IT WAS Yvonne Gilbert who first saw the living image of the dead Bertrand Gavaudan.

It was a year after the armistice and Yvonne was sitting with her mother and father and her blind brother, Jean (who was knitting one of those woolen vests by which he earned his living now), and her lover, M. Paul Volange, the rich contractor. They were in the new house which was one of the first to be built in the ruins of Arras.

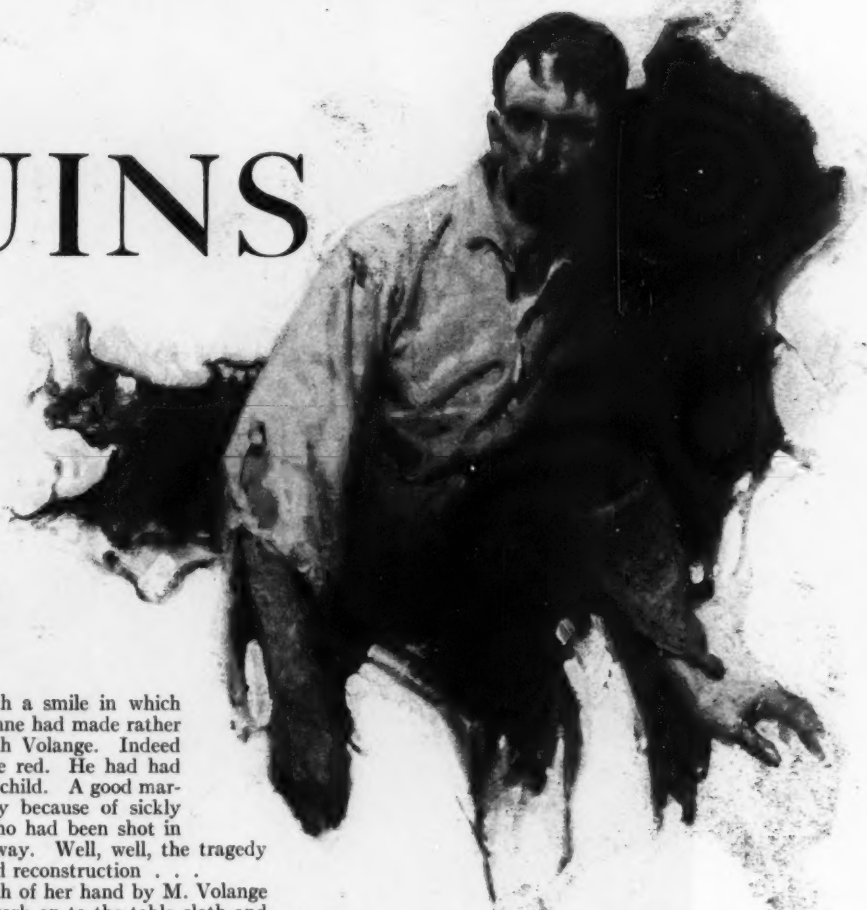
It was nine o'clock in the evening of an August day and still light, though the shadows of night were creeping into the stricken city where so many houses were scarred and slashed by four years of shell fire, where many others were but skeleton buildings burned out or blasted out by high explosives, and where heaps of ancient masonry which had once been shops, mansions, or churches lay as memorials of that storm of war which had now passed from Arras, and from Europe.

M. Volange was talking about the reconstruction of the city. That word "reconstruction," the same in French as in English but with a more rolling and sonorous sound, was like a "word of power" which the old Egyptians used for their magic. It was constantly on his lips and he dwelt on each syllable as though he adored the sound of it. *Reconstruction!* And indeed for him that reconstruction of Arras meant everything in life—wealth, power, flattery, love. Yes, even love—or at least the pleasure of his approaching marriage with Yvonne Gilbert, the daughter of a former mayor of Arras (a man of good family and high political influence) and the most beautiful young woman in the district.

the RUINS

Illustrations by
Herbert M.
Stoops

Moonlight fell upon the
face of a young man,
ghostly white, with un-
kempt hair and beard.



and glanced at his daughter with a smile in which there was a hint of anxiety. Yvonne had made rather a fuss about this engagement with Volange. Indeed she had wept until her eyes were red. He had had to be rather stern with her, poor child. A good marriage could not be thrown away because of sickly sentiment about a young man who had been shot in the war, not in the right kind of way. Well, well, the tragedy of war was over. War, peace, and reconstruction . . .

It was a moment after the touch of her hand by M. Volange that Yvonne dropped her needlework on to the table cloth and went quietly to the window. Her father and mother were arranging the playing cards for a game of bezique. Her future husband, at whose touch she had shuddered, was lighting a pipe which he had learned to smoke in time of war when he swept out the yards of a French hospital.

Only her blind brother was conscious of her quivering sigh, and her movement away from the table. He raised his head and turned his sightless eyes toward her as she stood by the window looking out to a garden which had been cleared of its debris of broken masonry and shell cases. The English had used it for a battery position—one of their big nine-point-twos. The bodies of two English soldiers had been dug out of the ruins when the garden had been cleared out and tidied up by the Belgian workmen employed by Volange. Bodies were still being found—a year after the Armistice—in the cellars and back yards, under fallen stones and timber. Even in the time of reconstruction the city reeked of all that death, first French and then—for three years—British.

Yvonne Gilbert stood at the window with her pale forehead against the window-frame, staring into the garden and beyond to the gaunt ruin of the great cathedral above the broken roofs and skeleton houses. She was a tall slim girl, typical of the beauty of Arras which had been far-famed before all of its inhabitants—or most of them—had fled when German shell fire first made a hell of the city in the autumn of '14. Her black hair was looped loosely over her ears. Her dark eyes with long lashes were filled with tragedy though they had been so merry until a year before the Armistice, in spite of war and all its horrors. Suddenly, standing by the window there, she gave a strange frightened cry, and turned in a swooning way, holding out her hands as though thrusting back some terrifying vision.

It was Jean, her blind brother, who was first by her side. He put his arm round her and held her.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?*"—What's the matter?—he asked loudly with fear in his voice.

She did not answer him, though her lips—quite blanched—moved as though she tried to speak.

M. Volange had risen at the sound of her cry and overturned his glass of vermouth so that the liquid made a pool on the red tablecloth.

"The poor child is unwell!" he said in an agitated way. "It's the excitement of my conversation, perhaps—all this talk about reconstruction and our future home."

He came forward with his arms outstretched, his short little arms hardly reaching beyond his tubby body in its tight frock coat.

Yvonne's father spoke to her sharply.

"Behave yourself, Yvonne! You seem to be losing your self-control."

Madame Gilbert, holding the playing cards in trembling hands, hushed her husband's stern words.

"It is one of her headaches. At her age I suffered like that! Before my marriage."

"Ah," said the old man. "Marriage will do her all the good in the world. It's the only thing for women."

"She is ill," said her brother Jean.

She seemed ill, but with a desperate effort controlled herself and slipped from her brother's arms.

"I'm sorry!" she said. "I felt a little unwell. It was a sudden pain . . ."

She hesitated, smiled rather pitifully, and then went to her room.

"Girls are like that before marriage," said her father. "I shall be glad when the wedding day comes, Volange."

"It will be the first wedding after war, in Arras," said M. Volange. "I am giving my workmen a half day's holiday. It will be a great day in the history of our new Arras—the happy symbol of reconstruction and peace."

Presently he departed in his fine motorcar—he had three cars for his work of reconstruction—and it was when the door had closed upon him that Yvonne's blind brother went up to her



room. He knew his way about the house and walked upstairs quickly, with that curiously rigid position of the head which one sees in blind men who have to listen and remember to find their way. He was a handsome young man with a little black mustache, and had been a gay fellow before a shell burst had blinded him. Now he was very sad at times and wept often out of sightless eyes because he had lost his sweetheart as well as his sight. Madeline Baptiste had not had the courage to marry a blind man. He found his best comradeship with Yvonne at whose door he now tapped.

She opened it and said, "What do you want, Jean?"

He stepped into her bedroom and felt for the handle of the door which he closed behind him.

"Why were you frightened downstairs?" he asked. "What did you see in the garden?"

"Nothing," she answered. "Nothing."

But Jean noticed there was that note of terror in her voice again. "You saw something," he said. "I was listening to you. You were quite quiet, and then suddenly gave that scream. It wasn't pain. It was fear. I know the sound of it, in the trenches . . ."

For a few moments she was silent and then answered with extraordinary words.

"Jean! I saw Bertrand Gavaudan—in the garden—as plain as I see you."

Jean Gilbert seemed to stare at his sister with his sightless eyes.

"It was a trick of your mind," he said quietly. "You were thinking of him—I guessed that—and then you thought you saw him. I often see things like that. I mean I think of things—faces especially—and suddenly they come before my eyes so vividly that I almost believe I have my sight back. It's subconscious memory. Illusion."



"Yes," said Bertrand in a low voice. "You must go back, Yvonne. You cannot stay here in this filthy hole. It's a place of horror."

"No," said Yvonne. "It wasn't like that. He was standing there in the garden below the window, looking up. Our eyes met, and he stared into mine. He was not like he was when I saw him last—before—before his death. His face was thin and white, and he had a little beard. He was in rags. When he saw me he moved away, behind the bushes we have planted."

"It was some workman," said Jean. "One of those Belgians."

"It was Bertrand," said Yvonne. "His ghost . . . He has come to warn me."

"His ghost? To warn you?"

"Against this marriage. This treachery to our love!" said Yvonne and she fell into a passion of weeping.

Jean Gilbert put his arms round her again, and hushed her as though she were a child, and kissed her wet face.

Presently he spoke, quietly and gravely.

"I don't think you have seen Bertrand's ghost. It was your

mental vision of him. That's almost certain. But if the dead come back—and I don't deny it altogether—they don't come with the same human passions. Bertrand wouldn't torment you because you're marrying a rich man who will try to make you happy."

"He will never make me happy!" said Yvonne. "I have no love for him. He fills me with horror. And Bertrand has come to claim me. Dead or alive, I belong to him. He died because of his love for me."

That was true, as Jean Gilbert knew. He could not deny it. Young Bertrand Gavaudan had been his fellow officer and closest comrade in the second battalion. They had been in the trenches together at Souchez, on the Somme, at Verdun. It was Jean who had introduced him to his family, in Amiens, after their flight from Arras. He had seen at once—he had his eyes then!—that young Bertrand was tremendously enamored of Yvonne. They

had laughed and joked and danced together in those rare times of leave when Bertrand escaped from a world of death and filth to that other world where beauty still dwelt, and women, and love.

It was only once that Jean and he had been on leave together. But when Bertrand came back he raved about Yvonne, and Jean was amused and pleased to think that his sister seemed so wonderful, so beautiful, so angelic to his best comrade. Up in the trenches of Verdun below Fort Douaumont where they were under ceaseless fire, so that the daily casualties were frightful, and the very earth smelt of human corruption, Bertrand cursed the war because he was certain to be killed before he could marry Yvonne. He cried out to God that it was "unfair" that Youth should die before it had enjoyed life. Perhaps his nerve had broken a little because of that ceaseless storm of heavy shells above them. Several times in the last six months he had applied for special leave under a plea of sickness, and if it hadn't been for his great gallantry in the first three years of war—he had won the *croix de guerre* and had been three times cited before the army—he would have been suspected of cowardice or malingering. Each time when his request was refused, because of the shortage of men, he was in despair. He even shed tears several times, in the dug-out which he shared with Jean. One night he had spoken mad words.

"It's nine months since I have seen Yvonne. Nine sacred months! If the Colonel doesn't grant me leave I shall take it myself. I know a way of getting back. It's easy. Why, that fellow Bidou spent a month in Paris with his little girl and came back without a word being said! A self-inflicted wound, *mon vieux*! Not too serious to spoil one's holiday, but bad enough to pass the doctor."

Jean had laughed at him—not taken his words seriously.

"You know the punishment for desertion—or self-inflicted wounds?"

Bertrand had shrugged his shoulders.

"Death—if you're found out—and worth the risk! I'm sure to be killed here anyhow, so what's the difference?"

"A little matter of honor and dishonor," Jean had answered lightly.

Bertrand had said "*Je m'en fiche*," meaning that he didn't care a tinker's curse.

It was impossible to believe him. He had been on fire with patriotism at the beginning of the war. He had risked his life a hundred times even after two wounds. He was a young man of superb courage, until his nerve had begun to fail a little, and this love for Yvonne had weakened him, perhaps.

Jean refused to believe that he could behave with such insane folly. Yet one day in the dug-out he drew his revolver, said "Look out, *mon vieux*!" and shot himself in the foot. "A careless accident!" he said before he fainted . . .

There was no suspicion. Accidents like that happened. Bertrand was sent down to the casualty clearing station, and three weeks later Jean heard from his sister that he was in a hospital at Amiens. She thanked God that his wound was not serious. In another letter she deplored the fact that his wound was nearly healed and that he would be sent back to the fighting line. "But we have had a wonderful time of happiness," she wrote; "I have seen him in the hospital every day. I love him with my heart and soul." After that there was a long silence from Yvonne and no news of Bertrand.

Jean was profoundly uneasy. That self-inflicted wound had shocked him horribly. Only his long comradeship and loyalties of friendship sealed with many acts of devotion and valor by Bertrand Gavaudan prevented him from reporting such a crime against the honor of the battalion. Bertrand had been his hero, his ideal of gallantry and self-sacrifice. It had been Bertrand's cool nerve, his laughing contempt of death and horror that had kept Jean steady in hours of terrible ordeal. Now he was love-making after a self-inflicted wound, and had lost his honor . . .

The old Colonel who had loved Bertrand like a son was gloomy because he did not return. Impatient and angry when six weeks had passed and he did not return, one morning he blurted out the news that Bertrand Gavaudan whom once he had called his "beautiful lieutenant" had disappeared from the hospital in Amiens and had slipped off to Paris.

"A deserter," he said. "Sacred name of God, the bravest officer in my battalion has become a coward and a traitor! If he doesn't come back before the next attack I'll have him shot like a dog."

Bertrand did not come back before the next attack. He came back after the attack—that very evening—when half the battalion had been wiped out and Jean lay blind and wounded at the end of a trench under a heap of dead bodies—the men who had

been his comrades. Jean had known nothing at the time. It was only afterward, from a fellow officer, that he had heard the frightful news. Bertrand had come back desperately conscience-stricken, mad with grief because Jean was blind and because so many of his comrades had been killed while he was hiding in Paris and having secret visits from Yvonne.

He had made a clean breast of his self-inflicted wound, of his desertion for love's sake, of his treachery to France. He had wept bitterly, but no tears could wash out that month of madness. The old Colonel had listened grimly, snapped out a few terrible questions, ordered the arrest of Lieutenant Gavaudan, and prepared papers for a court-martial. But there was no time for the formalities of military law. The Germans attacked again, and the remnants of the battalion were hard pressed. By order of the Colonel, Bertrand Gavaudan was shot in the support trenches before the counter-attack. Sergeant Blum, killed later in his dug-out, had been in charge of the firing party.

There was no more fighting for Jean Gilbert. When he came home after six months in a hospital for blind officers he was silent and constrained with his sister. For several days he had hardly spoken to her. He even hated her a little because her love for Bertrand had led to such dishonor and such a shameful death. But he softened to her when she told him something of Bertrand's mad and flaming love. They had been mad together, in Paris, believing that love—this wonderful love that had come to them—was the only thing that mattered, and that duty, honor, even life itself, were unimportant. They decided to die in each other's arms.

They were all ready for that death, one evening, in a little room on the fourth floor of the Hotel Richelieu, when Bertrand suddenly went to the window and listened. Yvonne could hear nothing but the movement of Paris, and the barking of motor horns in the darkened streets below. But Bertrand seemed to hear something. He turned with his face as white as though he were already dead and said, "Do you hear the sound of guns and the groans of wounded men?"

She said, "I only hear the noise of Paris, dear heart."

"There's a big battle on," he told her, and seemed terribly distressed. "The Germans are attacking again at Verdun. I hear the groans of my comrades—my poor comrades whom I have deserted."

"In a little while we shall hear no more of war," answered Yvonne. "We shall be together in infinite and eternal love."

He spoke the words, "My comrades," several times in a dazed, pitiful way, and then cursed himself as a traitor.

"I must go back," he said. "Tonight. I've been mad. This folly of love—"

She tried to put her arms about his neck, but he thrust her back.

"I must go back," he said. "They're attacking the battalion. Jean is there. I've been utterly mad. A traitor to France. I'm going back . . ."

He went back, to be shot in the support trenches, as a deserter and coward.

"It was my love that killed him!" cried Yvonne, when she told Jean her tragic story, and because of her grief, her agony of self-reproach, he had forgiven her.

Now once again in her bedroom, believing that she had seen the ghost of Bertrand, she cried out, "He died because of his love for me."

It was not the only time that Yvonne believed she saw the ghost of her dead lover. A week after that evening when she had given a scream at the window she and Jean went to dinner with Madame Gavaudan and her daughter, Julie, who had come back to Arras and were living in one of the fifty new houses which Volange had built under government contract.

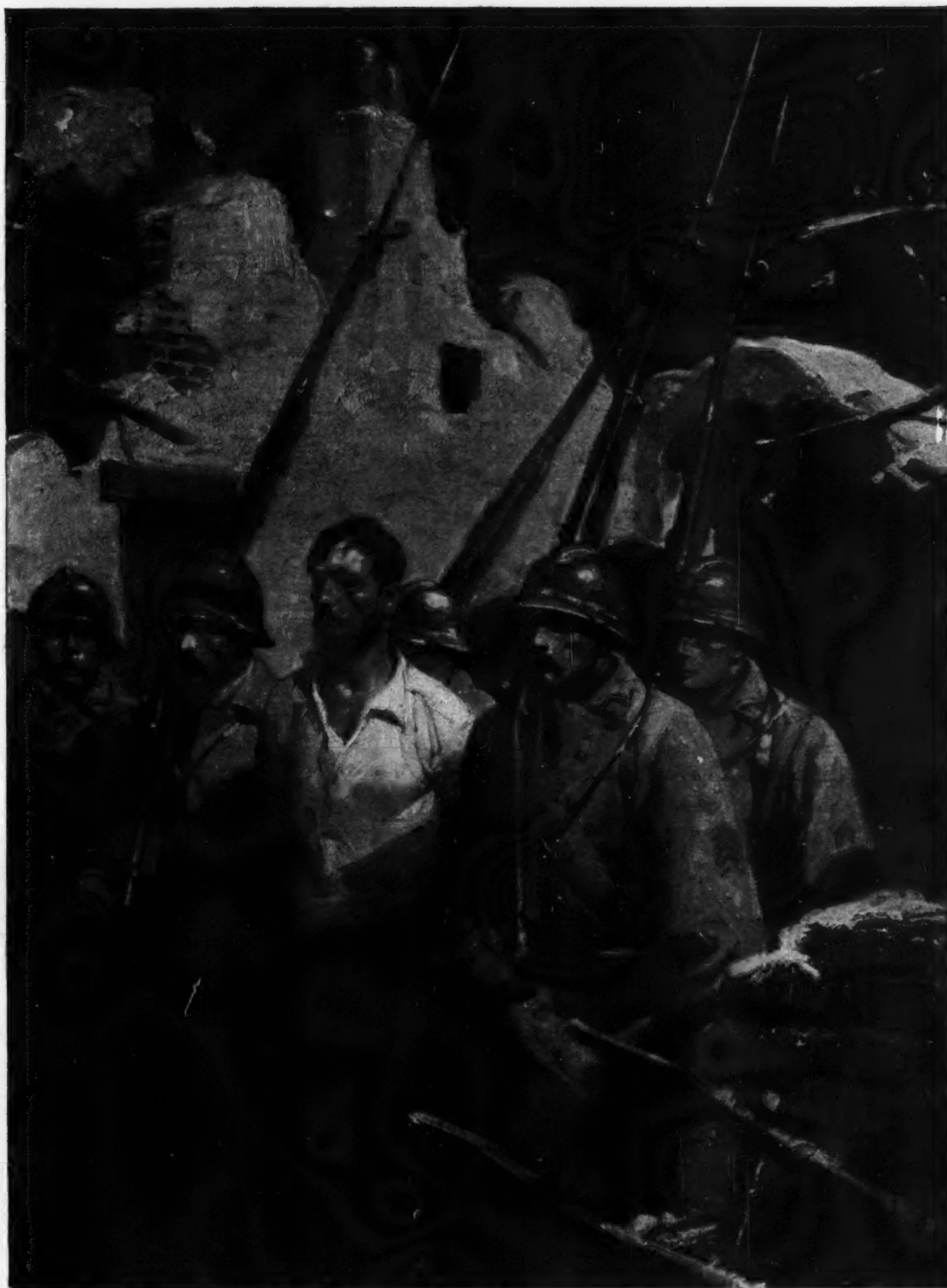
Jean had warned Yvonne not to say a word about the apparition of Bertrand to the mother and sister. They knew nothing of the manner of his death which had been reported among the list of killed, and they cherished his memory as one of the heroes of France who had laid down his life on the field of honor. When Yvonne and Jean left Madame Gavaudan's Jean took his sister's arm and asked how the night looked.

"It is moonlight," said Yvonne. "The ruins of the Hotel de Ville are touched with silver, and the new houses look very white."

They had walked only twenty yards before she stopped quite suddenly, and Jean felt her trembling upon his arm.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

She did not answer. She was staring at a figure standing motionless by the ruins of the Hotel de Ville where the old entrance used to be. It was partly in a black shadow flung across the pile of stones by the broken wall of a shell-wrecked house,



Through the streets of Arras four soldiers marched a young man with haggard face and agony in his eyes.

but a ray of moonlight striking through a hole in the wall fell upon a face which was ghostly white. It was the face of a young man with unkempt hair and a little beard about his chin. It was the face of Bertrand Gavaudan, emaciated, dead-looking, with mournful staring eyes as he might have looked when they had shot him on a morning of battle somewhere near Verdun. His eyes were fixed upon Yvonne. But when she stopped and began to tremble on her brother's arm, the figure seemed to turn away and disappeared into the blackness of the shadows behind the great pile of masonry.

"It was Bertrand again," said Yvonne in a whisper. "I saw his ghost in the moonlight."

She was terror-stricken.

Jean slipped away from her arm and walked very fast towards the heap of ruins which had been the Hotel de Ville, and stood on a pile of stones, motionless. Presently he came back to his sister.

"It was no ghost," he said. "I heard the footsteps of a man. He stumbled over some loose stones, and then stood still because he saw me."

(Continued on page 124)

DANGER?

I'd Rather Cross
By Roy

FOR the last fifteen years I have spent most of my time wandering into the far corners of the world. During the first eight years I was studying and collecting whales and was at sea a good deal on tiny whaling vessels. Then I gave up that work and began land explorations in Asia. In the fifteen years I can remember just ten times when I had really narrow escapes from death. Two were from drowning in typhoons, one was when our boat was charged by a wounded whale, once my wife and I were nearly eaten by wild dogs, once we were in great danger from fanatical Lama priests, two were close calls when I fell over cliffs, once I was nearly caught by a huge python, and twice I might have been killed by bandits.

That is only ten times in fifteen years and I had twice that many narrow escapes during the last visit which I paid to the United States.

Never will I forget my amazement and fright when upon last arriving in New York City from the Gobi Desert of Mongolia, I tried to make my way downtown. Such a seething mass of automobiles and taxicabs! The whole city seemed to be crawling with yellow cars, and even the elevated trains were flaunting yellow in the air. I tried to cross Fifth Avenue, got stuck in the middle of the street, and had to stand still while cars whizzed by me so closely that I could have touched them on either side. I was dripping with perspiration when I got to the other side and absolutely weak from fright. I vowed never again to try

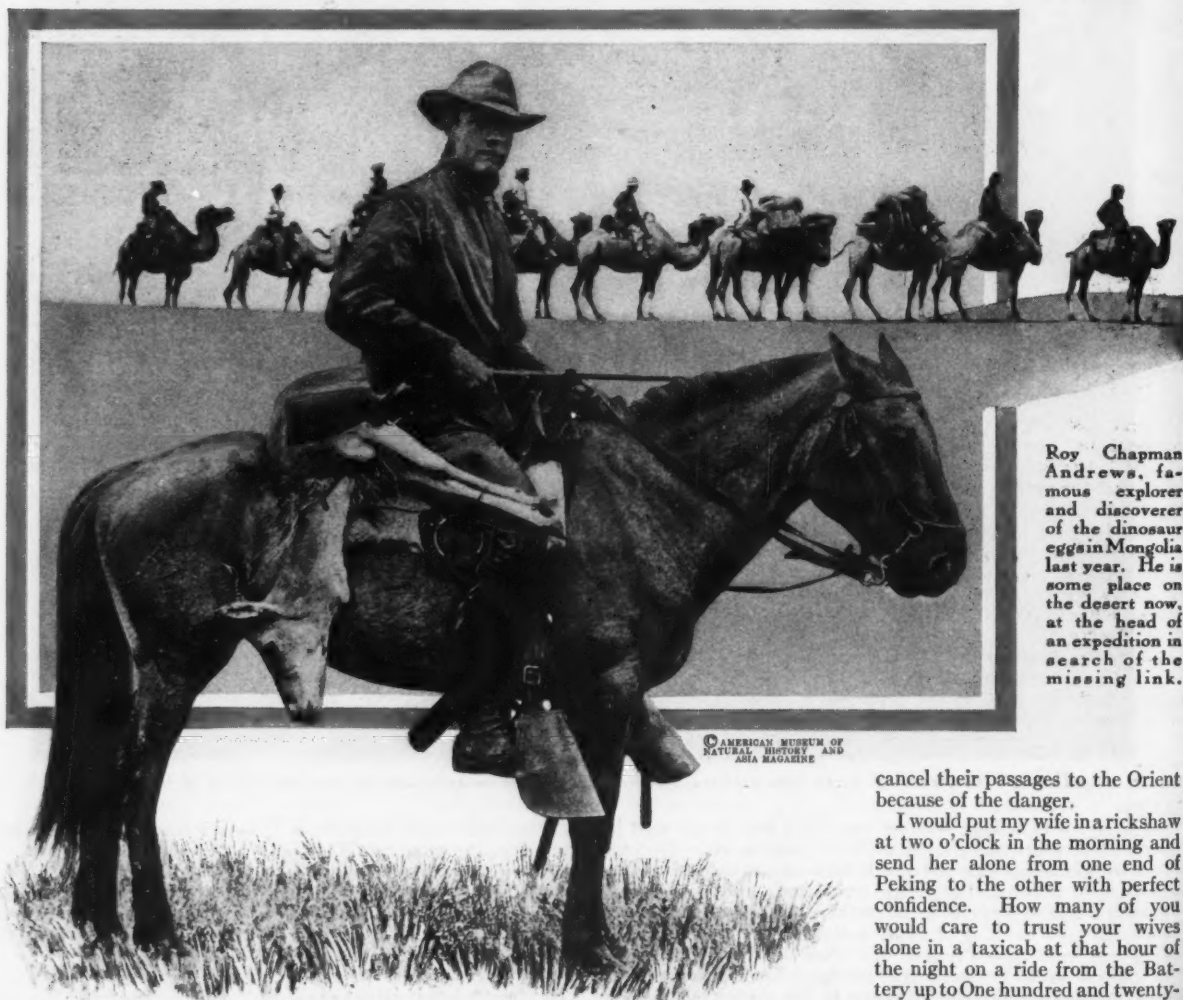
it unless I saw a policeman to whom I could scurry for shelter. Good Heavens, a few inches to either side and I would have been "pushing clouds" forever!

That very day I made a bee-line to the nearest telegraph office and sent a cable to my wife in Peking, where we live, telling her to double my accident insurance policy. I foresaw that ultra-civilized New York was where insurance would be needed if it was needed any place on earth.

Honestly, if I had had as many narrow escapes in the Gobi Desert as I have had from being killed by automobiles in America during my last visit I'd write a book about them.

The trouble is that such escapes are too commonplace to write about. Every one of you who live in a big city has them every day or two, but familiarity has robbed them of interest. And that is just my thesis. An explorer's dangers are more *unusual* and for that reason alone they seem greater.

There are bandits in Mongolia, of course, but don't you have bandits, and plenty of them, in America? What morning can you pick up a paper in New York and not find accounts of murders and robberies? I've yet to see the day that there aren't several reported and usually on the front page. You read them with casual interest and forget about them by the time you have reached your office, unless they happen to be particularly brutal or have peculiar elements. But if one white man is murdered in China, or a train is robbed, it goes over all the world and tourists



Roy Chapman Andrews, famous explorer and discoverer of the dinosaur eggs in Mongolia last year. He is some place on the desert now, at the head of an expedition in search of the missing link.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF
NATURAL HISTORY AND
ASIA MAGAZINE

cancel their passages to the Orient because of the danger.

I would put my wife in a rickshaw at two o'clock in the morning and send her alone from one end of Peking to the other with perfect confidence. How many of you would care to trust your wives alone in a taxicab at that hour of the night on a ride from the Battery up to One hundred and twenty-fifth Street in New York City?

the Chinese Desert Than Fifth Avenue

Chapman Andrews

To Mr. Andrews, who has faced and routed Chinese bandits, this seems the most dangerous spot in the world. It is the crossing of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, New York.



head and shoulder, and the doctor told me that I had had the narrowest escape from a broken neck that he had seen in forty years of medical experience. I was in bed for a week and suffered the most excruciating

In 1921, just before I left for Mongolia, I wanted to take out additional life insurance. It was not because I had reason to feel that I needed it because of my prospective expedition, but simply that the time had come when I could carry the increased financial burden of the premium. I went to the great company in which I already had a five thousand dollar policy and asked for fifteen thousand more. To my astonishment they said "nothing doing"; the dangers I would be exposed to were too great; I wasn't a good risk.

I was indignant and called upon the president of the company whom I happened to know personally. I told him just what I am telling you now, and asked him to consider the matter logically and without prejudice. It had some effect but he didn't get very enthusiastic about the proposition. Finally, the company did issue me a five thousand dollar policy, but with a good deal of reluctance. Moreover, they charged me double premium on that. I signed the papers, gave them a check, and started from the office to call upon my publishers. It was a warm day in February and as I swung around the corner at Thirty-second Street I felt a swish of wind, and a great icicle crashed to the pavement missing me by about twelve inches. If it had landed on my head my wife could have collected the insurance policy without delay. The first thought that flashed into my mind was what a joke it would have been on the company!

That same winter I was sitting at my desk in the American Museum of Natural History. The telephone rang and as my secretary handed me the instrument I tipped back in the swivel chair and crashed to the floor. The screws had broken and the top of the chair separated from the frame. I landed on my

pains it has ever been my lot to endure.

While I was away on my last trip one of my most intimate friends was killed in his own bath-tub. He slipped on the wet tiles, fell violently against the faucet and ruptured some of his internal organs. He died in twenty minutes.

I could go on *ad infinitum* citing incidents that have happened to me or my friends in the large cities of America when death has been very near. But they weren't so picturesque and no one wants to hear about them. All of you have had similar experiences if you will only think back about them. I want to present the other side of the picture.

Of course, it would be easy enough to have adventures if one went into Asia looking for them. If we did not prepare properly we could have an adventure every day, and many of them would result in tragedies. But a real explorer who has a definite job to do avoids adventures. They take too much time and hinder his work. There are many so-called explorers who are really travelers seeking adventure. They welcome every opportunity for a hairbreadth escape or some thrilling escapade because it is their stock in trade. When they return they write a book about their experiences. Not having a serious objective in their wanderings which gives them something definite to contribute, they tell the story of their hardships and thrilling adventures. It makes good reading and is harmless enough, I suppose—when it is true!

But take one of those books and analyse it carefully. "See how many of the adventures were due to incomplete preparation and to ignorance of the conditions which they were to encounter. See how many of their thrilling

(Continued on page 180)

By
*Rudyard
Kipling*

The Bull

*"An' 'e didn't
the use*

Illustrations by
John Richard Flanagan

WESTWARD from the town of Chambres by the Mouths of the Rhone, runs a road so mathematically straight, so barometrically level, that it ranks among the world's measured miles, and motorists use it for records.

I had attacked the distance several times, but always with a Mistral blowing, or the unchancy cattle of those parts on the move. But once, running out of the East, into a high-piled, almost Egyptian, sunset, there came a night which it would have been wrong to have wasted. It was warm with the breath of summer in advance; moonlit till the shadow of every rounded pebble and pointed cypress wind-break lay solid on that vast flat-floored waste; and my Mr. Leggatt, who had slipped out to make sure, reported that the road-surface was unblemished into Arles.

"Now," he suggested, "we might see what she'll do under strict road-conditions. She's been pullin' like the Blue de Loox all day. Unless I'm all off, it's her night out."

We arranged the trial for after dinner thirty kilometers as near as might be, and twenty-two of them without even a level crossing.

There sat beside me at the table d'hôte an elderly, bearded Frenchman wearing the rosette of by no means the lowest grade of the Legion of Honor, who had arrived in a voluble Citroen. I gathered that he had spent much of his life in the French Colonial Service in Annam and Tonquin. When the War came, his years barring him from the front line, he supervised Chinese wood-cutters who, with axe and dynamite, deforested the center of France for trench-props. He said my chauffeur had told him that I contemplated an experiment. He was interested in cars—had admired mine—in short, would be greatly indebted to me if I permitted him to assist as an observer. One could not well refuse; and, knowing my Mr. Leggatt, it occurred to me that there might be a bet in the background.

While he went to get his coat, I asked the proprietor his name. "Voiron—Monsieur André Voiron," was the reply. "And his business? Mon Dieu! He is Voiron! He is all those affairs, there!" The proprietor waved his hands at brilliant advertisements on the dining-room walls, which set forth that Voiron



Frères dealt in wines, agricultural implements, chemical manures, provisions and produce throughout that part of the globe.

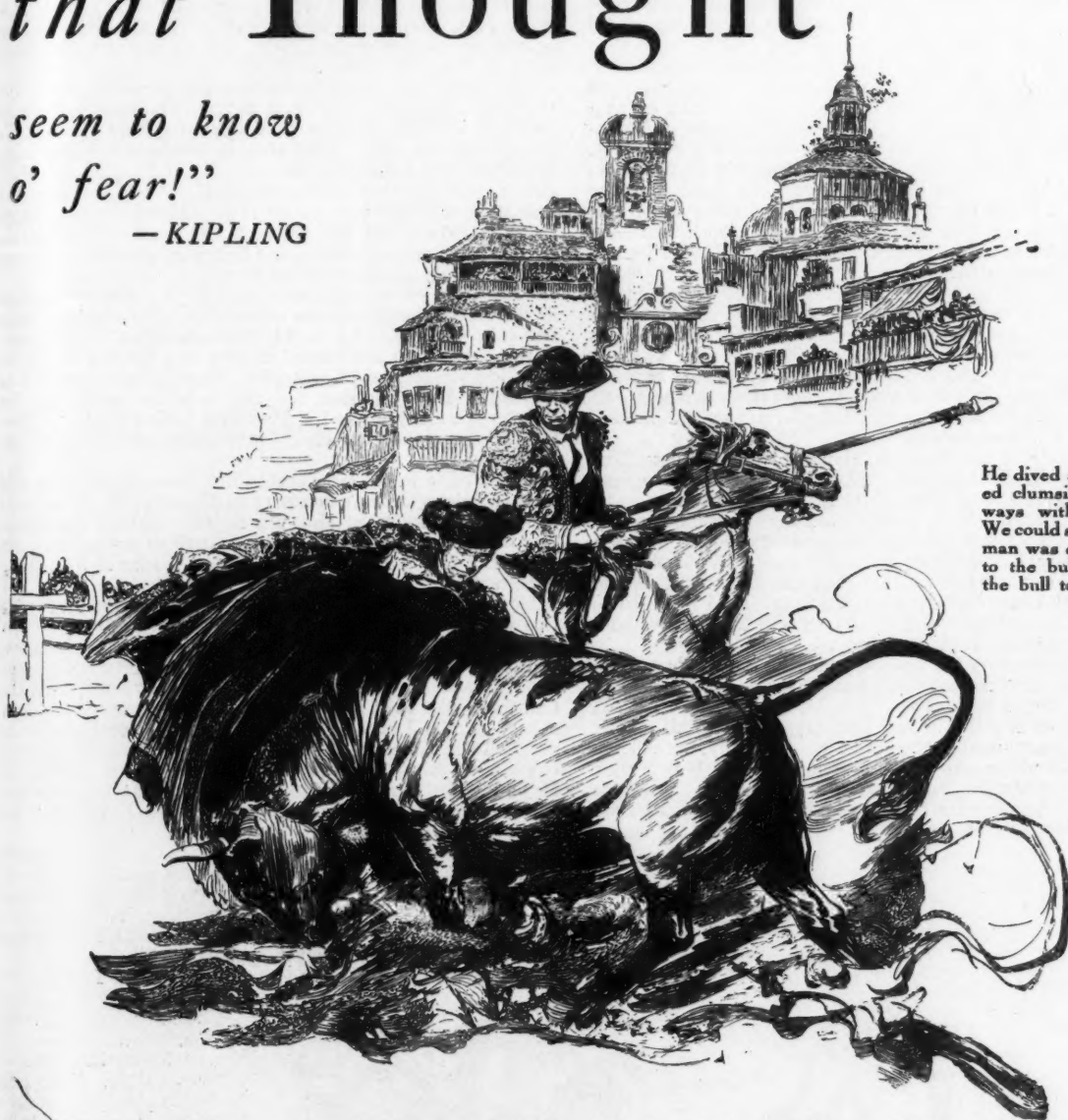
He said little for the first five minutes of our trip, and nothing at all for the next ten—it being, as Leggatt had guessed, Esmeralda's night out. But when her indicator climbed to a certain figure and held there for three blinding kilometers, he expressed himself satisfied, and proposed to me that we should celebrate the event at the hotel. "I keep there for my friends," said he, "a wine on which I should value your opinion."

On our return, he disappeared for a few minutes, and I heard him rumbling in a cellar. The proprietor presently invited me to

1 that Thought

seem to know
o' fear!"

—KIPLING



He dived and plunged clumsily, but always with menace. We could see that the man was conforming to the bull and not the bull to the man.

the dining-room, where, beneath one frugal light, a table had been set with local dishes of repute. There was, too, a bottle beyond most known sizes, marked black on red, with a single V. and a date. Monsieur Voiron opened it, and we drank to the health of the car. The velvety, perfumed liquor, between fawn and topaz, neither too sweet nor too dry, creamed in its generous glass. But I knew no wine composed of the whispers of angels' wings, the breath of Eden, and the foam and pulse of Youth renewed. So I asked what it might be.

"It is Champagne," he said gravely.

"Then what have I been drinking till now?"

"If you were lucky, before the War, and paid thirty shillings a bottle, it is possible you may have drunk one of our better-class *tisanes*."

"And where does one get this?"

"Here, I am happy to say. Elsewhere, perhaps, it is not so easy. We growers exchange these real wines among ourselves."

I bowed my head in admiration, surrender and joy. There stood the most ample bottle, and it was not yet eleven o'clock! Doors locked and shutters banged throughout the establishment. Some last servant yawned on the way to bed. Monsieur Voiron

opened a window and the moonlight flooded in from a small pebbled court outside. One could almost hear the town of Chambres breathing in its first sleep. Presently, there was a thick noise in the air, the passing of hooves, lowings, gruntings, subdued cries, and a stifled bark or two. Dust rose over the courtyard wall, followed by the strong smell of cattle.

"They are moving some beasts," said Monsieur Voiron, cocking an ear. "Mine, I think. Yes, I hear Christophe. Our beasts do not like automobiles—so we move them at night. You do not know our country—the Crau, here, or the Camargue? I was—I am now again—of it. All our France is good; but this is the best." He spoke, as only a Frenchman can, of his own beloved part of his own adored land.

"For myself, were I not so involved in all these affairs," he pointed to the advertisements, "I would live on our farms with my cattle, and worship them like a Hindu—or a Zulu. You know our cattle of the Camargue, Monsieur? No? It is not an acquaintance to rush upon lightly. There are no beasts like them. They have a mentality superior to others. They graze and they ruminate, by choice, facing our Mistral, which is more than some automobiles will do. Also they have in them the potentiality of thought—and Mon Dieu!—when cattle think—I have seen what arrives."

"Are they so clever as all that?" I asked idly.

The Bull that Thought

"Monsieur, when your 'sportif' chauffeur camouflaged your limousine so that she resembled one of your Army lorries, I would not believe her capacities. I bet him—ah—two to one—she would not touch ninety-five kilometers. It was proved that she could. I can give you no proof, but will you believe me if I tell you what a beast who thinks can achieve?"

"After the War," I said spaciouly, "everything is credible."

"That is true! Everything inconceivable has happened; yet still we learn nothing and we believe nothing. When I was a child in my father's house—before I became a Colonial Administrator—my interest and my affection was among our cattle. We of the old rock live here—you have seen?—in big farms like castles. Indeed, some of them may have been Saracenic. The barns group round them—great white-walled barns, and yards solid as the houses. One gate shuts all. It is a world apart—an administration of all that concerns beasts. And there I learned something about cattle.

"You see, they are our playthings in the Camargue and the Crau. The boy measures his strength against the calf that butts him in play among the manure-heaps. He moves in and out among the cows, who are—not so amiable. He rides with the herdsmen in the open to shift the herds. Sooner or later he meets as bulls the little calves that knocked him over. So it was with me—till it became necessary that I should go to our Colonies." He laughed. "Very necessary.

"That is a good time in youth, Monsieur, when one does those things that shock our parents. Why is it always Papa who is so shocked and has never heard of such things—and Mamma who finds us our excuses? . . . And when my poor brother—my elder who stayed and made the business—begged me to return and help him, I resigned my Colonial career gladly enough. I returned to our own lands, and my well-loved, wicked white and yellow cattle of the Camargue and the Crau. My Faith, I could talk of them all night, for this stuff unlocks the heart without making repentance in the morning . . .

"Yes. It was after the War that this happened. There was a calf, among Heaven knows how many of ours—a bull calf—an infant indistinguishable, then, from his companions. He was either lame or sick, for he had been taken up with his mother into the big farm-yard at home with us. Naturally, the children of our herdsmen practised on him from the first. It is in their blood. The Spaniards make a cult of bull-fighting. Our little devils down here bait bulls as automatically as the English child kicks or throws a ball.

"I watched them often when they played together. This calf would chase them with his eyes open, like a cow when she hunts a man. They would take refuge behind our tractors and wine-carts in the center of the yard; and he would chase them in and out as a dog hunts rats. More than that; he would study their psychology, his eyes in their eyes. Yes, he watched their faces to divine which way they would fly.

"He himself also would pretend sometimes to charge directly at a boy. Then he would wheel right or left—one could never tell—and knock over some child pressed against a wall who thought himself safe. After this, he would stand over him, knowing that his companions must come to his aid; and when they were all together, waving their jackets across his eyes and pulling his tail, he would scatter them. How he would scatter them! He could kick too, sideways like a cow. He knew his ranges as well as our Gunners, and he was as quick on his feet as our Carpentier. I observed him often.

"Christophe—the ran who passed just now—our chief herdsman, who had taught me to ride with our beasts when I was ten—Christophe told me he was descended from a yellow cow of those days that had chased us once into the marshes. 'He kicks just like her,' said Christophe. 'He side-kicks to the left as he jumps! Have you seen, too, that he is not deceived by the jacket when a boy waves it? He uses it to find the boy. They imagine they are feeling him. He is feeling them always.' He thinks, that one."

"I had come to the same conclusion. Yes—the creature was a thinker along the lines necessary to his sport and amusement; and he was a humorist also, like so many natural murderers. One knows the type among beasts as well as among men. It possesses a curious truculent mirth—almost indecent but infallibly significant."

Monsieur Voiron replenished our glasses with the great wine that went better at each descent.

"They kept him for some time in the yards to practise upon. Naturally, he became a little brutal, so Christophe turned him out to learn manners among his equals, in the grazing lands, where the Camargue joins the Crau. How old was he then? About eight or nine months, I think. We met again a few months later—he and I. I was riding one of our little half-wild horses along a road of the Crau, when I found myself almost unseated. It was he! He had hidden himself behind a wind-break till we passed, and had then charged my horse from behind. Yes, he had deceived even my little horse!

"But I recognized him. I gave him the whip across the nose, and I said:—'Apis, for this thou goest to Arles! It was unworthy of thee between us two.' But that creature had no shame. He went away laughing, like an Apache. If he had dismounted me, I do not think it is I who would have laughed—yearling though he was."

"Why did you want to send him to Arles?" I asked.

"For the bull-ring. When your charming tourists leave us, we institute our little amusements there. Not a real bull-fight, you understand, but young bulls with padded horns, and our boys from hereabouts and in the city, go and play with them. Naturally, before we send them we try them in our yards at home.

"So we brought up Apis from his pastures.

He knew at once that he was among the friends of his youth—he almost shook hands with them—and he submitted like an angel to padding his horns. He investigated the carts and tractors in the yards, to choose his lines of defence and attack. And then—he attacked with an *élan* and a *brio*, and he defended with a tenacity and a forethought, that delighted us.

"In truth, we were so delighted that I fear we trespassed upon his patience. We desired him to repeat himself; which no true artist will tolerate. But he gave us fair warning. He went out to the center of the yard, where there was some dry earth. He kneeled down and—you have seen a calf whose horns fret him thrusting and rooting into a bank? He did just that, very deliberately, till he had rubbed the pads off his horns. Then he rose, dancing on those wonderful feet that twinkled, and he said:—'Now, my friends, the buttons are off the foils. Who begins?'



Old Christophe was our chief herdsman.



I knew no wine composed of the whispers of angels' wings and the breath of Eden. So I asked what it might be.

"We understood. We finished at once. He was turned out again on the pastures till it should be time to amuse them at our little metropolis.

"But, some weeks before he went to Arles—yes, I think I have it correctly—Christophe, who had been out on the Crau, informed me that Apis had assassinated a young bull who had given signs of developing into a rival. That happens, of course, and the herdsmen should prevent it. But Apis had killed in his own style—at dusk, from the ambush of a wind-break—by an oblique charge from behind which had knocked the other over. He had then disembowelled him.

"All very possible, *but*—the murder accomplished, Apis had gone to the bank of a wind-break, knelt, and carefully, as he had in our yard, cleaned his horns in the earth. Christophe, who had never seen such a thing, at once borrowed (do you know, it is most efficacious when taken that way?) some holy water from our little

chapel in those pastures; sprinkled Apis (whom it did not visibly affect) and rode in to tell me.

"It was obvious that a thinker of that bull's type would also be meticulous in his toilette. So, when he was sent to Arles, I warned our consignees to exercise caution with him. Happily the change of scene, the music, the general attention, and the meeting again with old friends—all our bad boys attended—agreeably distracted him. He became for the time a pure *farceur* again; but his wheelings, his rushes, his rat-huntings, were more superb than ever. There was in them now, you understand, the breadth of technique that comes of reasoned Art, and above all the passion that arrives after experience. Oh, he had learned, out there on the Crau!

"At the end of his little turn, he was, according to local rules, to be handled in all respects except for the sword, which was a stick, as a professional bull who must die. He was maneuvered into, or he posed himself in, the proper (Continued on page 102)

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

*Seven Days Can Make a Girl's
Whole Life* **J** *Worth Living*

June Week

Photographic Illustrations by Alfred Cheney Johnston

DORY looked at her wrist watch, when she had changed at Baltimore for the Annapolis car. Of course she couldn't well go astray now the strain was really over. Yet, like all amateur travelers, she kept glancing at her suitcase—Jenny's suitcase really—and at Betsey's umbrella, and at her little handbag with its money and tickets and handkerchief, and at her wrist watch.

Dory was on her way to visit her Aunt Harriet in Annapolis, for June Week. She felt excited, scared, thrilled and homesick.

If only Betsey or Jenny were in her place, she thought. That would be quite as much to the family credit, and either sister would be so much better equipped socially than was Dory. It was usually Dory who stayed at home, lending best petticoats and packing suitcases. Indeed, their mother had given Jenny the suitcase for that reason; because Jenny loved so to visit. Dory's gift, that Christmas, had been the wrist watch. Her mother had said: "Nurses need watches. And I'll never forget what a little nurse I've had this winter!"

It made a lump come into Dory's throat to think of it. Home was eighteen hours and twenty minutes behind her, up among the Vermont pines and maples, where the snow was deep and soft all winter long, with the clear blue shadows of silver beeches across it, where spring was late, with laurel and dogwoods, and where blue, blue mountains might shut a girl's childhood entirely away from the big world.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of this golden June day, Dory mused, mother and the girls would be out in the wide, bare backyard, under the cherry-trees. Berries were late this year, but the cherries were in their glory. Mother, Jenny and Betsey would have the big preserving kettles going, or Mother might be lettering labels—those neat little homemade labels that said "Mrs. Prentice's Sweets. Queen Anne Cherry."—while Jenny pasted, and Betsey read aloud.

Mart would have the wheelbarrow there, ready to take the pretty shining glass jars in little battalions to the deep cool farmhouse cellar. The elms, the maples, would wave half-folded handkerchiefs of pure new green over the yard. Chickens would mutter, peck, flutter, squawking, away. The warm spring sun would sink slowly—slowly—graciously over old Baldy. There would be leisurely talk of supper.

Dory's heart was wrung by an anguish of homesickness. Why—why in the name of everything sane, was she rushing southward, through this unfamiliar country of scrubby pines and languid muddy rivers, to visit Aunt Harriet? Why hadn't Jenny come instead?

To be sure Aunt Harriet had specifically asked Dory. She had said, with that great-lady air that thrilled her country nieces, "Lend me this nice tall one with the copper-red hair for June Week! How old is she—nineteen? All girls of nineteen love June Week. We'll find her a nice little navy beau."

The girls—Dory, Betsey, Jenny—had never seen Aunt Harriet before the memorable day when her big limousine swept in under their maples. She was on her way home from Canada, had by chance discovered herself to be near enough to see "Ted's children" and the old home, after many years. Ted was Dory's father, dead seven long years now. But all their lives they had heard of Aunt Harriet Percival, who was enormously rich, who had a son and a daughter older than the Prentice girls, who traveled and

had servants and lived in "mansions," in quite a story-book fashion.

She had stayed, chatting with Mother, who looked gentle and plain beside her, for an hour. Jenny, radiant, shy, eager at twenty-one, had been the one who really thirsted for June Week. But Aunt Harriet's casual choice had fallen upon Dory, and Dory had been afterward affectionately coaxed and bullied and braced into really going.

Betsey didn't care; Betsey was engaged to be married to the young doctor who had taken Father's place in the little town. But Dory had quite seriously begged her mother to let Jenny go.

"Aunt Harriet won't know the difference, Mommy darling. And Jen wears things so well, and adores dancing so, and I'm so awkward and shy and everything!" Dory had said. But her mother had only laughed at her.

So here Dory was; her bag packed with spotless, carefully washed and ironed and frilled prettiness, a new hat, Jenny's suitcase, Betsey's gloves, the new silk wrapper the girls had given Mother for Christmas. The best the airy old farmhouse could afford was concentrated upon Dory, and Dory felt grimy, frightened, nervous, homesick, filled with regret.

"Well, it'll be something to talk about all your life, even if you don't enjoy a minute of it!" her mother had said hearteningly, in parting. "A night on the train each way, meals in the diner, and a week right near the Naval Academy, the graduating exercises, and the Cotillion—think of the girls who would just give their eyes for such a chance! You've nothing to be afraid of—your father's father was in the Navy."

Dory tried to think of this, when at last the car drew into the little sun-flooded station, and she gripped her bag, in a white-gloved hand and smiling anxiously, looked about for a friendly face.

Other June Week guests were arriving, too; undergraduates from the Academy—such rosy, fresh-looking boys in their white ducks—were darting eagerly about. Dory looked at them with a thrill. She hoped she would meet a few personally. It would be such fun to speak of knowing real midshipmen, real ensigns.

At five o'clock the sunshine was still fierce. It blazed brilliantly over the wheeling cars and confused crowds, it fell in smoky shafts through the trees.

The day was hot, stickily, smotheringly hot, Dory thought. She remained standing, looking this way and that, smiling steadily, if a trifle vaguely, until it became quite evident that nobody was meeting her.

Then, deeply daunted, but determined to see the thing through gallantly, she asked a taxi-driver if he knew where the Percival house was.

The man looked surprised, looked even a little respectful in answer, and offered to drive her there. It was about four blocks away, he said, on Maryland Avenue. But Dory had been sitting still ever since Mrs. Rogers had put her in the train in New York, and she smiled her refusal good-humoredly. A little walk like that!

However, she was more jaded than she suspected, and the house was infinitely more imposing than her wildest dreams—a real colonial mansion, pillared, flanked with spreading wings, faced by a garden bright with exquisite flowers and green grass. The late light fell gaily upon windowboxes, colored awnings,

K

ook
and
r at
eck:
Dory
aced
the
But
ing.
n so
her

ully
ult-
iven
ould
my,
you
in
and
ises,
their
our

the
uite-
adly

ates
bite
th a
l be

bril-
l in

ght.
ing
hat

igh
val

in
cks
ing
rk,
like

the
-a
gs,
ss.
gs,



And Tom Raleigh said that
he wouldn't want me to
wear his pin unless it really
meant something to me.
49



When a crowd of them went to see the ship's plane, Dory heard two of the midshipmen say:

white driveways, parked cars glittered near the deep, screened porch. There was company.

Dory's heart sank, turned to stone. Company! And she felt so hot and dirty and shy and awkward and strange. She would be a failure. She would be a wallflower. Aunt Harriet would be ashamed of her. Her best dress would look ridiculous and dowdy. Oh, if she hadn't come!

The man at the door said that Madame was having tea on the

porch. Dory said she would go straight out. Through a wide door she could see them having tea in a pleasant gloom of awning and green light. Slim women deep in basket-chairs, tinkle, glitter, low voices and laughter. Uniforms!

Her aunt, handsome, young at fifty, wore black and white, large blotchy and lacy effects of black and white, a lacy, wide black and white hat, with a great clump of blazing red velvet geraniums upon it. The quiet, friendly young woman in blue



"But Pop Raleigh's in on the ground floor. He just casually annexed her this afternoon."

was her Aunt Harriet's married daughter, Katty Marriam.

Mr. White. Mr. Thompson. Mr. Raleigh. All midshipmen now, all to be ensigns after the ceremonial on Friday. Dory mistook Mr. White for Mr. Raleigh—but the dark-eyed quiet one was Mr. Raleigh. Mr. White was the blond one, with the laugh and the white teeth.

Oh, this was happiness—this was happiness! The golden, golden hours were all too short for Dory. Tonight was Tuesday

—she would go home on Sunday. Oh, if only nothing happened to spoil it all before Sunday!

June sunset, flower odors, tree shadows. And the sweet rambling streets of old Annapolis filled with laughter, with hurrying figures, with loitering groups. Music, the navy band, and the flag slipping slowly down the pole between one and the wide lawns above the river.

They all stood at attention when the (Continued on page 112)



"Marrying a young man is a dizzy gamble. I preferred gilt-edged security," says Virginia Mac Fadyen, writer, actress and youthful wife, who tells on the opposite page the story of her unusual marriage.

52

PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE STUDIO

By Virginia MacFadyen
Author of "Windows Facing West"

I MARRIED Mr. Twice-My-Age

THE difference between an old husband and a young husband is the difference between a Miami corner lot and unreclaimed government land in—say—Nevada. On the one hand, you know fairly well what you are getting—its definite possibilities and its definite limitations. On the other hand, you acquire a property which may become almost anything, subject to development. On the one hand, reasonable security; on the other, a dizzy and rather glorious gamble.

I chose reasonable security and in the face of pessimistic relatives and friends married a man more than thirty years my senior. We have now concluded three indubitably satisfactory years of marriage without greater compromise and heartburnings than are usually undergone by any two persons in building a common life.

Now the wonder of our acquaintances has abated. They no longer search our faces for signs of mute rebellion—at least, not with the same certain expectation as heretofore. Even the most optimistic third cousin no longer enjoys hopes of hearing of a scribbled note and a missing wife, or a revolver shot and an equally missing husband. In short, our little world is resigned to our incomprehensible oddity.

Yet still, at times, I see pity in a young eye turned on me, and pity in maturer eyes when they rest on my husband.

Perhaps it is due. Ours is an unsure age. In our ears sounds the hoarse cry of the Freudian pack, howling for dreams. On our news-stands "confession" magazines mount to the dozen. The moron has become the norm. Common sense spells inhibition. Probing and testimonials are the order of the day.

My husband resembles a sheik not at all. Nor is he interestingly perverse. He never beats me. He is not of the romantic strong-and-silent type. Nor is he rich. Therefore, at the risk of being branded unimaginative, I say my marriage has been a success.

The secret of that success is simple: My husband is a cheerful giver, and I am probably the cheerfulest receiver extant.

Not only his substance, but his time, his patience, his balanced wisdom, his understanding—above all, understanding—he lavishes upon me.

It is he who briskly empties the ash trays at the end of a long bridge evening. In our lean and maidless intervals it is oftener than not he who wakes me at a disgracefully pampered hour with coffee and the morning papers. These are small and material affairs, but she is indeed a Utopian who can say they do not matter.

For the other things, those of the mind and spirit, there is too much to be said. Without the support of his faith in me and his philosophy, evolved from long experience of the trials and compensations of the two professions which I follow—still most awfully in the rear of the procession—I might long ago have given up in despair.

It is nice to come home after a first night, feeling that nothing could have been worse than the acting you perpetrated, and have your husband—older and therefore of much better judgment than yourself—tell you it was pretty darn fine and to come right in, and which would you like—a little pâté, or milk toast!

It's nice, if your book has just been rejected by the twentieth publisher, to have a *published* writer in the house who tells you it's only a question of time till merit will out. He reminds you that Hergesheimer wrote for fourteen years before he sold a story and that now "Cytherea" is running at the corner movie house, just to show you how undiscerning editors and publishers are!

This is your cue to feel optimistic and think: Of course he knows better than I, because he's older and has had so much more experience.



Edwin Björkman,
distinguished au-
thor and editor,
who is the "Mr.
Twice-My-Age"
of this article.

It's nice when you're rehearsing a part to have a wholly sympathetic ex-actor with whom you talk over the difficulties.

It's nice, if you hate to use the dictionary, to be able to shout into the adjoining study: How do you spell *privilege*? And to hear the answer come true and unhesitating. Or: What is an aardvark, dear? Just as true and as unhesitatingly comes the reply: An African ant-eating edentate about the size of a pig, my darling.

By this it must not be thought that our life together has been an idyl. Adjustments there inevitably were, and the necessity still arises, though with less frequency than one would expect.

It was a gloomy day, that one, when I realized my brand-new husband would not quarrel with me. I come of a stock that delights in battle, enamoured of hot and wordy arguments. It is our fondest relaxation and means nothing at all—or nothing but surplus energy exhausted. But after what was to me an exceedingly dignified and stilted preliminary skirmish, my husband ceased hostilities, looking extremely unhappy. In no time at all we were unanimously apologizing, but next day he suffered nervous indigestion as a result of our innocent affray, so now I inflict my high spirits on the telephone company.

Isn't there a line somewhere to the effect that the marriage which lasts five years will last forever? In my own case the greatest danger to our happiness came during the first year when I underwent my dumb six months.

All the people we met were so superlatively clever, with their names on books and pictures and in the papers, that I was literally awed into silence. I do not think I would have been so unnaturally impressed if I had been a hardened Philistine, but, you see, I had hopes. Evening after evening I sat and listened to brilliant conversations, bursting to speak, and afraid everyone would laugh at me if I expressed an opinion. And that would have been too much of a shame before my husband!

I think all those nice people finally must have wanted to scream at the sight of me—a small, mute recording demon, giving out no more than the grave and taking in every smallest intonation. At last I came to blame, ever so subconsciously, him who had introduced me to this circle where I lost my voice and became unresponsive as sodden wood.

What broke the horrid spell I do not know. Perhaps some saving grain of humor sensed the ridiculousness of my plight. Perhaps some honesty compelled me to admit that my own conceit was to blame and not the fear of making my husband a laughing-stock because of his silly wife. At any rate, I became more natural by degrees. Speech returned and with speech, sanity.

Now, so far has the pendulum swung back, I call renowned graybeards by their first names and gleefully set them right on cosmic points while they listen indulgently to my prattle for my brilliant husband's sake.

Far from being intimidated by the responsibilities incumbent on the young helpmate of older achievement, I revel in the piquant situations to which the relation gives birth.

One automatically, given a great (Continued on page 120)



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACC

Teddy O'Day, a scarlet rose held tantalizingly between her lips; swayed across the stage with that inimitable Follies girl walk that all the flappers in America have tried in vain to copy.



By *Adela Rogers*

St.

Johns

The HEART of a *Follies* Girl

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

THE new guard stopped and peered nervously into the dimly lit cell. It was his first night watch and he was not particularly happy. The narrow, stone platform outside the tier of cells was full of shadows that moved unexpectedly. And from behind the bars came sounds of rebellious and discordant sleep.

The bulk of a man, a huge bulk rolled cocoon-fashion in its blankets, was plainly visible in the lower bunk. But the new guard was not so sure of the upper one.

"Hi," he said, in a harsh, hissing whisper, "where's your bunkie?"

The figure on the lower shelf stirred and a round head covered with a shock of straw-colored hair reared itself.

"Well, fer the love of God," said an exasperated voice, "if it ain't the new guard. I knowed it. Every time we gets a new guard on here nights, he's got to go round waking somebody up to keep him company. Can't we even get a little sleep around this dump without you sticking your nose into it? There won't nothing hurt you before mornin'. G'wan away."

The new guard made threatening noises through his nose. "I'm asking you, where's your bunkie? And you better give me a civil answer and not go giving me any of your sass."

"Where's my bunkie?" mimicked the man within the cell. "My God, you ain't even got as much intelligence as a guard's usually got, which is none. Didn't I hear the warden tell you right here with my own ears that my bunkie's gone to the horspital with a pain in his tummy? And if you don't believe me, you'd better go up to the horspital and ask, and oh, won't you get yourself cussed for your pains, a-waking of the doctor this time of night! And won't you get a dressing down from the warden, for not remembering what he told you for two hours together. Oh no!

"And if I was you, I wouldn't talk so fast about learning me nothing. That's the trouble with you new guards. You come in this here suburb of hell, and you don't know who's who, or what's what, you don't. Knowing what I know about this place, which it's the rottenest jail on the American continent, did I want to get myself sloughed back in here for life? And just for killing one of your sort? I did not. I begged him, when he was pestering me and keeping me awake and knocking of me about, I says to him, 'Lay off me. I ain't the man to stand that sort of stuff, I ain't. I'll come back and get you sure.' And when I was twisting the knife round in his Adam's apple, I reminded him, 'Don't blame me,' I says. 'This ain't my fault. I asked you to let me be. I warned you. And me as is peaceful enough if I'm let be.'"

The new guard moved away down the shadowy corridor, with its strange prison smell. He felt a little cold in the small of his

back. There was no one to tell him that the prisoner with the straw-colored hair had been sent up for obtaining money under false pretenses, and not for murder at all.

And in his new nervousness, he had completely forgotten the empty bunk and the cell-mate who was supposed to be in the hospital.

Teddy O'Day plastered a silver butterfly far down upon the curve of her white breast and slung a purple and scarlet shawl over her left shoulder. She was panting a little, and there was a tiny line of dew upon her upper lip.

"Lord, it's hot," she said, thrusting her bare feet into tiny, high-heeled slippers, and the other girl nodded wearily.

The sliding roar of the orchestra changed back to a jazz beat. A twang of guitars shimmered seductively through. Teddy grabbed a flat black hat, slipped its throat latch beneath her cleft chin, and tilted it far down over her right eyebrow.

"I wish some night that English mama would hold 'em for an encore and give me a chance to get a drink of water," she said.

A few seconds later the perspiring audience, a little bored by the titled Englishwoman's highbrow dancing, sat up and grinned appreciatively as Teddy O'Day led on eleven other girls. This was something they understood, that belonged to them exactly as the Brooklyn Bridge and Riverside Drive belonged to them. Teddy O'Day, a scarlet rose held tantalizingly between her lips, her slim young legs bare to the line of the ridiculous velvet breeches far above her dimpled knees, the fantastic shawl slipping perilously above her white back and shoulders—oh, they understood Teddy.

She swayed across the stage with that inimitable Follies girl walk that the flappers of America have tried in vain to copy. And though all the other girls were dressed exactly alike, and though all of them were beautiful, somehow, tonight, the audience noticed Teddy O'Day more than any of them.

"Where'd you get all that pep, anyway?" said the girl next to her, as the girls dropped into a soft repetition of a seductive dance step and the tenor's voice began to soar. "I feel like the original boarding-house prune. I've put on three new make-ups already tonight and I sweat 'em off faster than I can put 'em on. But you always got pep, Teddy. I don't know how you do it."

Teddy raised her white shoulders high, one hand holding the slipping shawl at her hip, one hand behind her head.

"This is no time to weaken, Claribel," said Teddy. "You would be a Follies girl. Forget the weather and look at that fat lady in the front row holding her husband's hand. No chorus vamp is going to get him, if she can help it. It's tough on a guy,

having to hold his wife's hand at the Follies—now I ask you, is it or isn't it? Talk about taking a ham sandwich to a banquet—that's like taking a case of sarsaparilla on board the Aquitania. Will you listen to Caruso tonight? His sweet mama must be out front."

The tenor had finished his serenade and Teddy and the eleven girls went into action and brought down the house.

But when she had finished her last number, arrayed in a glorious hoop skirt of transparent silver lace through which her pretty bare legs and slender body gleamed like warm ivory, Teddy O'Day collapsed in her dressing-room chair and began to take off her make-up with hands that trembled just a little.

"Why don't you come on for a ride?" said her roommate, brushing out thick, golden hair. "It's too hot to sleep. Frank's going to get an open car. We could drive out in the country and get something cold to drink."

Teddy pinned a towel tight about her thick, brown curls, and her little pointed face and amazing dimples disappeared beneath a wave of cold cream.

"Nope," she said, wiping it systematically away with a wad of cheesecloth, "I guess I'll go home. I don't feel much like going out. You know how it is—even with friends. If you go out on a party, they expect you to act like you're having a good time at least. Not you, Bunny. But men—they always want you to be merry and bright. You got to be an entertainer to be a social success in our circle."

Bunny nodded, still wearily. "I know it. But, hell, kid, you can't always be alone. It's been a year since your boy went away."

"A year and seventeen days," said Teddy, and she unpinned the towel and stood up, straight and beautiful in an infinitesimal chiffon shirt and a pair of Parisian undergarments. Bunny, with her slanting, wise eyes, noted how worn and faded they were—and Teddy had been so particular about her lingerie!

"A year and seventeen days," said Teddy. "Bunny, have you ever been in love?"

Bunny raised wide eyebrows. "I don't know. I been married three times. But that don't mean a thing. I get awful crushes. I got one on that tenor that came last week. Did you ever see his wife? She's got a figure like a tugboat. And me—say, you know, Teddy, I can pose as an after-taking ad for any reducing cream ever went on the market. But he didn't even give me a tumble. Her Nibs was making a little play for him, too; don't tell me. He acted like he never spoke her language. He's a nice boy. I suppose when a man is true to a woman looks like his wife he must love her."

"Love," said Teddy O'Day, tying a scarlet sash about the waist of her straight-line white frock, "just happens to you, and then you're different. It's everything. It don't matter where it comes—whether it's to a bum Broadway jazz baby like me, or some pure white bud on an old family tree. It—purifies, real love does. It makes you know what's right and what's wrong. It—oh, what the hell! I sound like Laura Jean Libbey or Lydia Pinkham. If the papers ever heard that, I'd be in for another front page layout—and it'd be hard to make anybody believe this, but after—last year, I could stand to keep my map to itself for a while. Well—so long, sweet potato. I'm on my way. I'll bet there won't be even a Chicago drummer waiting to see me to my taxi. There's a lot of bunk written about the gay life of a chorus girl on the Great White Way."

Bunny yawned. "You should pull that," she said, "after what you've done to men. Until you went and got married, you were the riot call of this troupe, I'll tell the world. Now you won't even go to a respectable party. You haven't been anywhere since the night we gave that little festival to welcome the Darling sisters back from calling on the King. And what'd you do that night? Got the colored elevator boy squiffed and made him ride you up and down sixteen flights of stairs singing a lot of new verses to Stacko Lee. And when Billy Emerson tried to give you a rush you put him off at the wrong floor and wouldn't let him back in."

Teddy O'Day laughed, but there was a bitter edge to her laughter. "Yeh? Well—I know Billy Emerson better than you do. Goo-by, Bunny, see you later. I'm just leading the quiet life, that's all. Maybe you can't get it, but with Dirk—away, my heart won't seem to let me raise hell. You just begin to bloom with the night, Bunny, like some of those night-blooming flowers I've heard of. Your real life is all between darkness and dawn. But remember, girl, there's a broken heart for every light on Broadway. And your dear old mammy told you never to trust a man with a black mustache."

She made her way through the darkening wings. She was almost the first girl dressed. From every side she could hear the light, easy laughter of the girls, broken by little squeals, the

ceaseless chatter, the rush of feet. Noisy, gay, excited. Part of that New York night that never sleeps.

Teddy O'Day went out into the bright street and stood for a moment on the curb, breasting the human traffic. The great signs flamed hotly, and the crowds swirled about her. Midnight, the maddest hour of them all. The theater crowds, battling of taxis, laughing, loving, in a light brighter than day and somehow more intoxicating.

How Teddy O'Day loved Broadway after dark. Old stuff—she knew it. But Teddy O'Day had been born in Brooklyn and she felt at home as she stood there, safe, protected, comfortable, as she had never felt any place else in her life.

A man, young and smoothly blond, came and stood beside her. "Hello, Teddy," he said, "where you going? Let's grab a taxi and go up to the Biltmore roof and have a nice long pitcher of—lemonade. It's too hot and too early to go home. You couldn't sleep anyway."

Teddy regarded him with rather friendly brown eyes. He was a nice enough boy. He played an accordion and usually managed to stop the show with some of his numbers. Teddy knew his wife and kids had gone to the country, where everybody had gone except the girls in the summer shows and the people from the Middle West who came to buy and to see New York.

There was no harm in going anywhere with Jerry.

But she didn't go.

"It was hot tonight, wasn't it?" she said, lingering, just a little glad of someone to talk to. Four o'clock had always been Teddy's bedtime. It was hard—harder than ever—to go to sleep earlier.

"I'll say it was. Gee, I felt sorry for you girls. You looked fit to drop. But you always got a lot of pep, Teddy. I noticed it tonight. The other girls were out on their feet, but you always got a way of pulling yourself up by your bootstraps. The audience gets you—like wine. I know. You coming up to the roof?"

"No roofs for me," said Teddy, "especially not with a guy that plays the accordion. Say, Jerry, is it true playing the saxophone makes folks crazy? Somebody told me that. No—thanks, old bean, and all that sort of rot, and I'll see you again sometime, but my dear old mammy told me never to go to roofs with fellows that play the accordion."

"How's Dirk?" The man asked it very casually, looking over the heads of the crowd.

Teddy was as casual. "I—don't know, Jerry. I guess he's all right."

"Don't you go to see him?"

Teddy smiled, rather feebly. "No. You see, Jerry, he's funny that way. He—he said he just couldn't ever stand to have me see him that way. It'd hurt worse than not seeing me. He was so proud, Dirk was. I write. But he doesn't—very often. It's silly, but you know Dirk was always like that."

Jerry nodded. "Well—I guess maybe he's right. Everything all right with you, Teddy?"

Teddy O'Day pulled her white hat further over her right eye. "Everything is grand with me," she said. "Be yourself, Jerry, and remember your mammy told you to never trust a young girl from the country."

She turned into the crowd and walked down toward Fifth Avenue. On the top of the bus, crowded to its fullest capacity, she craned her neck, watching the stream of cars below, breathing the smell of the asphalt. The endless mass of taxis, red, yellow, green, checkered, shouldered each other in a friendly way. The tall, iron signal towers flashed in the darkness—red, green, yellow. The roar and tumult of the city was all about her, the glitter and throb and clash. Life sweltered in the terrible summer heat, but it was life even then. The cadences of the city sang, like some giant orchestration of humanity's mysteries and joys and sorrows.

Well, it was a great little town—her town.

And Teddy O'Day, perched high on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus, sunk herself in the life of the city, that she might not think of the lonely, haunted hours that lay between her and the dawn.

A taxicab of New York's most decrepit vintage swung out of Fifth Avenue into Ninth Street, hesitated dangerously, and pulled up before a narrow, dark house of ancient design. A man got out, a tall young man, in a dark suit that seemed just a little large for him, and a plain dark cap that looked strangely out of place upon such a night.

He paid the driver and went into the narrow hall, like a yellow well, and stood irresolute, looking at the still narrower stairs, leading steeply and uninvitingly upward. Once he half-turned toward the door where a blue and white plate said, "Landlady."



"You mean," she said slowly, "you mean to go away for always? You mean we could never come back here any more?"

But at last he went upstairs without ringing that bell. It was worth taking a chance, knowing Teddy.

And he was right. The door was unlocked. Inside, he drew a deep, agonized breath, and moved across to the windows. When he had pulled down the shades, he turned on the reading lamp beside the big chair and looked about him.

It was only a rather commonplace apartment, of the kind very young interior decorators have fitted up in the narrow, old-fashioned houses of the village. The walls had been painted a

soft, pleasing green, and there were splashes of bright color in the hangings, and the old furniture had been nicely arranged.

Nothing wonderful nor unusual. But the man's eyes filled with swift tears as he looked.

Everything was just the same. Just the same. Everything. Not a thing in the room had been changed. His own books, on the little book shelves he had put up one Sunday morning. How Teddy had laughed at him, over her Sunday morning paper and her cigaret. She had called him a clumsy brute, and then she



had kissed his hands and babied him. The big chair, with the scarlet cushion, a round print of her head still faintly outlined upon it. She used always to sit there when she came home after the show, and drink hot milk while she chattered, because she so wanted to be sleepy and she was such a little night owl. The two tall bronze candlesticks they had bought one day, in a mad shopping spree in Washington Square.

And the whole place full, full, of that faint, spicy Parisian scent that was Teddy.

He dared not look into the tiny bedroom.

He sat down on a straight chair before the little wall desk and pressed his hands over his aching eyes, where the nerves had begun to jump and twitch a little. Those awful few moments in the outer hall, while he waited for Wilson to join him and pass with him through the outer gate. The panic when they realized that dusk had not quite fallen upon that one little stretch of open road between them and the house where Thompson awaited them.

He must not think of those things now. Must not. Madness lay that way. He must only think of Teddy. Remember that she would be here now, almost any moment. Unbelievable—miraculous! She would be here now, almost any minute.

As she climbed the narrow stairs, Teddy's joyousness dropped from her.

Broadway knew Teddy O'Day very well indeed. And it liked her. She was a game little kid. Besides, she had the most beautiful ankles in all New York. There was no denying that. Teddy O'Day was one of those unexplainable people who happen to catch the heart of Broadway—but it was her joyousness that had done it.

This was her zero hour.

It was so darn lonesome, coming home at night like this. And fear lay in wait for her, just around the corner. If again tonight she shouldn't be able to sleep—or if, sleeping, she should awaken to that awful, piteous groping in the darkness! If she should dream that Dirk was there beside her, his head flung back on the pillow, and should awaken with empty arms outstretched!

Well, it wasn't any use getting in a panic about the thing. There it was, and the less fuss made about it, the better she'd get through. She began to hum as she opened her door. She must get herself a cat, or a dog, or something. At least it would be something alive in the place. Probably the landlady wouldn't let her have it. A canary then—Teddy O'Day with a canary. That was a hot one.

"Oh, make it a parrot and be done with it," said Teddy O'Day.

The moment she opened the door she was conscious of a shock in every nerve because of the lighted lamp. Then she saw the man, sitting very still in the straight chair by the little wall desk.

Teddy O'Day looked long upon the face of that man, and from a fearful unbelief, a startled doubt, her face grew to one great light of joy. Joy held her spellbound, gazing with a great hunger, a great love that transformed her small, impudent Broadway face into something that great masters have painted.

Then, with a beautiful gesture, she flung out her arms and the man came into them.

"My darling, my darling," was all she could say, but each time she said it, it seemed to grow in wonder and beauty, as though she tried to pour the whole of her beating heart upon him through

those words, "my darling."

They kissed and clung, kissed again, with a strange and terrible hunger. Their need was insatiable, and they drank of each other's presence as a man lost for many days upon the desert drinks of the cool water in an oasis. His lips were against her hair, against her eyelids, her throat, the little ears hidden in her brown curls, the dimples of her cheeks and her chin, and then again, always, against her lips.

"I want to talk to you and I can't let you go," he said, and he kissed each of her fingers and the palms of her hands, and her wrists and even the pretty hollow of her elbow. "I'm so starved for you, precious. A year, Teddy. A whole year."

Teddy O'Day flung back her pretty head and laughed. "You're here, Dirk. I can't believe it. It's too wonderful—too gorgeous. And I was dying for you, dying of lonesomeness. I could yell."

A sudden thought leaped into her eyes and she held him back, looking at him with a question in her eyes.

But the question faded into a merry ecstasy at the sight of him.

He was very good for any woman to look upon. Young, very young, though there were lines about his mouth and lines printed about his eyes that had nothing to do with youth. He had strange, hazel eyes, that grew black and blacker with kisses or with excitement, until at last only the faintest rim of hazel showed. Teddy had loved to make his eyes grow altogether black, with kisses. They were black now, with excitement, and the knowledge brought Teddy back once more to her question.

"How'd you—get here, Dirk?"

He laughed. His laughter made him very reckless, very boyish. "I got here," he said, "and nobody knows I'm here. Nobody knows I'm outside those damn walls where I've been dying for a year and seventeen days."

"You mean—you've escaped?"

"Yes, precious. That's what I mean."

"How?"

He shrugged and his hands on her shoulders drew her closer, would not be denied. "Baby, don't go away from me like that. I'll tell you all about it. It's rather fun. But you must stay in my arms. I'm never going to let you go again. You aren't tired of having me love you already?"

She crushed his head down a moment against her breast in passionate denial, but she went back to the thing.

"What happened? Did anybody—get hurt?"

"No, my sweet. No fireworks. Just a little brainwork. It was very simple. A chap that went out last week arranged some things outside for me. And one of the doctors in the hospital,



She saw him, his head bowed upon the mantel. "Darling," she said. "Darling—don't you see. It's because some day I hope there won't be just two of us."

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

who's been rather a pal of mine and who doesn't care much for this warden, helped me on the inside. It was so simple it hardly seems possible. That's the way those things are always done. Don't let's talk about that."

His excitement was plain. The strain of the night was beginning to tell upon him. For the first time, his wife realized how thin and worn he looked.

"Oh Dirk, how thin you are," she said, with a little cry; "how thin you are. It breaks my heart. What did they do to you up there? Sit down and I'm going to make you something to eat."

"I could eat," said Dirk Calhoun, with his quick, eager smile.

He followed her into the old-fashioned kitchen and watched her while she lit the gas plate. She backed up to him and he tied an apron about her, kissed the back of her neck and the tips of her ears as he held her against him.

"Go and sit down and open the windows," she said. "It's like an oven in here. I haven't much, sweetheart. If I'd only known you were coming. I'd have bought everything in New York. I still can't believe it. Oh, Dirk, you aren't another one of those terrible dreams that will fade away and leave me alone, are you?"

Well—I can make you chocolate, and toast, and eggs. Will that do?"

Something in his eyes stopped her, something sad and terrible and entirely lost to youth. "Teddy—if you knew what it is to see you, moving about here, in our kitchen, with that apron on! Every night, when I lay on my shelf, that was like a slab of iron, trying to breathe with that stench in my nostrils, trying to endure the feel of those vile blankets and the sounds of caged men breathing, I thought of you like this. It's all that saved me—sometimes."

"Oh my dear, my dear"—the heartbreak crept through her Broadway voice—"how can I bear that it ever happened to you? How can I make up to you for all that suffering?"

When he let her go again, she gave a little gasp, half-laugh half-sob. "I'll never get you anything to eat," she said, "if you don't stop coming near me. If you won't go in the other room—"

"I won't," he said.

"All right. Then sit down on that chair and be quiet."

She was silent as she moved about the little kitchen. Every moment she was conscious of him there. His presence was like a dynamo that set every nerve in her body vibrating with delight.

And yet, deep within her, she heard the tolling of some distant bell, that warning bell that God has given to women who love. A tide of fear and misery and prayer was creeping up toward her heart.

She put it away from her, and stirred the chocolate and the sugar and the condensed cream together with a merry clatter, and beat the eggs to an altogether amazing froth, and hovered over the delicious brown toast in a veritable glow.

And still that premonition kept shifting and tugging, like quicksand beneath her feet.

She set that table, where they always used to set it, in the high, old-fashioned bow windows that looked down into the street, now silent and hot and motionless in the midnight hours. She spread a bright embroidered cloth, and brought the one small bowl of flowers and one of the "engagement cups" the girls in the troupe had given her.

"Now, eat," she said, and sat down opposite him.

But he would not have that, and made her come around and sit beside him, her head resting on his shoulder. Perhaps it was better that way. It was taking all her will to keep her face quiet and controlled. She did not dare to speak. Was she crazy? She—Teddy O'Day—to be thinking such thoughts as welled up within her?

"You're so quiet, precious," he said, and picked her up and went over to the big chair and held her on his lap, "so quiet, my precious. Oh, Teddy, do you know how I love you? How can I ever tell you? What can I say to make you know? Do you know how sweet and precious you are to me?"

That gave her courage. She said, "Dirk, what are you going to do? They'll—start looking for you, won't they? What are your plans?"

He thought then that he understood her silence.

"Don't worry, Teddy. They'll start looking—but not before morning. At worst, not before two o'clock. There's a boat sailing at daybreak for South America, and when it sails, we'll be on it—you and I, Teddy. It's all fixed. They won't find me, dear. We'll go far away, just us two, and disappear. And we'll never be separated again as long as we live."

Teddy O'day, whose philosophy and courage had been won in the hardest school life has to offer, took his face between her two hands, and looked at him with a great, yearning love.

"You mean," she said slowly, "you mean to go away for always? You mean we could never come back here any more? You mean that would always be there, hanging over your head? You mean we'd have to live forever somewhere else than in New York?"

For the first time, with panic, he sensed something of the weight that was lying upon her impudent spirit.

"Teddy," he said, "what difference would that make? What difference could that ever make? We'd have each other. You love me enough to go and live on a desert island with me. You used to say so. Why, you funny little angel, you've never seen anything of the world outside of New (Concluded on page 108)



Sitting on the iron bed, with his hands tied together behind his back was

The ENCHANTED

Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

STEVE MACDOUGALD'S departure from the arena of his activities was as simple and unostentatious as the life he had lived, as impressive as the forest-clad mountains and valleys he had spent so many earnest, loyal years guarding from the wasteful and destroying hand of his fellow man. When Hallie and Gail arrived at San Simeon they found Steve, dressed for the grave in his best uniform. In a very plain coffin he reposed on a bench under a huge, spreading mountain cedar tree in front of the forest service headquarters. Around him were grouped some thirty or forty men and women, the latter pathetically few in number, the men uncovered. Cowboys, cattlemen, rangers and forest guards, packers, guides and the old Navajo Indian, Bear Tooth, and his four stalwart sons, they represented all of Steve's little world—and when Hallie got out of her car, followed by the dead man's dog, the sight of that familiar comrade brought a tear to many a rough cheek.

Lee Purdy stepped out of the little crowd and came forward to meet his sister and Gail. "The rangers wanted me to say good-bye to Steve for all of us," he explained. "The Box K drive was

pretty well organized and close to the edge of the reserve, about eight miles west of here, so when the assistant supervisor rode out and asked me I couldn't refuse. I do not attend funerals, as a rule," he explained to Gail, "except they be the funerals of my enemies. It's too much of a heart wrench to say good-bye to men one respects or loves."

Little pale Hallie, clinging to her brother's arm and striving to be brave, was escorted to the blacksmith's wife's cottage organ and Gail, standing beside her, sang to Hallie's accompaniment "One Sweetly Solemn Thought." At the conclusion of the hymn, Lee Purdy, in leathern chaps and spurs, stepped up beside Steve and laid his hat on top of the coffin. For a dramatic ten seconds he stood looking down at the still face. Then he spoke—to Steve.

"Steve, we've come to say good-bye to you, old-timer, and when we've done that I'm going to read for you some simple little lines from that Book in which even a pagan may find beauty and wisdom. I do not know of what religious faith you were a communicant, and I hazard the thought that you never bothered your



Jasper Doak. Near the door, a revolver in his hands, sat Curly McMahon.

HILL

*Concluding
Peter B. Kyne's
Latest Novel*

kindly old head about it. You lived too close to Mother Earth to waste your time on thoughts of a personal heaven wherein you might encounter a joy commensurate with that which should be the due of a worthy man. Your faith was a very old one, Steve. Jeremiah referred to it when he said: 'For the mountains will I take up a weeping and wailing, and for the habitations of the wilderness a lamentation, because they are burned up, so that none can pass through them; neither can men hear the voice of the cattle; both the fowl of the heavens and the beasts are fled; they are gone.'

"Steve, good friend and good man—dear martyr, dead in defense of the faith—listen to me. I'm going to make you a promise and confirm it after the fashion of honest men in this land that you loved. See, Steve, I touch my hand to yours, so now you may know I speak the truth, and your friends may know it, too. I have the man who took away your life and I know the name of the man whose greed and gold corrupted the assassin who slew you. 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' Well, maybe so! But if God continues to give strength

to my trigger finger, Steve, know that from your side I go to pay your score and the score of every citizen who owes such men as you a debt of gratitude, even though few of them know it. When you perished, Steve, there was created a blood feud between Ira Todd and your friend, Lee Purdy; for Ira Todd is really the man who killed you. Rest easy, forester, for I, too, am of the faith.

"At such times as this, Steve, it is customary to say of the dead the kindly things we forebore to say when he who is dead lived. I will say of you that you were a good, kindly, brave, humorous, simple gentleman, needing little and desiring little, grateful for sunlight and snow-fall, for bees and birds and furry friends, for a voice over the telephone, for freedom from fires and the strength to fight them, for the voice of the cattle, the smile of a virtuous woman and the handclasp of a true friend. Because you have kept the faith with men confidently we leave you with God. Good-by, Steve. When the Chief Ranger sets you to guard the fields of asphodel, save a camp-site for us—and Whuskey!"

The Enchanted Hill

He turned from the dead ranger and reached for the Bible which Presbery's assistant handed him. At the mention of his name the dog Whuskey, who had accompanied Gail and Hallie in the car, pricked up his ears and fixed his bright eyes on Purdy; reassured by the latter's glance that he would not be unwelcome, the beautiful animal walked toward him until, half way there, he caught an old, familiar and beloved scent; with a short, rapturous bark he ran to the coffin and stood on his hind legs with his front paws on Steve's breast. He waited a little to be spoken to, then licked the beloved face as who should say: "Well, Steve, even if you do refuse to speak to me, I'll greet you just the same."

Strange! Steve did not awaken and he had always awakened before! Why, since puppy days Whuskey had been awakening Steve by nuzzling him with his cold nose and then warming the cold spot with his tongue. Whuskey could not understand, so he caressed his master again, then looked up at Purdy, who dismissed him with a nod in the direction of Hallie. Obediently Whuskey got down and slouched sadly back to the girl's side. He had said his good-by, and Purdy read the Thirteenth Psalm of David, a prayer for help in affliction.

"How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?"

"How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily?"

His glance lifted from the page and rested on Gail's tear-stained face.

"How long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?"

"Consider and hear me, O Lord my God: lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death;

"Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him; and those that troubled me rejoice when I am moved."

Again Purdy's eyes met hers. A pause, and then his deep, resonant voice took up the psalm.

"But I have trusted in thy mercy; my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation."

Another pause—and then Gail's voice finished the psalm.

"I will sing unto the Lord, because he hath dealt bountifully with me."

Purdy closed the book and stood for a little while looking at his neighbors, thoughtfully. Then: "We will pray a little for Steve, now," he said, "and for his mother who loved him."

"God be her comfortin'." O'Meara, a forest guard, had spoken out of the fullness of his Celtic heart. They prayed and Gail sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Then the assistant supervisor, acting for Jim Presbery, whose home was under quarantine, screwed the lid on the coffin, and six rangers carried Steve to the waiting truck. Thus did he leave the Cuyamaca.

Purdy kissed his sister good-by, said a word of farewell to Gail and walked over to his horse standing with dangling bridle reins at a little distance. But Gail followed him over to the horse and laid a detaining hand on the reins. Foot in the stirrup, his left hand on the horse's mane, he paused and regarded her

"You will be very careful, will you not?" she murmured, and flushed because she dared ask this of him.

He smiled upon her gravely, tolerantly, benignantly. "Naturally I would be," he answered, "for Hallie's sake."

"You must consider your friends, too."

"I haven't very many to consider—unfortunately."

"You have one more than you had a week ago, Major."

"I think you had better call me Lee—after that speech. I dislike formality between friends."

"And if I should call you Lee?"

"I'll call you Gail. And I'll be extra careful now—for your sake."

"Few women have ever made a poet," she answered with a beaming light in her wet brown eyes. "I should not care to be the woman who helped to kill one."

"Good-by," he murmured breathlessly. "And if I shouldn't see you again—"

"Why?" she interrupted. "Are you in danger here?"

"Perhaps. I didn't want to come here. I suspected my enemies might guess I'd come to Steve's funeral, and waylay me."

"Is there somebody here that you fear?"

"No. I fear no man, but I'm a coward when it comes to killing a man now, even in self-defense. I have a suspicion I may have to defend myself from that man on the black and white pinto horse yonder."

"Who is he?"

"I do not know anything about him except that he is a

stranger in this country and I am wondering why he should come to the funeral of a man he wasn't even acquainted with. Because I suspected him I accused Todd publicly; if this stranger wants an excuse to begin hostilities I might as well furnish it. I cannot stand uncertainty. I prefer to meet an issue in the open rather than from ambush."

"What effect had your mention of Todd on him?"

"He smiled at me—like a coyote. He's waiting now until you and Hallie leave; then he'll denounce me in the presence of my neighbors."

"What will happen then?"

He looked at her sadly. "I shall endeavor to survive, my dear. Please drive away with Hallie now. She must not know. I do not want her worried."

"I'm so sorry for you," she whispered brokenly, and turned away.

Purdy turned his horse toward the stranger and hung aloof, plainly indicating by his disinclination to mingle with the others, a desire to be left alone. Beyond the knot of men who still lingered under the cedar tree discussing Steve's murder, the stranger slouched in his saddle until, satisfied, apparently, that Hallie and Gail were, by now, half a mile distant, he straightened and spurred his mount up to the group of men.

"Gentlemen," he announced in a thin, high voice, a "little while ago this — — — Purdy took advantage of his position as conductor of a funeral to mention my friend, Ira Todd. You



At the door Joaquin swung his pistol in a menacing arc.



"I wish you'd get word to Lee Purdy," a man's voice said, "that about five minutes ago his foreman, Link Hallowell, was shot."

all heard this. I'm here to tell you Lee Purdy's a liar, and a coward, and the only reason he's out of jail is because his old man's money corrupted the jury."

The stranger's intent was obvious enough now. He was present for the sole purpose of picking a quarrel with Purdy. What the latter did not know, however, was the stranger's plan for

consummating his grim task legally, or at least with a pretense of self-defense, nor did Purdy know how many of those present were Todd's friends and how many his. He only knew that an issue confronted him—that he could run from it or meet it. He preferred to meet it and, having so decided, felt instantly that peculiar sense of elation which comes to those who,

The Enchanted Hill

after a long rear guard action, are ordered to the assault. The advantage of the initiative lay with him, and he had not lived his life without realizing to the fullest the value of that. To bandy words with this bully now would be silly . . . Purdy's gun covered the man; the thoroughbred stepped daintily forward.

Purdy did not speak, but his weapon was sufficiently eloquent, and the killer's hands went up. Four feet from his man Purdy pulled up his horse. "Grasp your coat low on the lapels and shuck it," he ordered. "If either hand climbs as high as the second button hole you'll never live to collect the balance of the blood money due you from Ira Todd."

The coat came off. Under the stranger's left armpit hung a forty-five in a shoulder holster.

"That holster belt ought to fasten somewhere up on your right shoulder. Unbuckle it very carefully and keep your hands on that shoulder until the gun drops to the ground."

The command was obeyed. Purdy rode around his man and



when he had made certain the fellow did not possess another gun he booted the pinto forward a few feet, leaned down from his saddle and possessed himself of the stranger's gun, which he tied to his pommel.

"Now, listen, you," he addressed Todd's defender. "You're a stranger in this country and I have declared an open season on strangers who carry their guns in shoulder holsters, defend Ira Todd and speak out of their turn. You go back where you came from and stay there. If I ever see you in this country again I'll kill you on sight."

CHAPTER XXV

GAIL drove slowly after leaving San Simeon, and for the very best of reasons. She had difficulty seeing the road through her tears. But when Hallie commenced to sob Gail choked back her own tears of fear, stopped the car, took Hallie in her strong young arms and comforted her. She noticed then that the little invalid was trembling.

"What's the matter, Hallie?"

"You heard what Lee said?"

"Yes."

"I've known for a long time that Lee was in trouble. He wouldn't tell me what it was, and, of course, I wouldn't ask. If he wanted me to know he would have told me. But the night Lee came home from San Onofre with that hole in the shoulder of his coat and blood spots on his clothes, I realized matters were coming to a crisis. He fibbed and said a cow had hooked him over the edge of the runway, but if that had been the case the hole in his coat would have been the same size as the point of exit as at the point of entrance. A cow's horn tapers to a point, you know. Lately Lee and Tommy had been carrying guns

and doing night flying. I have heard them coming and going, and the day before yesterday I saw Lee, Tommy and Curly McMahon interviewing a horrible looking Mexican on the porch of the bunkhouse. Lee thought I'd be in bed, but I happened to rise early that day. I have never known Lee to fib to me before, Gail, so I know he must be in deep trouble. He hates lies—even white lies. I do wish Lee would confide in me, Gail."

"Men never confide their fears and worries to women. They leave that sort of thing to mollycoddles. If Lee Purdy fibbed to you he did it to protect you from worry."

"Well, for the sake of his own peace of mind I've tried to appear stupid. He must not worry over what I think or feel. When a man is in trouble he needs all of his thoughts for his problems."

"Hallie, you are a dear, and your half-brother is worth a dozen whole brothers."

"He is wonderful, isn't he? I'm so glad you like Lee. He's such a funny old thing. He never tells anybody his troubles, and is always able to appear cheerful when things look worst;

"Now, listen, you," Purdy said. "You go back where you came from and stay there. If I ever see you in this country again, I'll kill you on sight."



he is never an optimist, but never a pessimist. He never whines for sympathy, Gail. About the time other men quit, Lee says to himself, 'This isn't going to be quite as easy a task as I thought it would

be.' Then he begins to work."

There was a silence. Then:

"Wasn't Lee's eulogy magnificent?" Hallie resumed. "I never knew before what an eloquent speaker my brother is. And where he found time to read the Bible and remember what he read is a profound mystery. He isn't at all religious, you know."

"I think he must be deeply religious, Hallie. Perhaps you mean he isn't at all orthodox."

"Yes, that is what I mean. Lee isn't good because he wants to be rewarded in the next world. He's good for the same reason that makes him shave every morning and brush his teeth three times daily. It makes him feel so much more comfortable. Of course Lee has been a little wild. He's lived, you know. But he's loved life so and it's been a wonderful game to him—"

"He has killed men, has he not?" Gail's interruption was almost a whisper.

"Yes," Hallie replied soberly, "he has. But then, as Link explained it to me, he has never killed for pleasure or profit."

"Are your brother and Mr. Hallowell old friends?"

"They have known each other for about ten years. They met in Mexico during the Madero revolution. Link was managing a cattle ranch in Chihuahua when the revolution broke out and a Federal army drove off his cattle, and executed his foreman.

So Link joined the Maderistas to get even. In a subsequent fight he was one of the few survivors and when he came across the Rio Grande at Ojinaga he met Lee, who was a Texas ranger there. Link was awfully tired and hungry and thirsty and his clothing was full of holes and he needed a shave very badly. 'Hello, old-timer,' said Lee to him, 'how did you escape? I'll bet you did some running.' And Link replied: 'No, I didn't run, but I passed a couple of white men who thought *they* did. Ranger, suppose you loan me ten dollars, on the off chance that you'll get it back?' That pleased Lee, so he loaned Link the money and they became friends. Link's a dear. You'll love him."

"How old is he?"

"Thirty-two, and he's marvelously handsome. Very dark, with eyes that crinkle at the corners and lovely white teeth that show when he smiles."

"Tell me about his character."

"Oh, he loves life, too. He's very quaint and old-fashioned and humorous. Did Lee tell you that Link said your Box K ranch looked as if it was owned by a widow with seven children, all girls?"

Gail laughed and made up her mind she was going to like Mr. Hallowell at sight. "I suppose Link Hallowell has been a trifle wild, also," she suggested.

"I do not think so. He may have gotten into bad company at times, but, as he assured me himself, it wasn't catching! Link isn't an ordinary cow-hand, you know. He's well-educated and well-

mannered. As he says himself, the only thing that's wrong with him is a slight touch of poverty, and he's poor only because he'd rather be poor than stupid."

"How odd!"

"Yes, indeed," Hallie went on. "The first Hallowell to come to California was Link's grandfather, and Link says that one bright clear day in the fall of 1856 grandfather Hallowell stood on the western slope of the Sierra foothills and gazed across the San Joaquin valley with a twelve-power field glass and said to himself: 'All the land I can see is going to be mine.' Then he went to work in a mine and when he had saved two thousand dollars he bought six mules and a buckboard, loaded the buckboard with a camping outfit and food, and hired an Indian to drive the mules. Next he bought a small skiff and mounted it on steel runners like a snow-sled, hitched it behind the buckboard, and, while sitting in it, was towed over two hundred thousand acres of the richest land in the San Joaquin. When his voyage ended he went before the State Legislature and claimed the land under the Swamp and Overflow Act. He made affidavit that he'd traversed every foot of the boundaries in a skiff!"

"The old wretch!"

"Link agrees with you; but then, as he says, nearly all of the founders of huge fortunes are old wretches. Time and philanthropy canonizes them. The Hallowells were so rich by the time Link was seventeen years old that the cattle business was much too common a vocation for him to engage in, although he'd been born to it, so the family secured for him an appointment to the Naval Academy, and the very first year he was there he was asked to leave.

"It seems when he was ordered to box the compass, he asked his professor for shipping directions after the compass should be safely boxed. So they sent Link home where he could be funny at his leisure, and after he'd been a cow-hand three years, his grandfather made him foreman of the home ranch.

"One day his grandfather sent him over to a neighboring

ranch to buy a couple of thousand head of feeders. Link came back without them and when his grandfather asked him why, Link explained that the owner wanted too much money for such poor stock. Grandfather flew into a rage and said Link was the slowest man he had ever known at learning to judge cattle; that he had seen the cattle and they were a bargain at the price quoted. Link maintained they could be bought cheaper and grandpa told Link he was a blockhead. Then Link told grandpa that for a long time he had been accumulating the opinion that slavery and working for relatives were synonymous and now he was certain of it. Grandpa commenced to shout and bluster and finally he told Link that if he resigned his job he'd disinherit him. So Link replied: 'Grandpa, just to prove to you how little I value money, I'll quit this instant. You owe me three months' wages. Keep it.'

"What happened then?"

"Why, Link resigned, of course, and went away. Two days after he abandoned the payroll grandpa had a visit from the man who owned the feeders. He called to offer them to grandpa at two dollars a head less than the quotation Link had declined! When the family heard from Link again he was somewhere in the Texas Panhandle, so grandpa wired him: 'Come back. You are not a blockhead!' And Link wired back, collect, 'You're wrong. I am. I'm making five dollars a head riding disrespectful horses and I only have to ride them once to win. Anyhow, it's a dry year in California and you haven't got any fattened calves worthy of me, so I'll not be your prodigal grandson. My advice to you is to leave your money to a board of trustees to found a chair of animal husbandry at the state agricultural college.'"

"What did grandpa do?"

"Nobody knows. He's ninety-six years old and still living. In the interim those rich lands that grandpa pastured cattle on grew so valuable for agricultural purposes that grandpa had to sell them at a perfectly tremendous profit in order to escape paying ruinous taxes on them as pasture lands."

"And has Link seen his curious relative since the quarrel?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. Link is very forgiving. He visits the old gentleman whenever he happens to be in California. Just makes a brief duty visit and is always very careful to let the old gentleman know he hasn't called to borrow money from him. Then grandpa flies into a rage and calls Link a blockhead all over again. Link admits it, the quarrel subsides for lack of fuel, and grandpa asks Link to stay for dinner, which Link does. After dinner grandpa has the butler serve the pear brandy he had brewed in 1887 and they play dominoes at twenty dollars a game and a dollar a point. The last two sessions were ruinous to Link. He had to wire Lee for money to come home on. However, grandpa did give Link each time a quart bottle of the 1887 pear brandy, and dear old Link brought it home for me, for use when I have a bad spell."

Hallie turned suddenly to Gail and a warm flush overran the ivory tint of her wistful face. "I love Link," she admitted simply. "When I get well—when I know it will not be sinful for me to marry, I'm going to ask Link to marry me!"

Gail gasped at this amazing announcement. "How extraordinary!" she managed to respond.

"Well, not so very extraordinary, Gail. Link loves me. I know he does. That saddle-colored idiot can't keep a secret worth a cent. But he'll never admit he loves me, because I have a few dollars and he hasn't any. Link's idea of the dignified course to pursue is to wait until he has sufficient money to support me in

luxury. By that time, Gail, I'll be very old." Gail, amazed at this frank avowal, had nothing to say.

"Do I shock you, Gail?" Hallie asked.

"Not at all, dear. I understand one of your ancestors was a pirate."

CHAPTER XXVI

AT FIVE o'clock Hallie knocked at the door of Gail's room. "A Mr. Menefee has called to see you, Gail," she informed her guest. "He's waiting in the living-room."

Briefly she explained to Hallie the reasons which had actuated Henry Menefee's visit.

"Oh, well, let him serve you with his old complaint in action," Hallie counseled. "He's too late to stop your cattle from being set adrift, and if he has you up before a judge for violating the injunction you can tell the judge the injunction was served too late to avoid its violation. The poor man appears worried. Come in and be nice to him."

So Gail appeared before Henry Menefee, who solemnly handed her two documents, which Gail accepted with a smile. "Duplicates?" she queried. Menefee nodded, and Gail tossed both documents into the fire. "You may have a judgment against me by default, Mr. Menefee. I shall not bother to defend your suit. I have no money for lawyer's fees. As for the cattle, they are now so close to the Cuyamaca Reserve I cannot keep them out. I couldn't possibly get word to my manager in time."

"Well, tell that to the judge," Menefee answered her smilingly. "He'll believe you—particularly when I tell him it's true. All I'm doing is making a magnificent gesture. I've obeyed orders. I'm licked and glad of it." He turned to Hallie. "Where's Lee? Out with the Box K drive?"

Hallie nodded smilingly and Menefee, his mission accomplished, picked up his hat and stated that he must be going.

"If Lee were here he'd shake you up a cocktail, Mr. Menefee," Hallie informed him. "May I not exercise that office? And can you not stay for dinner? We dine at six-thirty."

"Thank you, no. I'll be half way back to Arguello by six-thirty. However, I don't mind working up an appetite for the dinner I'll have in Arguello."

Hallie left the room to order the "materials" and while she was in the kitchen the telephone in Purdy's office rang. Gail answered it.

"Hello," a man's voice greeted her. "Is this the Purdy ranch?"

"Yes."

"This is Jeff Thorne, the deputy sheriff at Arguello. Is Purdy there?"

"No."

"Who are you?"

"I'm Miss Ormsby, a guest here."

"Oh! Well, I reckon you'll do. I wish you'd get word to Lee Purdy that about five minutes ago his foreman, Link Hallowell, shot it out in front of the hotel with a couple of strangers and all three of 'em bumped each other off. I want to know what Purdy wants me to do with Hallowell's body."

"Oh!" Gail gasped.

"I'm just leavin' my office to go up to the hotel now," the deputy sheriff continued. "Ed Abbott, the hotel proprietor, telephoned me about it a minute ago. Of course, I knew Purdy would want to know first off. You tell him, will you, ma'am, an' have him call me up."

The receiver clicked. Jeff Thorne was on his way up to the scene of the killing!

For five minutes Gail sat at Purdy's (Continued on page 165)



W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

EVERY time I see Somerset Maugham, he's just off for somewhere, and it's always somewhere interesting. The strange places of the Orient are almost as familiar to him as his own Piccadilly.

Now it's Mexico. He's on his way to gather more material at first hand. And by first hand, he means first hand. He doesn't go to a country to spend his time with officials at the club. Indeed not! He gets out and mixes with the people. That's why his stories have that wonderful ring of absolute reality.

For absolute reality, he's never written one to excel "Mr. Know-All" which comes next month. It has all the plot for a novel, but he tells it in a few pages of *Cosmopolitan*. [R. L.]

By H. C. WITWER

A Pigskin He Loved to Touch



Illustrations by

J. W. McGurk

Their idea of a goal meant to knock the opposing player for one and a touchdown meant to jump on him.

GEORGIE HERBERT, an English concocter of bedtime stories who got quite a fan mail three hundred years ago, once wrote the following catty crack in some Dumb Dora's autograph book:

"Words are Women—Deeds are Men!"

I love that!

Now, really, wouldn't the above rap burn you up? Sizzling spaniel! These old masters who couldn't finger a pen without giving the ladies a pushing around get me red-headed, no fooling! Read 'em and weep. Women are just words, while noble man is deeds, eh? Blaah!

What about Eve, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Salome, Joan of Arc, Lydia Pinkham and girls of *that* caliber? Is the Statue of Liberty a man? Is there a gentleman's majestic pan on the popular dollar? Does Columbia wear a beard? Is Justice painted as a male?

But why take up your costly time and mine with twenty-five thousand examples of women who knew their groceries and were responsible for the snappy chapters in the world's history? Ask the man who owns one! Let's get down to brass tacks, as the hammer says. I think the case of Ben Warren is typical proof that it's the boys who are the *speaker* sex, not the girls! Honestly, many a fellow from Adam down to the debtor-half of a movie star would never been heard of if it wasn't for a woman. A flock of 'em have been snatched from "Who's Through" and put in "Who's Who" through their heavy girl friend taking charge at the critical moment!

Friends of radio land, you are listening to the broadcasting program of Gladys Murgatroyd, telephone operator at the Hotel St. Moe, Broadway, New York. Stand by for the voice with the smile and I'll do my stuff!

I stumbled headlong into the problems of Ben Warren under circumstances about as original as a movie scenario, but, really,

I'm not trying to be original, I'm trying to tell the truth—just as difficult a feat. For no reason whatsoever I was motoring on the Boston Post Road with Hazel Killian, my beautiful, if a trifle hard-boiled chum, when we had an accident. Personally I think that Hazel Killian is just a longer way to spell "Mishap"! I'm not saying that my lovely roommate's responsible for most of the jams we get in, I merely wish to state my belief that we wouldn't get in any jams if Hazel wasn't with me, if you know what I mean. Hazel's "in pictures"—when not in trouble.

The car, a 1924 sport model Puddle-Jumper, belonged to *me*, and don't elevate your eyebrows and think any evil thoughts about a telephone girl owning an auto. I wouldn't fool you. I came by this horseless carriage honestly, buying it in the open market with the proceeds of another adventure. By supplying a title and a punch to a noted film drama, I had my will with five thousand gulden. Hence the car—now, be still!

Although I'm far from being a Ralph De Palma myself, I was teaching Hazel how to drive—the blind leading the blind, you might say!—when near New Haven, along came grief! There was a sudden roaring around a turn in the road, and Hazel, quoting from "Famous Last Words," says determinedly, "I'm not going to give the road to any truck!"

Crash!

The latest in colorful oaths swirled by our shapely ears as we shriekingly skidded into a ditch, minus a mudguard and the rear license plate. The juggernaut that ruined us continued on its booming way, as this courteous apology from the gentlemanly pilot was wafted to us:

"Hey, git a *man* to drive 'at mechanical cockroach!"

What the infuriated Hazel yelled back at this boy scout I must refuse to repeat, as I'm not that kind of a girl!

Well, neither me or my playmate got broken in the smash, but the indignant motor quit in disgust. With a chill November night coming on and neither of us able to start the car, things

A Pigskin He Loved to Touch

had come to a pretty pass and we were in a decidedly uncomfortable predicament. We wished to go places, but, really, it was a typical case of no can do! We took turns at cranking, yet Mr. Engine just wouldn't start. Honestly, we might as well have tried to start a gasoline boom in hades! All we were able to do was ruin our tempers, burn our fingers on the exhaust pipe, and cover ourselves with grease and oil. I don't mind telling you that my personal knowledge of automobiles is confined to the latest Ford joke and the fact that they'll run over you if you don't get out of the way. While as for Hazel's grasp of the mysteries of motoring—well, Hazel thinks a chassis is an article of lingerie and a short circuit is a trip around Central Park!

We stood there bawling each other out till we were fit to be handcuffed, shivering in a wind as cold as a halibut's eye. It began to look as if a three-year friendship would go by the board, when lo and behold, a knight appeared on the scene! A perfectly gorgeous touring car of a very well-known foreign make draws up. It was the one that's the first purchase of a Follies sensation, a super-director, Lo, the rich Oklahoma oil Indian, or a prize ring champion. At the wheel was a strapping youth with all the ear marks of a modern Galahad. Really, he was just too cute for words!

"Flaming Fido!" breathes Hazel, delightedly, "Egbert Stacomb, himself!"

And she hastily powders her intriguing nose, viewing the stranger with characteristic speculation—a speculation that had absolutely nothing to do with our disabled motor. However, I was tired and all-mussed up, and I impatiently hoped this young man would start the car—and nothing else!

Well, our opponent ground to a stop beside us with a wailing of brakes, leaped from his seat and approached, cap in hand. A few inches from us he stopped in apparent amazement, staring at me with widening eyes. I returned his stare with usurious interest and felt my pulse go suddenly into high. For I knew him! Hazel frowned from one to the other of us—she hates to play atmosphere.

"Ben Warren!" I gasped, finally.

"Mary Johnson!" exclaims Ben.

"You're all damp!" snorts Hazel, "her name's Gladys Murgatroyd! Can you start this boiler, Big Boy?"

"After all these years!" murmurs Ben, ignoring Hazel and never taking his eyes from me. "What are you doing here? Are you—are you married, Mary?"

"No, Ben!" I says, with a maidenly blush, "this is the worst accident I've had, so far. Are—are you married?"

"Oh, for Gossakes!" butts in Hazel, peevishly, "are you people rehearsing an act? What's it all about?"

I introduced Hazel and explanations were the next thing on the menu. Ben Warren had been the heavy sweetheart of my childhood, both of us having attended school and otherwise killed time together back in Bountiful, Utah, where I was the undisputed champion looker from the moment of my creation till I fled that slab in search of less landscape and more laughs. In the old Bountiful days, I was what you might call Ben's Her and Ben now seemed determined to get back on his old footing without any undue delay!

"But why have you changed your name, Mary?" asks Ben. Hazel sizes him up, then looks at me meaningly and hums a few bars of "If You Don't, I Know Who Will!"

"It's a long story, Ben," I smiled. "You know after I won that Utah beauty contest, I strutted my stuff at Hollywood. Well, with visions of becoming a star, I hauled off and concocted the name Gladys Murgatroyd as being about right for the silver screen. I thought Mary Johnson smacked more of moving dishes than moving pictures!"

"Nonsense!" says Ben, "Mary is the most beautiful name in the world!"

"Speaking of mushrooms," says Hazel, with a yawn, "how 'bout cuddling up to that motor and fixing our car?"

"So you're a movie star, now?" persists Ben. Honestly, Hazel could have been in Turkey!

"No," I says, "I failed to click! The best I could get was a few parts as a bathing beauty in the custard-pie comedies, and as the one-piece-suit drama didn't appeal to me I checked out for New York. At present, Ben, I'm a hotel telephone girl. Nothing very romantic in that, is there?"

"But you do operate a wicked switchboard, dear!" says Hazel, loyally.

Then Benjamin came to bat.

"I still claim Mary is a much more beautiful name than Gladys," he says, "but Gladys is certainly a much more beautiful jane than the girl who used to wow us in Bountiful—and that's saying plenty!"

"What are you doing now, Ben?" I asked hastily, to ward off any more compliments and keep Hazel's friendship.

"Me? Nothing!" laughs Ben. "Eh—my people came into large money right after you left, Gladys, and I'm living like a bootlegger! I've several cars, besides this little old Bolls-Joyce.

I frequent clubs as exclusive as heaven—in fact, what I haven't got, neither has Vince Astor!"

"Brother, you're sitting pretty!" sighs the money-mad Hazel, enviously. "Nothing to do but ace around and circulate jack! Cold cat! You don't need a couple of experienced assistant spenders, do you?"

"Be yourself or stay home, Hazel!" I rebuked her. "Ben, do you mean to tell me you're just loafing through life?" I added, turning to him with a frown.

"Oh, not as bad as that," he smiles. "I'm an inmate of Hale University. Surely you've heard of Warren, the well-known All-American fullback?"

"Why, of course!" I says delightedly, "I've read lots about Warren, but I never connected the name with yours. How stupid of me!"

"I don't like to be a kill-joy," says Hazel, "but would you mind seeing if you can cope with our motor, Mister Warren?"

Ben turns from me reluctantly and begins pottering around the car, while I watched him with a sort of proprietary pride. Really, my athlete seemed to know as much about motors as Tilden does about tennis, and inside of ten minutes that motor is purring like a well-fed feline. In fact, Ben went about his task with such masterly skill and confidence that



Ben kissed my hand like a costume play leading man and dashed away to conquer the world.



"Stop!" I yelled in first-class melodramatic style. "Take your hands off that boy, you big brute!"

both me and Hazel broke into hearty applause. Ben modestly changed the subject. He requested my phone number and, after seeing us safely started, bowed out.

Hazel made no comment till we arrived at our flat. Then she turned and regarded me admiringly at the door of her boudoir.

"Creeping mackerel—the breaks *you* get!" she sighs. "We go out for a breath of fresh air and you promote an even fresher *heir*, with two bucks more than Vanderbilt. I bet if you fell

down a well, you'd come up with a handful of platinum!"

"But Ben's an old school chum, Hazel," I says, "and——"

"Well, he's set to learn more *now* than he ever did at school!" she interrupts. "Good night, dear!"

Among the group of wilful men who made exorbitant demands on my time at the St. Moe was a stout, bald-headed, red-blooded nordic who rejoiced in the somewhat uncommon name of Jones. However, he had a couple of traits that redeemed him, in the



I returned his stare with usurious interest and felt my pulse go suddenly into high.

eyes of Hazel, at least. His first name was Van Raensaller and he was a wealthy "oral" bookmaker who plied his art around the metropolitan race tracks. In return for a couple of profitable tips on the bang-tails, me and Hazel had gone to the races with him a few times in the summer and to dinner with him after that, but never singly, though Mons. Jones yearned to have either of us step out with him alone. Like Solomon, I believe there's safety in numbers! Hazel says that's probably what keeps a chance-taker like me from harm, since, being a phone operator, numbers are my strong point.

Well, the appearance of my handsome and candidly adoring school chum, Ben Warren, football star and idle rich, made Van Raensaller Jones out, as far as I was concerned. I gave the jovial bookie the razzberry and turned him over to Hazel without a pang, but although he was plenty attentive to my thrilling girl friend, Jones appeared to desire me and not something just as good. In a frantic effort to build me up, Jonesy sprayed Pete Kift with tips and showered Jerry Murphy with "long shots." Pete's the St. Moe bell captain, while Jerry's the house detective, both being my self-elected personal bodyguards. However, bribing my merry men got the lovelorn bookmaker no place. Jerry and Pete both took great pains to assure me I was allowing opportunity to knock at my door unheeded by high-hatting Jones, but, really, I don't care for the particular brand of "opportunity" represented by sheiks like the greedy-eyed Van Raensaller Jones. Those boys are all looking for the old percentage. They expect entirely too heavy returns on their investments in *anything* and if you don't think so you're crazy!

"Why put on the ice for this Jones bozo, Cutey?" asks the burly Jerry. "He ain't a bad egg. You could dally and toy with him and do yourself a lot of good. Them kind of guys is set-ups for you, what I mean. You know your oil well enough to keep him from gettin' ambitious!"

"Jerry," I says, pretending to be hurt, "would you really want me to go out with a fellow like Jones? Suppose something happened to me?"

"Apple sauce!" snorts Jerry. "He's old enough to be your father! If he got giddy, you could out-run him easy. Them fat guys ain't got no wind!"

We were talking in this varicose vein when Pete Kift came along, laden with pitchers of ice water. He stopped at the switchboard when he saw Jerry.

"I got a giggle for you, Gladys," says Pete. "While you was away, this big banana gets vaccinated! Ain't that a riot?"

"What's the laugh?" growls Jerry. "They was a vogue of smallpox in my street and I didn't crave to catch it!"

"You needn't of worried, Goofy!" sneers Pete. "Who ever heard of a house dick *catchin'* anything?"

That wound up the subject of Mr. Van Raensaller Jones, for the time being.

Well, Ben Warren also worked hard to capture my interest, and at this sport he was very successful. His methods were much more polished than the crude Jonesy's, in spite of the fact that Hazel, Jerry and Pete pronounced Ben's approach fearful! Although he'd told me he was as rich as egg custard, he was solicitous of his pennies, to put it weakly! Where Van Raensaller Jones tried to ply me with diamonds, furs, a limousine and what not, Benjamin confined his efforts to offerings of books, occasional boxes of reasonably-priced confectionery and even less occasional inexpensive flowers.

At the rare theater parties staged by Bennie, we often parked in the balcony, hoofing it to and fro mostly, my college athalete telling me the exercise was good for my figure. After the first day I met him, he seldom appeared at the helm of the big Bolls-Joyce, on the grounds that walking hither and yon kept him in first-class football condition. At first I was going to remind him that I wasn't on the Hale team, but, really, after a while I got used to being a pedestrian and liked it for a change! As against the five-dollar tips of M. Jones, Ben gave Pete Kift a dime each time Pete brought me a note.

"That Jasper's terrible near!" bitterly complains Pete. "He'd slip you a straw hat in the winter time. No foolin', he's as close as a narrow escape!"

"A proper nickle-nurser, what I mean!" is Jerry Murphy's verdict. "He's too stingy to harbor a doubt!"

Even to me, Ben's regard for his horse-choking bankroll was a bit puzzling and a bit irritating at times, but then, honestly, he was such a nice, clean, handsome boy that—well, I just couldn't *help* liking him! I reasoned that it was hard for a small town fellow who'd suddenly come into such serious money to adjust himself overnight to sensational Broadway spending. I figured he'd untrack himself in due time—poor boy, he'd had no practise in Bountiful, where the nearest thing to a Great White Way would have been a Jim Crow streetcar line!

Hazel admitted Ben had a lot of good points, but so has a fork, she says, adding, "Mean Papa! how sharper than a serpent's tooth is a John who will not buy!"

Well, it was the proud boast of Van Raensaller Jones that he was a one-man Lloyds and had "made book" on everything from the war to the weather. In fact, his conversation was constantly punctuated with "eight to five it does!" or "even money it don't!" Jonesy would bet anybody either way on *anything*,

really! After a successful guess on a big prize fight, this master mind threw a spectacular dinner party for Hazel, in honor of prohibition or something. He insisted that I appear at the fiesta; and Hazel said if I didn't go, she'd stay away, too. She loves to kid! When Jones, with a great show of sportsmanship, urged me to bring my football hero along, I gave in. I didn't like Jones, but I figured I could fake it and keep him in line for a couple of hours, especially with me.

At first, Ben wasn't at all enthusiastic about attending the party. He seemed to want to plead a toothache and tried hard for an out. He called my attention to the fact that the gridiron classic with Yarvard wasn't far off and he was in strict training. If the Hale coach ever heard that Ben stayed up past curfew, Ben would get no more chance at a football—the pigskin he loved to touch! He'd like to step high, wide and handsome with me, but, as the Ukrainians says, what would you?

However, male objections are the best things I overcome. Honestly, Hazel says an all-masculine grand jury would award me a loving cup if I was up before 'em charged with dynamiting an orphanage! Be that as it may, by promising Ben I'd blow the party early with him, and assuring him the laughs we'd get at Jones's racket would do us both good, I won him over.

Dressed to thrill, I plainly panicked the already goaled Benjamin when he called for me that fatal evening. He told me he got more kick out of me than he did out of football and that's his kick itself! I allowed his hands to rest on my shoulders just long enough to disturb him as he helped me on with my seven-hundred dollar ermine jacket—a garment that seemed to make him quite thoughtful. I stopped his guessing and set him right on that by explaining that I bought it with part of the same jack that paid for my Puddle-Jumper. A fool and her money are soon divorced! How we telephone girls do have to explain our luxuries when we put on dog, while a chorus girl or a movie extra goes unquestioned. 'Tain't fair!

A critical survey of Benjamin gave me the thought that his tuxedo might have fitted him better and that thus garbed it was strange he should drive his own car—for again the costly Bolls-Joyce was at the curb, dazzling the neighbor's children. "Is it possible that Ben has now become so tight across the chest that he's fired his chauffeur to cut down the overhead?" I pondered, somewhat annoyed.

But I said nothing. It's a hobby of mine to let good enough alone!

Well, really, if Van Raensaller Jones knew nothing further, he positively knew how to put on a party, don't think he didn't! This spender basked in one of the most beautiful and expensive suites in the St. Moe—which means in the world—and when the decorators, stewards, head waiters and their crews got done working on it, honestly, the place was a fairyland! Pete Kift personally took charge of all calls from the rooms during the night, and the service reached unheard of heights.

A hundred-dollar bill made Jerry Murphy turn a deaf ear to the sounds of revelry and the indignant squawks of the adjoining tenants. By midnight, our bell captain and house sleuth were each glassy-eyed, as the results of obeying Jones's orders to drop in for a powder whenever they had the time and inclination. Honestly, those boys had nothing else all night! The dinner would have put our imported chef over had he never done anything else in his life, and the favors were gold flasks for the men and gold vanity cases for the ladies. Hazel's bore her initials in diamonds and rubies. Oo, la, la!

On the way up in the elevator with Ben, I was busy bowing to admiring

male guests who knew me as one of the phone operators and gazed at my gorgeous raiment with a questionnaire in one eye and "How come?" in the other. I Ritzed 'em one and all, as I didn't wish any of these boys to make any foolish plans!

The guests at Jones's party were as assorted as animal crackers, really. There were show girls, bookmakers, movie directors, male and female stars, a prominent prizefighter and his manager, authors, a full-blooded police magistrate, "men about town" and their girl friends. Most of the ladies were as attractive as sin and the bulk of the men seemed good fellows. The forbidden brew flowed like Niagara Falls and a raucous time was had by the noted firm of All & Sundry.

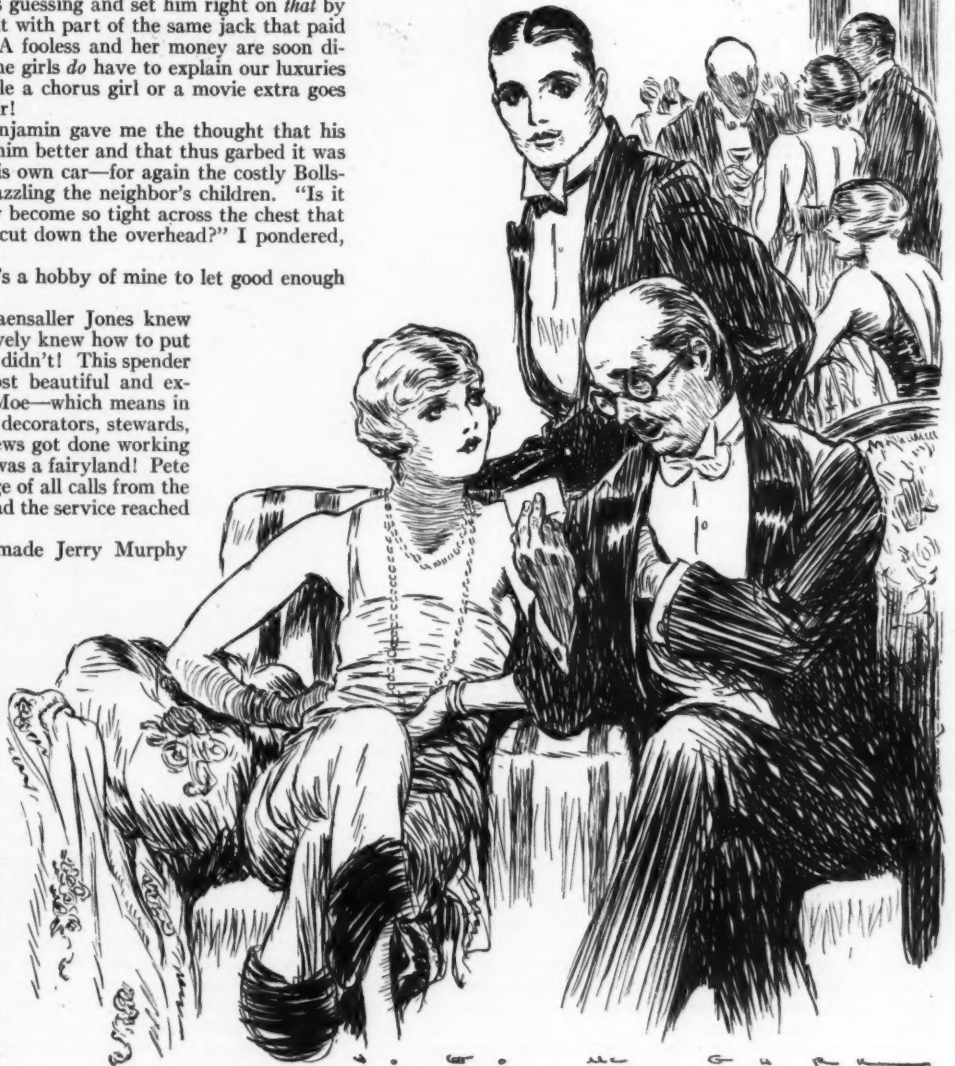
Ben drank water only, viewing the others with disgust, and I also laid off the cup that queers, but with the really ravishing Hazel it was different! I called my roommate aside at the first opportunity for a few words of sisterly counsel.

"Hazel," I says seriously, "If I were you, I'd ease up on that grape. This is by no means the type of party at which a girl should lose her head!"

"You're dizzy!" retorts this camp-fire girl. "I have yet to lose anything at any party, not even the filling of a tooth, and I intend to quench my thirst when needs must!"

So that was that.

The male (Continued on page 148)



"You'll find my number on the back," grins this scofflaw. "Send any of your friends to me—I handle nothing but bonded stuff."

Beachcombers

O. O. McIntyre

Exploring Siren

PARIS—

DUSK is creeping over Paris roof tops, and the skies light with a faint pink haze as though the passions of Paris were smoking to the heavens. To the tree-lined boulevards comes an American girl whose face is vibrant with youth and beauty.

She is dressed in white with a jaunty black tam topping red bobbed hair. One leg is missing at the knee, and she darts in and out of the crowds on ivory white crutches seeking with a beseeching, beckoning smile the nocturnal amour.

Parisians call her Celeste of the Madeleine, because her nightly patrol is near the friendly shadows of that famous church.

She is one of the best known of the boulevard cocottes and one of the hundreds of Americans caught in the turbulent currents of the swift underworld of gay Páree.

The aftermath of war has left tragic footfalls on the Paris sands of pleasure, and the French capital is strewn with human wreckage from the States.

When jazz begins its nightly blare through Montmartre halls an army of singed moths return to the white hot flame. They are café beachcombers without hope or ambition. Many to their relatives are dead and the imprisoned laughter of Paris, ever serene and ever beautiful, mocks those who die.

Montmartre, blind to all emotions save pleasure, calls them victims of the "black rust." And shrugs.

Their souls have tarnished and they seek life's nepenthe in bubbling wine and drugs. Every café in the section is dotted with twitching, ashen faced, hollow-eyed young men and girls.

Three graduates of a big eastern college, suddenly cut off in their dissipation by over indulgent fathers, are acting as guides—those conscienceless creatures who whisper to yokels along the sidewalks of "peep shows," circuses and brothels fouler than the sewers of Paris.

At the office of the Prefect of Police they make no secret of the fact that eighty percent of stranded youth in Montmartre are venders and users of "coco"—the underworld term for cocaine.

Many of them are left-overs of the war but many are tourists who came to Paris as "the place to play." The descents are sudden and swift. The bar-flies about "Jed" Kiley's and Zelli's will tell you of a corn-fed, ruddy cheeked young artist who came to Paris less than two years ago from a peaceful farm in the Middle West.

He hit the pace. Today he is a character around Les Halles—the Paris Markets which at dawn are the roosting place for the foulest of night birds. Here you see the real Apache in corduroy trousers, bright sash, black shirt and peaked cap.

I saw the young artist there—a shell of his former self, trembling and pasty-faced. His mind is clouded and he moves in a haze of drugs. His weird cackle foretells the maniac's cell.

Around Harry's New York Bar, the cocktail rendezvous for Americans, each night come dozens of men and women who have "missed the boat."

The entering wedge to conversation is, "How are things in the States?"—the prelude of the hard luck tale. And it is always the same story—weeks of the killing pace and the final night fling with the steamer sailing away as they soundly slept.



PHOTOGRAPH BY
MATTHEW BENSCHER

Huddled under a bridge that spans the Seine near Notre Dame are stranded human derelicts from all the world.

And so they stay on and on, gradually shedding self-respect until they reach the gutters of Montmartre.

At the sidewalk tables along the *terrasse* of the Café de la Paix, where all the world drifts by in unending procession, you see the straggling horde of "busted" Americans. They are selling Paris editions of American newspapers, maps of the city, novelty toys and naughty pictures.

One is a college professor caught in the web of the Paris night. He cries the evening editions—an incongruous figure with his professorial look.

Another, caught in the same fashion, was six months ago the manager of a big American house in Paris. He is selling a rubber gargoyle-faced toy that smiles to the pressure of the hand.

Still another vends nude pictures and shows you a page of an honorable past—a page from "Who's Who in America" bearing his name and fame.

of the Boulevards

—Tells of HUMAN

*Wreckage along
the SEINE*



They come hugging big dreams, but the fast pace soon sends them penniless, ill and disgusted to the depths.

Unemployment of Americans in Paris is deplorable. Relief societies have been unable to aid one third of the destitute. All American newspapers run "Situations Wanted" advertisements free for their countrymen. I quote from one:

"A graduate of a leading American college, holding two degrees, desires any kind of position. Served with distinction during the war. Has wife and four children destitute. In God's name help."

Paris newspapers carry the steamship lists of arriving Americans and are constantly deluged with an unbelievable flood of mail and telephone calls for help. Some ask for as little as five francs. One wrote asking for the price of a loaf of bread.

The cost of living on the left bank of the Seine is about half that of the right bank so it is over the river that one finds the greatest number of our stranded countrymen. The Café du Dôme on Montparnasse is the bubbling fount of the Latin Quarter.

All the American art students live in the neighborhood.

In the evening when the left bank gathers about the sidewalk tables, the panhandlers arrive searching for a glint of recognition, an invitation to share a bottle of wine or to see a face from home.

All Café du Dôme patrons, as well as Rotonde patrons across the way, know a girl who, after winning high honors in schools at home, came to an art school in the Latin Quarter as the protégée of a rich American woman. Art was neglected for the false joys of the quarter.

Her career ended quickly and now she is a model, posing in the nude for six francs a day, and spending her nights in revelry.

Another young girl from the Middle West who has been startling habitués of the Latin Quarter sidestepped a career in art for the flesh pots. She dresses in mannish attire and goes hatless with her bobbed hair brushed sleekly back like a man's.

She wears a jaunty monocle in her eye and carries a huge bamboo cane. Her face is daubed an ochre yellow, and she has an air of feigned remoteness. The Latin Quarter is betting five to one she won't last six months.

Art Moss, an American journalist who has watched the ebb and flow of Americans in the quarter for seven years, says: "Montparnasse sees these poignant tragedies every few months. They come to Paris hugging their big dreams. The taxi is cheap, a bottle of wine is cheap and they think in francs. Soon their allowance is gone. Forgetfulness comes in dissipation. Then they disappear. A two-line notice of a body found in the Seine. That is all."

The old melodramatic formula is revived almost daily in Paris. The dullness of life in a little American village. A dashing stranger. A promise. Paris and bright lights. A child. Solitude. And a splash in the Seine.

Out in the district just beyond the fortifications is "The Zone" where Paris ragpickers live in filthy little wooden huts. They search the garbage bins for cracked vessels, scraps of cloth and meat. They emerge at midnight and go home at dawn when Paris seems such a city of subdued innocence.

There are more than twenty Americans who have drifted by easy stages to this lowest strata of human society. They only ask to be left alone in their miserable squalor.

Before the war—again the information comes from the Prefect of Police—there was not an American ragpicker in "The Zone."

So it is that Paris shimmering in the sunshine seems a pleasant place for Americans. She has a simple, dreamy, ingenuous air—like the poppy. She beckons to Youth upon which her life, love and laughter feeds. Youth comes, and, lulled by her friendly gaiety, sociability and *joie de vivre*, plunges into the whirlpools.

And—

A group of us stood under the arcades of the Odéon as protection from a sudden shower. A rain soaked young vagabond came lurching by. He had been an American doughboy. When questioned, this is what he said: "I left home with mother's prayer ringing in my ears. I came to Paris after two years of hell in the trenches to see life. And this is what I got!"

He rolled back a ragged shirt sleeve to reveal an arm of fiery red dots—the unmistakable tattoo of the hypodermic needle.

By Arthur
Somers
Roche



"I told him I believed him innocent, and he said that so long as I trusted him, he didn't care what tale I told the police."

The Story Thus Far:

A TRAGIC victim of her own innocence, the lovely and ingenuous Helen Ripley has with dramatic swiftness become involved in one of the most sensational murder mysteries of a generation—the murder of Palm Beach's most notorious debauchee, Eugene Cassenas. Deceived by the grace and charm of this suave social butterfly, Helen had come to Palm Beach under the impression that Cassenas intended to marry her. How was she, a struggling young woman architect, to know what a depraved and despicable scoundrel Cassenas was? When, only a few hours before the crime, Mr. Terry had accused Cassenas of a long list of crimes and threatened to kill him, Helen was amazed and bewildered.

Then there had followed one of Cassenas's hilarious parties on

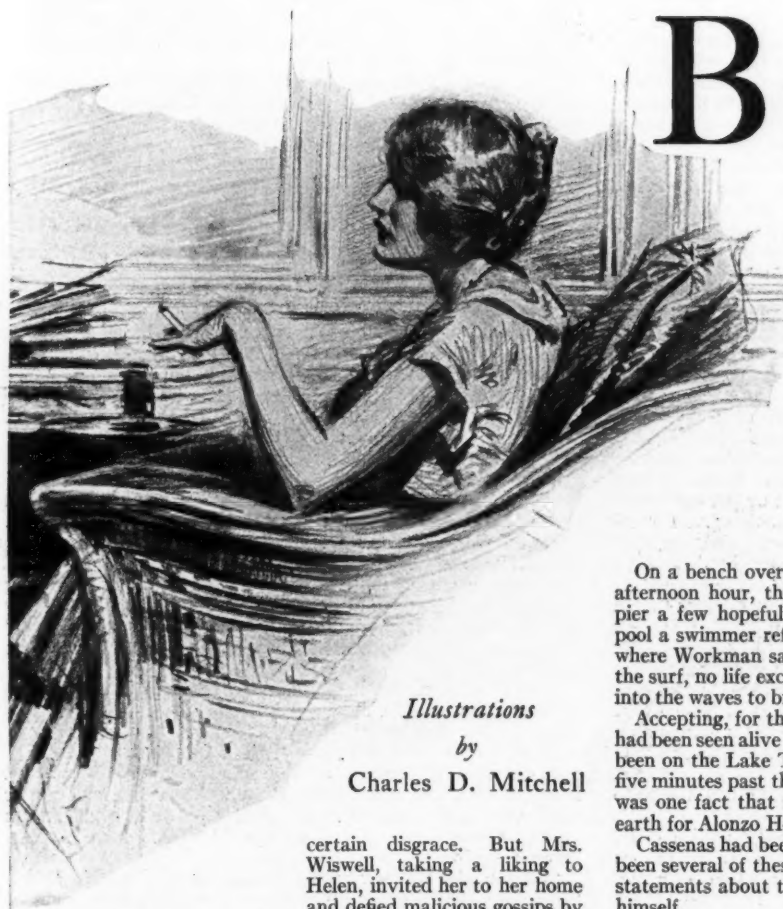
his house-boat; a gay rout brought to a hideous conclusion by Cassenas's quarrel with General Gary whose daughter Cassenas had also promised to marry. At midnight, eager to question and learn the truth, Helen had gone to a secret rendezvous at Cassenas's home, there to find him transformed into a drunken beast from whom she had fled in terror.

The following morning Helen learned that Cassenas had been murdered, and she endured the inquisition of Detective Wolters and of the Reverend Thaddeus Workman, a picturesque evangelist who had formerly been a detective and who had volunteered for this case.

Had it not been for the generosity of Mrs. Wellington Wiswell, social leader of Palm Beach, Helen would have had to suffer

The Pleasure Buyers

*A New
Mystery Novel
Laid in
Exotic
Palm Beach*



Illustrations

by

Charles D. Mitchell

certain disgrace. But Mrs. Wiswell, taking a liking to Helen, invited her to her home and defied malicious gossips by insisting that the girl plunge

into the social life of the resort under her protection.

In this way Helen was nearly able to forget that suspicion was centered on her. Never in her life had she seen anything as glamorous as the brilliant masquerade given by the Connors. Here again she met the mysterious Mr. Terry who had threatened to murder Cassenas. In secret he begged her to deny the fact that she had heard his threat, and, at her refusal, he compromised by asking her merely to believe in his innocence.

In the meantime, the energetic Workman was unearthing confusing evidence. Cassenas, it seems, had possessed six Moorish daggers, five of which had been given to people in Palm Beach. With one of these knives he had been killed. Davenport, Cassenas's chauffeur, claimed that one of these knives had been given to Helen Ripley.

CHAPTER XVII

THE Reverend Tad did not hurry away from Mrs. Wiswell's house, despite his statement to her that he had things to do. He was frankly bewildered by the maze of circumstances in which he found himself, and thought was better than action just now. Indeed, there was no particular action at the moment which seemed important. Rather, many things were of equal apparent importance, and perhaps none of them was important at all. Perhaps, if he sat down somewhere, and ran over the facts, or alleged facts, that he had learned today, he might achieve an understanding of what was important and what was not.

On a bench overlooking the ocean, he sat down. At this late afternoon hour, the beach was deserted. Out on the Breakers pier a few hopeful fishermen still lingered, and perhaps in the pool a swimmer refreshed himself after tennis or golf. But here where Workman sat, there was no sound save the murmuring of the surf, no life except the circling birds that occasionally dipped into the waves to bring triumphantly into the air a quivering fish.

Accepting, for the moment, all testimony as truthful, Cassenas had been seen alive at a quarter to three this morning. He had not been on the Lake Trail at a quarter past three. But at twenty-five minutes past three his dead body had been discovered. Here was one fact that seemed indisputable; there was no reason on earth for Alonzo Heddy, the Bahaman wheel-chair man, to lie.

Cassenas had been slain with a Moorish dagger. But there had been several of these daggers, and there were discrepancies in the statements about these daggers. Well, begin with them, he told himself.

Davenport, Cassenas's chauffeur, claimed that Miss Ripley had been given a dagger by Cassenas. But this morning, when Workman questioned the two chauffeurs employed by the murdered man, Davenport had not thought it worth while to mention the gift. Yet Davenport had known, this morning, what manner of weapon it was that had caused his master's death. Was it credible that Davenport could have withheld so vital a bit of information? Unless—and this was worth considering—Quintard had planned double-crossing Workman from the start, and had sealed the chauffeur's lips.

But he shook his head at this solution. Quintard was square enough. But something had either caused Davenport to remain silent in the forenoon, or had caused him to lie in the afternoon. Which? The revivalist pursed his lips.

Also Kildare had lied: about the fire on the hearth in the downstairs room of Seminole Lodge. Why? From an inside pocket Workman took the bit of glossy, official-seeming paper which he had drawn from the ashes of the fireplace, the paper which bore the printed letters "le."

But study of this fragment led him nowhere. He replaced it in his pocket. At the moment it seemed to mean nothing, except that Kildare, in loyalty to his dead master, had destroyed a paper that might have reflected on Cassenas's character. Indeed, when one paused to consider the matter, this was probably what had happened.

But here he was figuring probabilities. A bad thing to do. Had he done this already? In the old days he never did, but he was out of practise, so to speak. In the old days he never figured probabilities; he figured possibilities, an entirely different matter,

The Pleasure Buyers

because one does not rely upon possibilities; whereas, in the case of probabilities, one is apt to consider them actualities, and to be led into error by building upon them.

And immediately he discovered a serious flaw in his reasoning. Simply because it was easy to imagine, he had laxly assumed that Sanders's dagger had remained in that gentleman's possession until shortly before he left Palm Beach. Whereas, if it had been stolen a week before he left, it might have been placed in the flower box by Cassenas, even as Davenport said. This fact, if established, would make a liar of Helen Ripley, instead of Davenport . . . No matter what his prejudices were, he would not be governed by them. Helen Ripley was not a liar; nevertheless, he would make certain that she wasn't, that Cassenas *couldn't* have given her the dagger which he had already given to Sanders. He was reaching absurdities, assuming for the sake of argument that Cassenas had stolen back his gift to Sanders. But in the midst of so many contradictory matters, one more didn't count.

And he must not forget that Kildare claimed the dagger had gone north with Sanders's baggage . . . Kildare again . . .

He rose briskly and started for the telegraph office. There he would find a booth where, in privacy, he could talk with New York. Past the great pile of the Breakers, down the avenue to the greater pile of the Poinciana, he walked. The blessed peace of the green lawns, the gentle murmur of the wind in the stately Australian pines . . . that tragedy could have enshadowed such a place! And then a jazz band blared from Coconut Grove. Well, where there were money and people, tragedy never was far behind.

It took him ten minutes to be connected with the Police Department in New York, and a couple more before Lieutenant Daly was on the wire. The police official was inclined to be jocular.

"Can't teach an old dog new tricks, eh, Tad? Sooner or later you had to come back to the old game, eh? You got my wire?"

"I did, and if I were your boss, do you know what I'd do? I'd fire you for such an incomplete telegram. You say that Sanders states his dagger was stolen before he left Palm Beach. But when, man, when?"

"Tad, I'll join the church," said Daly. "I'm dumber than a Cabinet officer when he's being investigated. Why, Tad, Sanders says that he slipped the knife into a suitcase just before he left Cassenas's place. He was positive of that. But he opened the bag just as the train was sliding across Lake Worth. He said that right alongside the dagger was a nice big quart of Scotch that had swum all the way from Nassau to be playmates with him on his trip North. No Scotch, no dagger. Ain't Prohibition wonderful?"

"You're a scoffer, Daly," said Tad, "and some day I hope to convert you. Did he think a porter—"

"This was one time a porter wasn't blamed," replied Daly. "The Lord knows they've pinched about nine million gallons out of suitcases, but not this quart. Sanders says that the porter carried the bag in, but he was right with him. Then Sanders got out and stood around on the station, but the porter was outside all the time, too. No, some yegg slipped aboard, went through the bag, and copped off what he could use. Anything else?"

"Nothing; much obliged," said Workman.

"Any New York end to the case? This Cassenas baby was a warm li'l rascal, and there might be some dirt I could dig up that would help."

"Well, all information is valuable in a case like this," admitted Workman, "but I have a feeling that the solution of the mystery is down here."

"Solution of the mystery, eh? Very snappy langwigh," jeered Daly. "Well, split a quart with a rich friend and imagine it's your old pal, Daly, that's winding a lip around the glass. Good luck to you, Tad. What are you going to do with the murderer when you find him? Make him hit the sawdust trail?"

"A scorne hearth not rebuke," according to the Proverbs, so I have no answer for you," said Workman.

"Don't get sore, kid," apologized Daly. "You know we're all for you. Why, I want to tell you that since you joined the church, it's the ambition of every bull on the force to be a bishop." He uttered a mighty guffaw, as Workman rang off.

But the revivalist was not angry as he moved away from the telephone booth. Rather, he was smiling. What happy times he and Daly had had, in the good old days, arguing over the infallibility of the Pope! Then his mouth straightened. Davenport was proved a liar. Cassenas could not have given a dagger to Helen, because there were only six daggers in all, and the six were accounted for.

Why did the man lie? But, it was not wise to assume a probability to be a fact. Davenport might have *thought* Cassenas put

a dagger in the box. A man looking into a mirror may be easily deceived by what seems to be reflected therein.

Anyway, he could let that pass for the moment. Daly had said something that might have a fruitful meaning. He had quoted Sanders as saying that some yeggman had slipped aboard the train . . .

One of the Moorish daggers might well be worth stealing. To a connoisseur or collector, the knives would be worth a great deal. To a pawnbroker, or antique dealer, anxious to make a large profit, they would be worth less, but still they command a decent price. And the shape of the thing made it easily concealed; it could be slipped beneath a coat . . .

Well, he was tired; also, it was about time for his supper. He would go back to the little restaurant on Clematis Avenue, eat something, and concentrate on his next move.

He walked past Bradley's to the little ferry. He climbed to the top and stared across the West Palm Beach skyline, at this hour of the sunset entrancingly lovely. Someone touched his elbow; he turned to find Quintard standing beside him.

"I suppose you're a bit sore," said the prosecutor's man.

"Why should I be wrathful with you, who are doing your duty?" said Workman.

"Well, I tried to cross you, Doctor," said Quintard.

"Let it pass. Only—the girl is innocent, Quintard."

"W-e-ll, if you say so—" Quintard was reluctant. "Doctor, I'm stumped. I don't know how to get at Terry—"

"Listen," said the revivalist. "Tierney was in West Palm Beach today. I saw him with a man—" He hesitated, fearing to sound foolish. "Quintard, did you notice a certain resemblance between all of Terry's servants?"

Quintard shook his head. "Can't say that I did, Doctor."

"Not so much a physical thing as—well, something from the inside. The way that criminals resemble each other—although theirs is not a criminal resemblance, these people of Terry's. Well, the man with Tierney, in City Park, had that look."

"Can you describe him?" asked Quintard.

"Sporty clothes, though shabby. Pockets that slanted; waistcoat cut very open; cloth-topped brown shoes; worn velvet hat; dark, sharp-featured; slick dark hair; small eyes; that's all."

"Pretty fair," commented Quintard. "If he's in town I'll gather him in."

Workman shook his head. "Don't do that; just have him watched. Not that I have any reason, but—it won't do any harm."

"It'll be done. Anything else?" asked Quintard.

"Yes," said Workman. He told of his talk with Lieutenant Daly. "Now," he said, "there was unquestionably clothing or toilet articles in Sanders's bag. But only the whisky and the knife were stolen. It's just possible that some station louser—"

"There's a lot of shady people get into Florida," said Quintard. "Of course, the hotels and the railroad companies keep a watch, and known crooks don't get so very far here. But the tin-can tourists—a crook could easily pose as one of them."

"Exactly," said Workman. "Millions in jewels worn every night . . . Well, a man could pawn a knife like that in West Palm Beach, couldn't he?"

"I get you," said Quintard.

The ferry had now reached the West Palm Beach shore. The two detectives followed the other passengers to land.

"I'll get busy on the man with Tierney, and the pawnshop idea. Where'll you be?" asked Quintard.

"For the next half hour I'll be eating supper. Then I'll go to my room on Datura Street. After that—well, I think I'll go over to Seminole Lodge and talk to Kildare. By the way, any word about the funeral?"

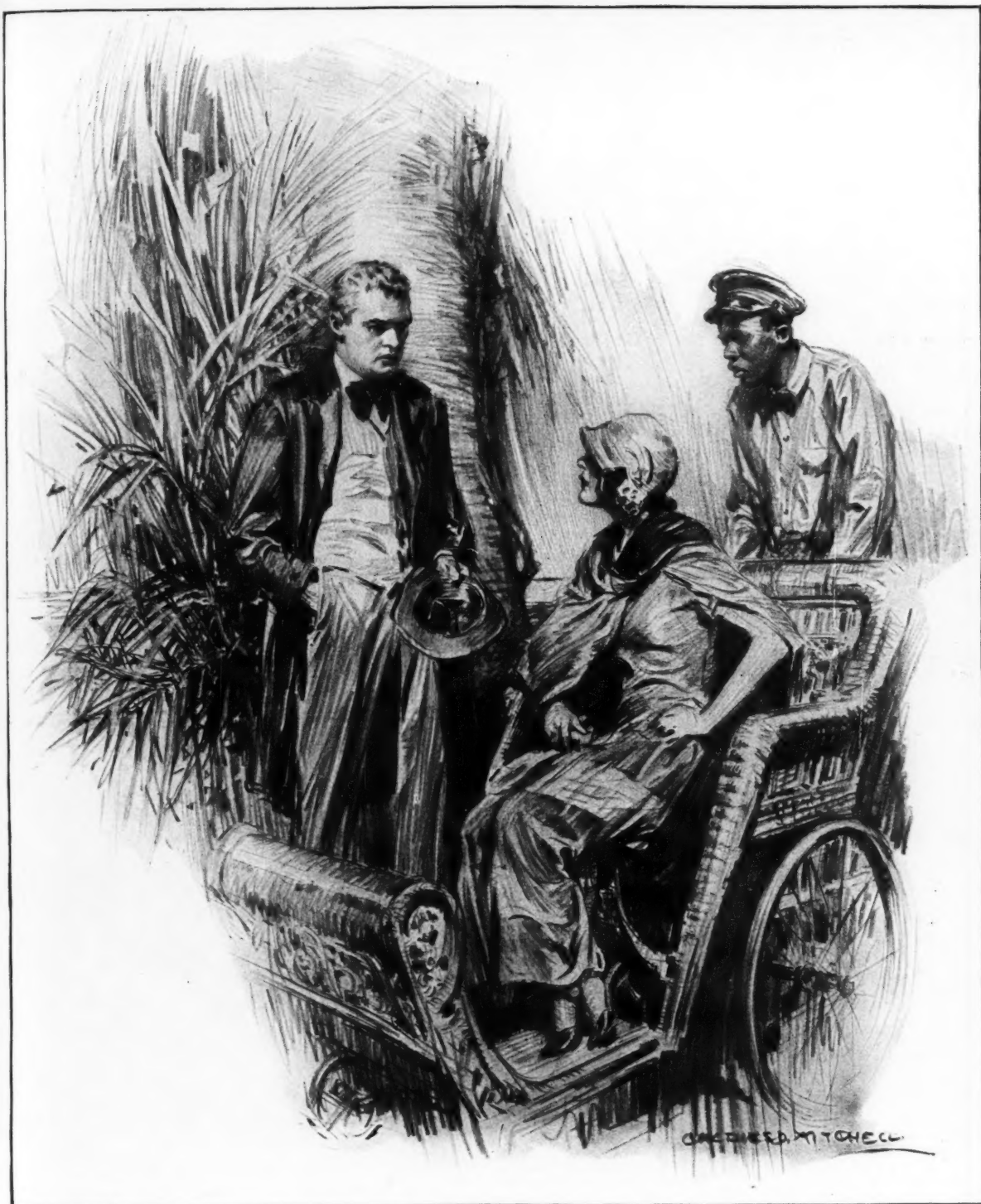
Quintard nodded. "Cassenas's cousin in New York wired to have him buried down here. Kildare is making arrangements. He asked me to tell you that he'd like to have you preach the funeral sermon."

Workman frowned. "Over the body of a man whose murder I'm investigating? Well, why not? I'll talk to him tonight."

He shook hands with Quintard, and walked up Clematis Avenue. He ate his dinner and then went to his room. He spent half an hour in meditation and in reading the Bible.

Yet his reading, while it gave him spiritual joy, gave him no clue to the various puzzles that confronted him. But it did calm his mind and render his mental processes more alert so that he was able to grasp the meaning and most remote implications of Quintard's speech when that young man burst in upon his privacy.

"A great tip, that about looking for the knife in a hock-shop,



"News for you," he said. "Cassenas was a widower. There was secrecy about his marriage and the death of his wife."

Doctor," said Quintard. "I haven't located Tierney's friend yet, but the knife—there's a shop on Clematis, not a pawnshop, but a shop where a lonesome jewel can find a friend. Get me? Well, the knife is there. At least, a knife. And who do you suppose hocked it?"

"Davenport," replied Workman coolly.

"How did you guess it?" cried Quintard, aghast.

"The man had lied; his lie was an afterthought; it was a clumsy lie; why did he utter it? To shield himself. But not from the charge of murder, or he'd have thought of it earlier. From the charge of theft. He helped Sanders with his bags the night Sanders left. Two and two——"

"Why didn't you tell me?" Quintard was reproachful. Doctor Tad grinned gaily. "I didn't dope it until this moment," he confessed.

"Well, you're right. At least, the man on Clematis Avenue described the man who sold him the knife so accurately—I had Davenport brought right over. He denies it, but the shopkeeper swears he's the man. I've locked Davenport up, on a charge of theft. The fool; to tell so clumsy a lie——"

"All thieves are fools," declared the Reverend Tad.

"Yeah. Well, I got another jolt. The sheriff at Fort Lauderdale phoned me. They picked up a hobo this morning. Found a Moorish dagger on him. The sheriff had read the early afternoon



Amid cheers Connors placed his ball on the curb and swung his putter firmly.

paper, and—what do you make of that? The hobo says he slipped into General Gary's house for a handout, heard someone downstairs, ran upstairs, hid in a closet, waited until everything was quiet, grabbed the knife—he lost his nerve and didn't take any silver or anything, just a little loose change he found on a bureau—and beat it."

"That explains it," commented Workman.

"Explains what?" asked Quintard.

"Why there were no marks on the Gary windows or doors, such as would have been made by a man entering. But a man

leaving a house simply has to turn the door latch——"

"Well, what next?" asked Quintard.

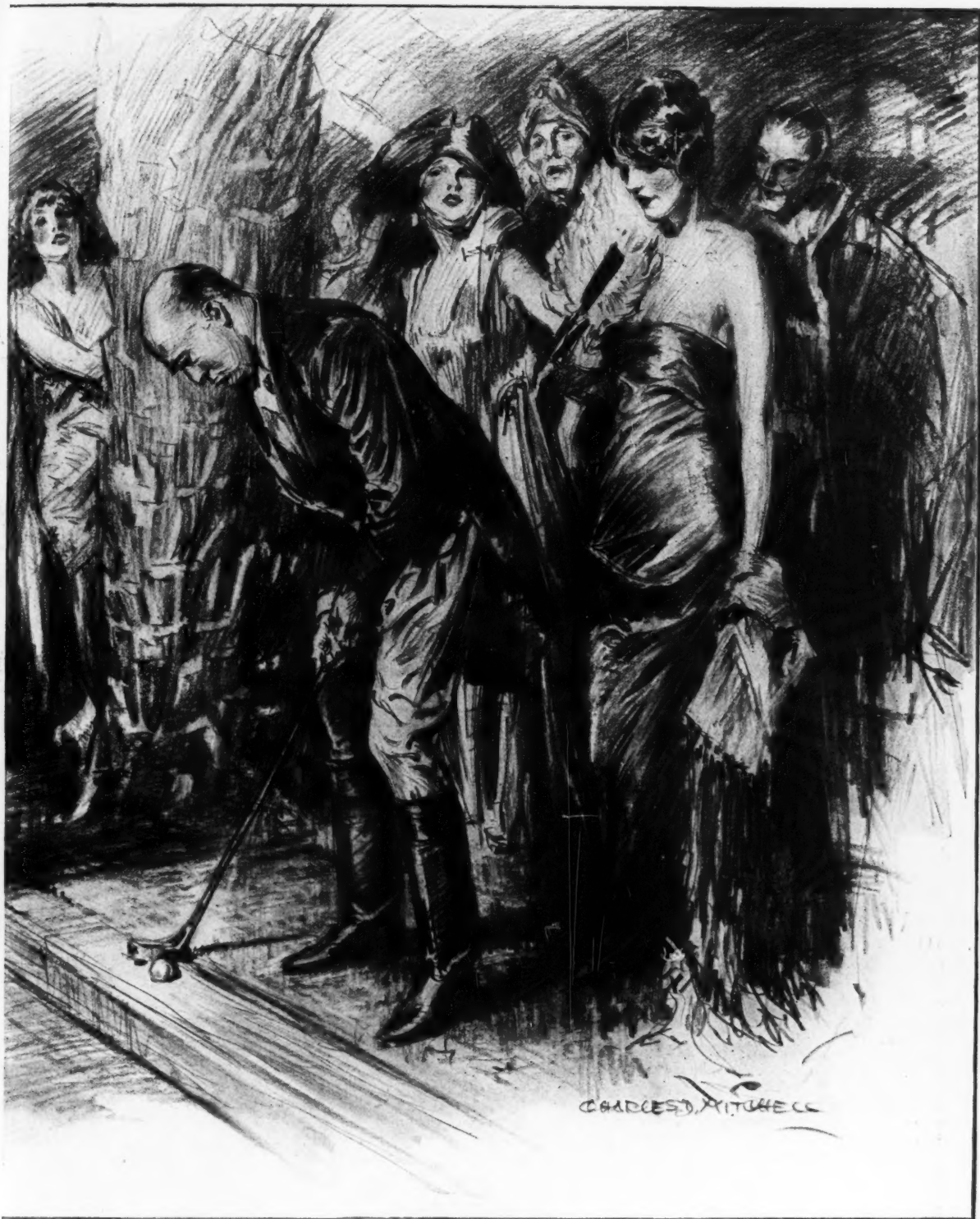
"Can you count?" demanded Workman.

"Certainly. Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, one knife to Mrs. Wiswell, one to Gould, one to Kildare, one stolen by Davenport from Sanders, one stolen from General Gary by a burglar who lurked in the house, and one lost in Lake Worth. Mind, they're all accounted for. How many?"

"Six, of course," said Quintard.

"That's what I make it," sighed Workman. "Only, still



Helen, following first behind the players, had never seen anything so mad.

another Moorish dagger killed Cassenas, making seven, whereas there are only six."

"But figures can't lie," declared Quintard.

"But men can," retorted the Reverend Tad.

CHAPTER XVIII

MRS. WISWELL approached the host of the evening. The unmasked guests of the Connors' ball were beginning to depart.

"Merton," she said, "for an aged gentleman you stand the evenings remarkably well."

"I was brought up in a pious home," said Connors. "Father believed that the powers of evil worked in the dark, so he always stayed up all night to circumvent them. Maybe he felt it necessary to take a little snifter every twenty minutes or so through those black hours, but he had arteries like a babe. At the advanced age of seventy-nine he choked on an olive in a cocktail."

"Barbarous days," shuddered Mrs. Wiswell.

Connors nodded. "The publicity (Continued on page 134)

A. S. M. Hutchinson, *Who Wrote "If Winter Comes,"*



No resident of the Amazon can complain that he has no bananas.

Where Money Like

Illustrated by

of Brazil comprises one-fifteenth of the entire land surface of the globe; one single state of Brazil, the state of Amazonas, is equal in area to the combined areas of France, Germany, Spain, Italy and Belgium; the forests of—but that, I think, is enough to go on with. It was enough for me. I heard these comparisons shortly before I landed; and having heard them I went ashore with the feeling that my arrival was not going to overcrowd the place.

I visited two cities up the Amazon. One was Para, which is near the mouth; the other was Manaus, capital of Amazonas. Manaus is a thousand miles up the Amazon; and a thousand miles up the Amazon has a romantic, a Jules Verne-ish, even a slightly sinister sort of sound; and I would dearly love to have people imagine me entering Manaus with a revolver in one hand and a spear in the other and living the life and doing the deeds that, thus equipped, one would live and do.

The facts are otherwise.

I entered Manaus carrying an umbrella and the first thing I did was to hail with that umbrella an electric tram-car and get into and ride in it precisely as that same umbrella and I have hailed and ridden in electric tram-cars in London.

Yes, there are electric tram-cars a thousand miles up the Amazon; and not only that but they were there, and in common use, before Liverpool had given up horsed cars and substituted electrically driven!

It does not sound right, does it? It shocked and offended me when I first heard it; the romance and mystery of the Amazon died at a blow and Jules Verne turned sympathetically in his grave. But there, recover yourselves! I have stated it baldly, as baldly it first came to me. Do not imagine that because

W

ATER ho!
It was my wish to throw a nautical touch—taken from vivid memories of my sea story-books—into the account of such of my travels as were on the ocean; and as I never read a sea story in which, with thrilling effect, "Land ho!" was not shouted, I had been keenly looking forward to shouting it myself at the head of the chapter—this chapter—which should tell of my arrival at the objective of my voyage, the mighty Amazon.

I cannot do it. The Amazon is too mighty. You could shout "Land ho!" on approaching from the sea the mouth of any river I have hitherto known; but land, the mainland, has no visible connection whatsoever with the mouth of the Amazon.

The mouth of the Amazon is over two hundred miles wide.

Water ho!

The Amazon is over three thousand miles long.

Water ho!

Yes, this Amazon was to me as unlike my idea of a river as a continent is unlike my idea of an island. My idea of a river is a stretch of water from the middle of which you can shout "Hullo, George!" to a friend on the bank; or at widest can look through glasses and say, "There's old George smoking his pipe."

You cannot do that on the Amazon.

You certainly can *not*.

Over two hundred miles wide at its mouth, over three thousand miles to its source, the Amazon is—— But figures when they seek to describe dimensions such as these are absolutely meaningless to me; and as it is a practise of mine only to write about things I understand (whereby is accounted for the limitation of my range) I do not propose to give you any more. I prefer to tell you that there is at the mouth of this astounding river an island bigger than England and I will leave you to swallow that. The Amazon can, if you can't. The Amazon makes nothing at all of a mere island bigger than a place big enough to be the nucleus of an empire on which the sun never sets; and you may think of the Amazon, if you like, as a kind of gigantic boa-constrictor living on islands—that monster one in its jaws and all its length studded with others, along many of which it took us several hours, several *hours*, to steam.

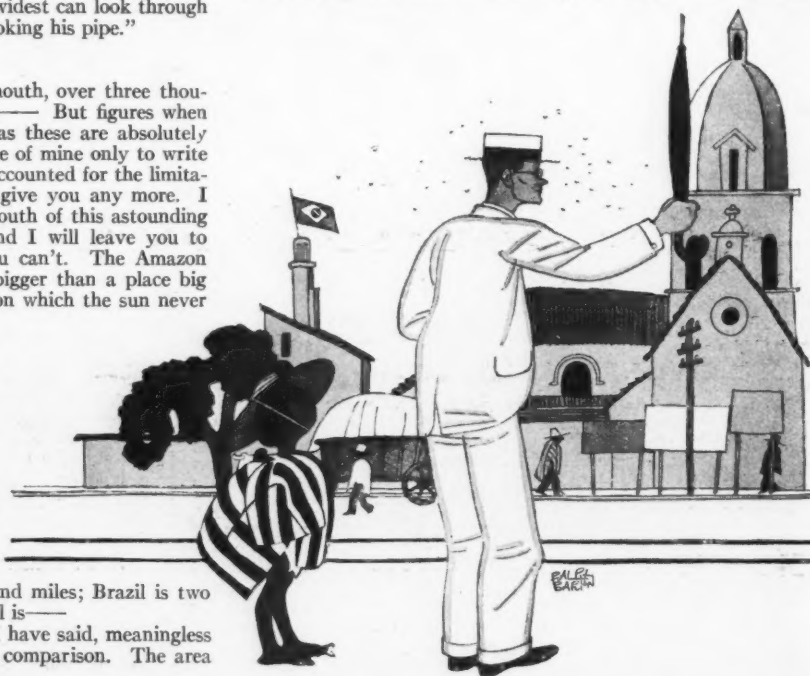
It is in Brazil.

It is itself, this stupendous swallower of islands, swallowed by Brazil; and when you hear that you probably will imagine that Brazil is of some little size.

Brazil is.

Brazil has a coast-line of four thousand miles; Brazil is two thousand six hundred miles broad; Brazil is——

But dimensions such as these are, as I have said, meaningless to me. Let me state them in terms of comparison. The area



Journeys to a Land Where It Never Does

Once Flowed Water

Ralph Barton

there are electric tram-cars a thousand miles up the Amazon, electric cars or railways are all along that thousand miles. It is not so. There are not even roads. There only is impenetrable forest. Nay, do not indeed suppose that because electric cars are at the end of this thousand miles, romance at that spot definitely is not. The contrary is the case. Those cars, installed before Liverpool gave up horses, are themselves (at least I found them so) a symbol of romance; and so is the fine opera house which stands in Manaus, golden-domed, palatially gardened; and so the restaurants and the cafés; and so the public buildings; and so the astonishing spectacle, on the outskirts of the town, of mud huts, occupied by natives, lit by electric light.

These things are romance; they are the romance of "the glory that was Rome;" they are the sign and symbol of the days when the rubber boom caused this remote and isolated town to run with money precisely as ran with money the Western mining camps in the old gold-rush days. There was then up the Amazon a rubber-rush; and Manaus, the first considerable settlement in the path of the civilization-bound cargoes of rubber, took toll, waxed fat, and grew and multiplied and flourished exceedingly.

I heard stories of cargoes of rubber risked on a single throw of the dice in the gambling saloons; of ladies of a profession more ancient than honorable, own sisters to Bret Harte's "Duchess" and "Cherokee Sal," crowding direct from Paris to Manaus, the latest Paris fashions on their backs; of notable opera companies shipping to the golden-domed opera house built to receive them; and I saw for myself splendid buildings begun in palatial style as befitted a city where money was as water—and now decaying; sites marked out—and left as sites; buildings begun—and left begun. For the glory passed. Plantation rubber grown



The Brazilian flapper does not bob her hair: she blobs it cutely over each ear.

in the East came on the market; the boom became the slump; the opera house is shut; the electric trams, railed to run far into the forest where the city suburbs were perhaps to spread, run there through forest only—

Whither hath it fled, the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Well, for my part I do not know; and for their part the citizens of Manaus do not seem to care. What I have written applies only to what was and to what might have been. No one in Manaus seems to worry about it. No one goes about in sack-cloth and ashes; no one sits down by the waters of Manaus and weeps; in Amazonas is no voice heard mourning. Manaus weeping for its rubber-boom which was and is not; at least I never heard it. They go about, the men in white ducks, and look uncommonly fresh and cheerful in them; they play football and are immensely keen on it—football all the year round at something over ninety in the shade!—and as to mourning I was the only person in my hearing who so much as groaned.

I groaned at the heat. No one else seemed to mind it, not even the members of the British colony. I minded for them. The British colony at Manaus numbers about thirty; and I minded the heat enough for fifty. Someone told me that on the Amazon they have two seasons, a wet season and a rainy season; we struck one of these, I don't know which, in Para where it rained such rain as I had never seen, solid walls of rain; but in Manaus there fell never a drop during the week I was there; stark sunshine blazed upon us all day long. I wore clothes—ducks—which I well remembered I could scarcely bring myself, shivering, to pack in London three weeks before; but what I yearned to do when I got them out and put them on was to take off

my skin and sit about in my bones. The nearest I ever got to that, and I got it whenever I could, was in the bathing-pool of the British lawn tennis club. The club is going to fence off this pool one day, they told me, and the idea is not without motive. One day when I dragged myself there nine (or perhaps ten) little native boys sported therein, and had a bit of soap with them, and on another occasion there was a horse.

However, I would have gone in if there had been an alligator. The water of that bathing-pool was about as cold as a warm bath at home, but I remember it (Continued on page 162)



Imagine finding an electric street car on the far side of the wildest jungle, a thousand miles long.

The gambler stretched out his hands in timid welcome. "It's my little lame girl," he cried.



By

BASIL KING

Shipwrecked and Facing —

IT HAD now become apparent that the ship was going down. Ronalds himself had thought so from the minute of running up the companionway. The cant of the steps was ominous. It couldn't fling you forward or tip you backward, according as the stairway turned, unless the big steamer was sinking by the bow.

Those less experienced had laughed at this; but Ronalds, who wore nothing but a dressing gown flung over his pajamas, hurried back to his cabin to change to his day clothing, buckle on a life-preserver and put in his pockets anything of value. On returning to the glass-enclosed Deck A he found a little group of his intimates discussing possibilities with more misgiving than they had been willing to admit at first. Those who had no life-preservers dashed to their cabins to get them. Women appeared among the men. Officers rushing about no longer cared to conceal their anxiety. When the order was given to prepare the lifeboats the danger was clear to everyone.

Nevertheless, there were reassuring conditions. The sea was calm; the night clear. The wireless was sending out all over the northern ocean the calls of a ship in distress. Even if she were

to sink she couldn't sink so quickly that a steamer or two would not arrive in time. There would be discomfort; there might be peril and some suffering; but the days of great disasters at sea could be considered of the past.

And yet when the last lifeboat, bearing the women and children, had been rowed away, a strange sense of helplessness in space came over those who remained on board. With few exceptions, chiefly wives who refused to leave their husbands, these were men. They gathered in groups, or by two's and three's, heartening themselves and each other by predicting the speedy arrival of succor, or in fancying that lights were appearing over the horizon. That a ship so huge, so strong, so knowingly constructed, so richly fitted up, could go down in a placid sea, just because an iceberg had grazed her side, defied the probabilities. They had nothing to do but wait calmly till another liner, perhaps half a dozen liners, came racing to their aid.

She was listing badly to port. You could see every quarter of an hour that she listed more. Every quarter of an hour you had to move a little farther aft because of the sinking of the bow. Each time you moved aft it was a little harder, more of a tug



"He'll be all right now," said the father, "even though he has a long hard way ahead of him."

HEAVEN

Illustrations by
F. R. Gruger

uphill. With the list to port and the rising of the stern, merely to keep the footing became difficult. Most of them kept it, however; and if anyone staggered or slipped there was a forced or a feeble laugh. The laugh sounding out of place, like laughter in a church or by a dying bed, it was hushed quickly.

Ronalds found it easiest to light a cigaret, to talk to those about him in low tones, to consider what to do if the worst came to the worst. Not that the worst *would* come to the worst, but *if* it did! There was no harm in thinking if you could think without panic, and of panic there was no sign. There had been none from the first. Among those who had now climbed to the boat-deck, Americans, Englishmen, Canadians, there would be none at all. It showed the value of the years of unconscious discipline to which most men submit themselves that there could be this tranquility.

It was the quiet that made the whole thing incredible. The ship lay as still as a dead behemoth, rocked with a gentle rocking by a sea which but gently heaved. The sky was a scattering of stars on deepest violet. There was no wind, only a pure icy air that cleansed the lungs. After the bustle and confusion of getting

the women and children away the silence was like that within a vacuum.

Ronalds moved farther aft, not for safety but to be alone. Other men talked of sticking together, of keeping each other company. They would do this and that; they would aim thus and so. It would be every man for himself, of course; but for the minute, while they stood there conversing as if in a club and smoking cigarets, each man sought a friend.

With Ronalds it was not so. Having but come to the spot to which he had long thought of coming, face to face with death, he preferred to stand there consciously. He would save himself if he could; but if he couldn't save himself he must collect his thoughts, he must be clear in his mind as to what he was looking forward to. He had tried all his life not to shirk this consideration or be afraid of it. Accepting much in traditional teaching, he also accepted his commonsense. He must have a few minutes in which to weave the two more closely as a whole. He must sum up the concepts to which he had given in his heart the name of God.

A few minutes earlier he had heard a clergyman among the

passengers declare that this accident proved God's power of outwitting man. Man had been building bigger and bigger ships, ships that would stand the strain of storm and sea and collision, and still make port; and lo! on a cloudless night, in a peaceful ocean, at the touch of a frozen finger, man's pride had been humbled. It was a reason, the clergyman said, for abasing oneself before an Almighty which could so easily shatter human hopes.

Simple men, with little or no power of thinking for themselves, drew their cigarets from their lips and bowed their heads in awe. They were reminded of catastrophic things in the Old Testament, where it was said that Jehovah smote unexpectedly, and smote hard. Their thoughts went back to the many ways in which they must have angered this God, or ignored Him, seeking hurriedly to propitiate Him now by some muttering of desperate prayer.

To Ronalds all this was futile; it was a little like blasphemy. He must acquit God of this master crime, or he must renounce Him. Off by himself, bracing his feet against the starboard gunwale, as the ship canted more and more to port, he did his best to rally his intelligence against mumbo-jumbo superstitions and monstrosities. "In this he was helped by the stillness, the immensity, the infinitude of the stars.

Hanging to the rail, someone crept toward him. When he came near enough Ronalds recognized him as a man he had taken to be a card sharper. All over the ship there were notices bidding passengers beware of this type of individual. Ronalds had crossed the ocean so often that he thought he could recognize one of them at sight. With this man his intercourse had been brief. Two or three times in the smoking room the fellow had asked him to take a hand at poker or bridge; two or three times Ronalds had declined. No other words had passed between them. Why the man should seek him out at this supreme moment Ronalds had no idea. On approaching him the card sharper took the tone of indifference to danger the more terrified tried to assume.

"Well, what do you think of the chances?"

Ronalds gazed off to seaward. "Depends on how long we can keep afloat."

"Then what do you think of that?"

"I don't know. She seems to be settling pretty steadily."

"You don't think she'll heel over, do you?"

"I try not to. I'm not very ship wise. I'm in the same fix as yourself."

"I wonder."

Ronalds turned from his contemplation of the sea to the big figure at his side. A soft cap pulled down at a rakish angle hid most of the face, except for a heavy mustache of the black suggesting dye. An ulster over a life preserver was bulky and grotesque, of course; but not more so than the occasion warranted.

"What do you mean by that?" Ronalds questioned. "Why do you say I wonder?"

The gambler tried to laugh. "Oh, there's fixes and fixes! You may go down with the ship, just the same as me, but—the big fix might be afterwards."

"As to that, I suppose, we can only wait and see."

The man's motive revealed itself. "Ain't there nothin' we can do beforehand?"

Ronalds reflected. "Would you like me to say what I think or do you just want to be bucked up?"

It was the other's turn to reflect. "I suppose I want to be bucked up."

"Well, then, I'm afraid I can't do it."

"Then do the other thing. Say what you think."

"I'm not sure that I care to do that. Why don't you go to the parson over there? He's supposed to know."

'Been to him. Says that if I put my trust in the blood of Jesus my sins'll be washed away, and I'll go to Heaven if we duck under."

"And doesn't that buck you up?"

"It might if I could do it. But how in thunder am I goin' to put my trust in the blood of Jesus right off the bat like this? Do you think I can repent of my sins just because the bloomin' ship's goin' down?"

"No, I don't believe you can; which seems to answer your question as to whether there's anything we can do beforehand. I don't think there is—as late as this. It doesn't seem to me that we can accomplish much by squeezing out prayers we shouldn't say if we could do anything else, or in pumping up trust in what we haven't trusted to already."

"But don't you trust to nothin'?" asked the card sharper. Ronalds considered how best to express himself. "Yes, I trust to a great big general principle."

"That doesn't seem much to me."

"It's much to me. I can understand being saved on principle better than I can being saved by charms or incantations."

"I don't get you. What I want is somethin' someone'll tell me to do. I want the trick taken on this side, so as I'll be safe if I have to go over to the other."

"And there I can't help you. The only thing I see is that what I'm worth on this side I shall be worth on that, perhaps with something plus."

"But when you ain't worth nothin'?"

"Oh, every man's worth something! You can't have lived to be forty—I take it that that's about your age—without having value of some sort."

"But what'd give me any value?"

"Wouldn't it be, in a general way, whatever little good you've tried to do?"

"But if you ain't ever tried to do any?"

"Oh, but you must have! I don't mean that you've ever started out to preach the Gospel, or visit the sick, or rake in the wicked from off the streets; but everything must count. Just to have been decent in the common everyday ways—to your father and mother—to your wife and kids, if you've got them—to anybody at all—to have been honest in your job—means something. It may not mean a whole lot; but it makes a beginning."

"What's the good of a beginning when here we may be at the end?"

"That's where I think you're wrong. We've only got to the continuation. And there's where my big principle comes in. This part of life has seemed pretty good to me, otherwise I shouldn't cling to it; so why can't I expect the next to be the same?"

The card sharper spoke only after a minute or two of pensiveness. "You've got somethin' to your credit. I'll be hanged if I can think of anything to mine. I never had a father or a mother that I can remember. I was brought up by an old skinkint of an uncle on a farm. He did nothin' but lambaste me if I wasn't up before dawn and out in all weathers. He wouldn't let me have no schoolin', or proper clothes, nor nothin'. I was always swearin' I'd run away. I'd 'a' done it if it hadn't been for a little crippled girl I'd got fond of, and that lived on the next farm. She wa'n't more than nine or ten when I was a whale of a feller about eighteen."

"Well, that young one clung to me, and me—I was crazy about the little kid. I'd go miles to get her a plaything, and anything I knew how to do I'd learn her. Quick! My Lord! she'd learn before you could teach her. And then one day she up and died. After that it wa'n't very long before I lighted out. On the way to New York I hauled in forty dollars from a farmer I'd got into a game of poker with. Always played a good hand of poker, and that seemed to start me . . ." He stopped abruptly, seizing Ronalds by the arm. "Say, did you hear that funny noise? Like a big gulp it was. I bet she'd dipped her nose so low that the water's struck the bridge."

As a matter of fact it was what had happened. With a lurch she went down forward; the stern shot higher up. At the same time she shivered through her frame as if agony had struck her. Something had occurred which might mean the end. In spite of his poise, terror gripped Ronalds at the heart. Was the big test coming now?

Then a shout arose. "My God, look! Look! Look!"

Over the bridge came the water. It came in a huge billow, caused by the sudden displacement, chasing along the deck. Some who had been farthest forward were caught and swept away. Those who escaped rushed up the steep slant, crowding about Ronalds and his companion. The water came on like a twisting dragon, seeking to swallow them. They could only press farther and farther away from it, backing to the cross-rail, whence they looked down to the second-class deck below.

To the second-class deck below a mass of human beings was surging from every deck below that. In the dim light Ronalds could discern neither men nor women; he could only hear cries, moans, shrieks and sobs that were meant to be prayers. The relative silence of those on his own deck was scarcely less heart-rending, since anguish had seized on them all.

They began jumping overboard, now from one deck, now from another. Screams and shouts rose from the water.

"Don't do that till there's nothing else to do," Ronalds advised the card sharper, who gripped him by the arm.



The ship careened over on her side. Terrible rumblings told them that the boilers were being torn from their seatings. "Gee, I wish there was an island near here," said the card-sharper, and they were in the water.

The man pleaded, in a weak voice like a whine: "You'll not leave me. Promise me you'll not leave me."

"Not unless I'm swept away from you. Can you swim?"

"Not a stroke. But if you swim I can grab hold of you."

"If you do that, you must do it like this. You mustn't get your arms around me, or you'll pull me down and go with me yourself."

He was still explaining to him what to do and what not to do when, like a monster turning in its sleep, the ship careened over on her port side, leaving the starboard exposed almost to the keel.

The rest was simple. They sprang up on the iron flank because there was no help for it. Within a few seconds three or four hundred men were pushing each other down that shelving expanse, as it might have been down the slant of a beach for a plunge into the breakers. The walk was slippery but not difficult. There was no time to unlace



"I'd have run away if it hadn't been for a little crippled girl I'd got fond of. She wa'n't more than nine and I was a whale of a feller about eighteen."

boots. As each man ahead of them touched the water he struck into it.

Everything had to be done quickly, since terrible rumblings beneath their feet told them that the boilers were being torn from their seatings, while the crashing and smashing of anything that could break, crockeryware and furniture, as it fell from its place, made a sound such as human ears have rarely listened to.

Even then the card sharper tried to brace himself with jocosity. "God, I wish there was an island near here! I believe I could swim to it—me that can't swim a stroke!—if it was a mile away."

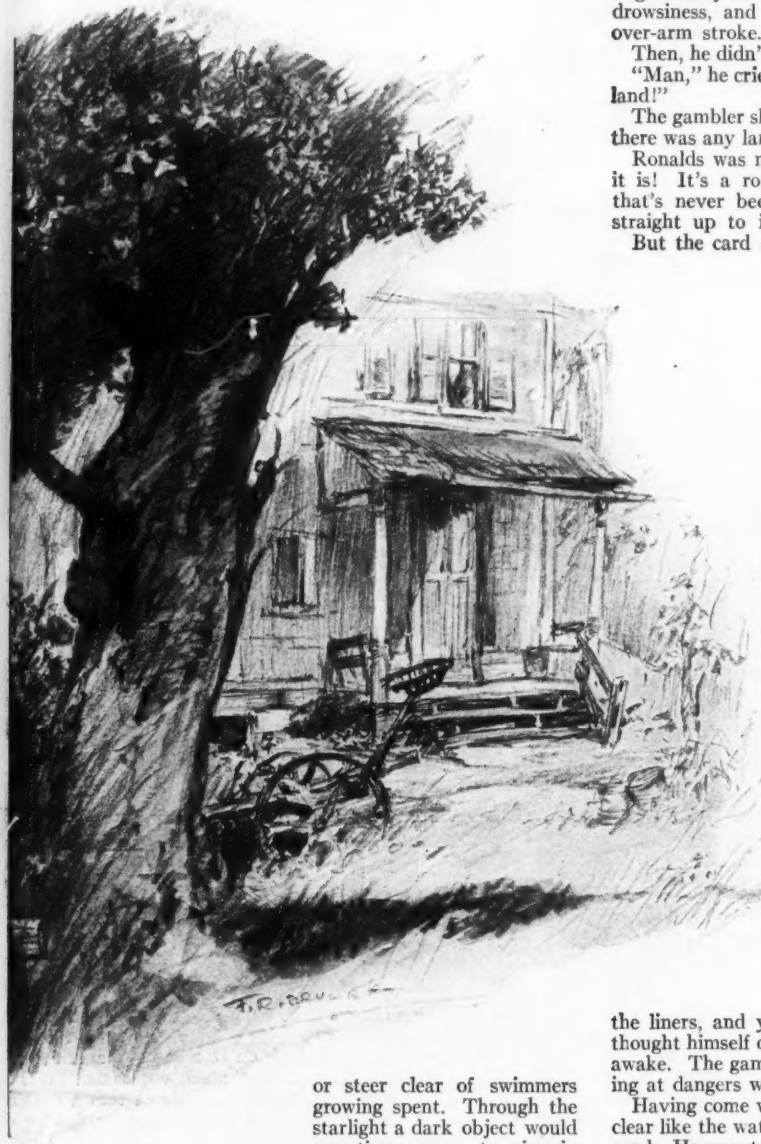
"I'd be satisfied with a rock," Ronalds returned, briefly; and then they were in the water.

They were hardly aware of the cold; they were no more than subconsciously aware of the horrors around them. Ronalds's

efforts to keep afloat, with this dead weight hanging on to him, took all his mental power. He swam straight away from the ship, fearing suction if she went down, but otherwise he had no objective. The boats were by this time too far away, and overloaded as it was. If he had any thought in his mind it was of keeping on the surface till the sinking of the ship might bring them some bit of wreckage big enough to cling to. As yet he had seen no more than a chair or two, and these were seized by men more exhausted than himself. The card sharper did as he was told, moaning now and then, as if with an obsession: "Oh, God, if there was an island! Oh, God, if there was a rock!"

Ronalds swam and swam and swam.

With fatigue came some knowledge of what was happening about them. From time to time he found himself obliged to deflect his course to avoid bodies floating with face downward,



or steer clear of swimmers growing spent. Through the starlight a dark object would sometimes seem to rise in front of them. "Boat ahoy! boat ahoy!" the card sharper

would hail, till the water he swallowed choked him. "Boat ahoy! boat ahoy!" would be echoed from many another throat, despair in the very accents. Now and then would come a weary, "Oh, my God!" as someone who had struggled hitherto gave up the further attempt. Now and then there was a gurgle, as someone went down finally.

Ronalds swam and swam and swam.

There was no way of estimating time. He might have been swimming for minutes; it might have been for hours. His mind had apparently stopped working. A moment came when he seemed to wake from sleep, or to rouse from unconsciousness. There was certainly a gap in his mental processes, like that of which he had been aware after taking an anæsthetic. He was still swimming, however; he could still feel the hands of the card sharper on his shoulders.

But something had happened. It was as if he had got his second wind. If it was not his second wind he had grown accustomed to the water. It was no longer icy. There were no more bodies floating about. He heard no more cries. Neither was it so dark, in that dawn seemed to be breaking. His sensations were delicious, if you had to find a word for them. He might be drowning. He had heard that drowning was sometimes accompanied by a blissful drowsiness. This might be it. It

might easily have been it except for the fact that he felt no drowsiness, and that he swam on the surface with an even over-arm stroke.

Then, he didn't know how, his foot touched bottom.

"Man," he cried to the fellow clinging to his shoulders, "here's land!"

The gambler slipped to his own feet. "By God, I didn't know there was any land around here!"

Ronalds was now standing up, the sea lapping him. "There it is! It's a rock! We're close on it! It must be a rock that's never been discovered in the Atlantic. We've swum straight up to it."

But the card sharper hung back. "I don't like it. It's too black and steep. We'll be dashed to pieces if we try to land on it."

Ronalds tried to reason. "Why, no, old chap, it isn't black and steep. It comes down to the sea quite gently. There are no breakers—"

The other man howled. "No breakers! You must be a fool! They're curling up all over it."

"Those aren't breakers. They're ledges of white flowers. We must be in the Gulf Stream. You can feel for yourself that the water's growing warm."

"I'm freezing. No, I'm boiling. I'm boiling and freezing at the same time. You won't get me up there."

"But you can't stay here. It's the only land there is. Come along. I'll steer you."

They waded. Ronalds found it easy wading, whatever current there was helping him along. The card sharper lost his footing, tumbling on his face. When Ronalds helped him up he tumbled promptly again, spluttering and cursing.

"You wanted a rock," Ronalds tried to rally him. "Now that you've got it you don't like it. All the same we're lucky to find it here. I suppose it will be crowded with survivors."

It was not crowded with survivors; it was not, so far as Ronalds could judge in the dimness of dawn, occupied at all. Strong and soft, both steep and shelving, welcoming, protective, magical at once, it rose like a pinnacle in mid-Atlantic, in the lane of all

the liners, and yet was charted on no map. He would have thought himself dreaming had he not been sure that he was wide awake. The gambler too was wide awake, shivering and gibbering at dangers which Ronalds didn't see.

Having come where the water was only knee-deep he found it clear like the water of the tropics, with a bottom of gold-colored sand. He was standing to look at the vegetation which ran to the rock's peak, green and feathery like that of Tahiti, when the gambler struggled backward with a shriek.

"Keep away! Keep away! Look at the big black python wriggling down the gully! It's making for us straight."

Ronalds was obliged to laugh. "That's not a python. It's a pretty little stream, running through a grove of fern trees. You're jumpy. Let's get ashore. I'm sure we shall find some sort of fruit to eat."

Though the beach was of gold-colored sand, firm as a floor and velvety as a carpet, the gambler hopped on it as if it was on fire. It was all Ronalds could do to keep him from running back into the water. There were minutes in which he might have let him go if the man himself had dared to do anything alone.

In the sheltered nooks of the rock Ronalds found what he expected, apples ripe on their trees, grapes ripe on their vines. But the card sharper wouldn't touch them. They were poisonous! He preferred to starve to death, since starvation was slower than poison as a process. Again and again he cried out that in eating Ronalds must be mad.

"I'm not mad; but I shouldn't wonder if I were in a trance. It's all too wonderful. I can't imagine where we are. Just look at the light. It's broad day now; but where's the sun? It hasn't risen. I don't see any sign that it's going to rise. Let's work round to the other side of the rock. We might find something there that would explain things. It's (Continued on page 178)

Portrait of the
Author of
ETIQUETTE

By
James
Montgomery
Flagg



EMILY POST

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

By Emily Post

*Who is Teaching
a Nation*

Good Manners

Must I Practise What I Preach?

I UNDERTOOK writing a book about etiquette in much the same spirit that a small boy "takes a dare."

My publishers were determined upon such a book and, for some reason best known to themselves, equally determined that I should write it. So, though we weren't unanimous in our opinion of the wisdom of their choice, I finally did.

I knew it would be a task. It was. A far greater task than I had anticipated. But when it was finished, I felt a sense of modest satisfaction and pride. I had, I thought, produced a volume that might be useful to the bride, the young housekeeper or the mother of a debutante—to anyone encountering for the first time a new set of social requirements and demands. I hoped that a few of the reviewers might read enough of it to credit the book with sincerity and accuracy.

When I heard it was "selling like hot cakes in Boston," and that the patronesses of that august body, the Boston Assembly, were all reading it and buying copies for their grown children, I did not believe a word of the report. And when I realized that in "Etiquette" I had actually written one of the year's "best sellers," competing with the popular novels, I was simply aghast.

But not so aghast as I was destined to be later. In my innocence I had not recognized the awful Nemesis which stalks one who writes a book on etiquette—a book that all one's friends and acquaintances read.

Because of my trying experiences since the book was published I am tempted to order a lot of printed postcards. The cards would be mailed to the hundreds of readers who seek my counsel on every subject imaginable, from what to wear while serving on a jury to how to train children; I would ask this simple little question:

Is an authority on etiquette sentenced for life to practise what she preaches?

It is all very well to know perfectly what ought to be said and done and thought under any and all circumstances, but it is a

very different thing always to be obliged to say and do and think these perfections myself!

It is easy, for instance, to look on at a game of auction and, making notes of annoying mannerisms and unpleasant traits of character among the players, to write in a book that a crowing winner is quite as objectionable as a protesting, explaining or surly loser. But when I am enthralled, myself, by Mah Jong, I have to struggle to look pleased and to say cheerfully, "How wonderful!" when an opponent Mah Jongs for the eighth consecutive time—six times before I can clear my own hand. No one knows with what noble determination I set my teeth against uttering tempestuous thoughts about being "unable to draw a single tile I want," and about the way "my discards keep sifting through my hands in annoying threes and exasperating gongs!"

But if I yield for one instant to a thoroughly natural and human feeling of gloom, the whole table pounces on me.

"How about your chapter on the ethics of playing games?" they chortle.

Alas, am I never to be free and inconspicuously independent again?

For instance, only yesterday I wore a red dress to the beach. I had on a red hat and I confess—red shoes. A friend looked at me and grinned. "Didn't you say in your book that a lady's clothes should never be conspicuous?" Captious eyes were fixed on my shoes.

"I have a passion for red," I said weakly. "It is such a cheerful color and I think it is becoming. Anyway I love it!"

But my friend was merciless.

"Ah, but you are now a model of correctness! Remember, there are no grandmothers left who dress the part, and with such encouragement as yours the outlook for sweet old-fashioned ladies is slimmer than ever."

Is, then, an authority on etiquette condemned to wear black

merino and bombazine because in upholding old-fashioned manners she must also uphold and demonstrate old-fashioned standards of dress for grandmothers!

Another result of publishing a book on etiquette seems to be that by so doing one establishes one's self as a sort of general advisor to the public at large upon every subject under heaven. Many questions come to me by nearly every mail.

A few of my letters frankly have been jokes, a few have been stupid, but the great majority are interesting. And some presented problems as hard to solve as any cryptogram.

Once in a while I get a letter that is frank foolery. It may even be a telegram signed "Harvard Student" and reading:

Formal Dinner Party Baked Potatoes Being Served What Shall Be Done With The Skins?

Another telegram came from Chicago:

Have Invited Strangers Browns And Smiths To Dine Just Learned Mrs. Smith was Lately Mrs. Brown Please Wire Advice Collect.

One thick envelope contained samples of materials, enclosed in pages cut from a fashion magazine, from which I was asked to select my correspondent's clothes. But she forgot to tell me whether she was sixteen or sixty or whether her outline was that of a match or a goldfish bowl. An actress wrote that her audiences were cold to her. Would I kindly send directions for acquiring charm?

A letter from Washington asked whether a Senator took precedence over a member of the Cabinet. I sought to put the task of solving this last problem upon the State Department, but the official to whom I wrote in regard to it answered that the Department would be grateful if Mrs. Post would settle the matter as the Senators and the Cabinet officers were still arguing it.

This matter of giving advice upon anything more than the ordinary fundamentals of decent feeling and behavior—and of living up to one's own teachings—is not easy by any means.

You can't put manners into pigeonholes. So much of the finer niceties of conduct are, after all, a matter of your point of view. Do you like animated women who twitter, or do you like calmness and poise? Do you like those who say flattering things to you, or do you like Sphinxlike sirens whose thoughts you cannot guess? Do you like the boyish attitude of mind as well as "boyish form," or do you prefer femininity to the verge of baby-faced helplessness?

Do you like men of the type of Jack Barrymore, or Thomas Meighan, or Menjou? Would you like my personality? Should I like yours?

Maybe! Maybe not.

As with individuals, so with nations. It has been

said, of course, that not only do we Americans have bad manners, but that we are proud of them—or at least that about nine-tenths of us are. That, on the whole, our manners become the acme of crudeness when contrasted with those of the people of older civilizations.

We hear a great deal about the perfect manners of the French. When a Frenchman is introduced to a woman he bows ceremoniously. If she is a married woman, he bows and at the same time kisses her hand.

But let us suppose that you are not a woman to whom he has been introduced, and that the Frenchman is a shopkeeper, or a hotel proprietor, and that you are asking the wherefore of an unjust charge on your bill. His bows and smiles vanish like the ball-dress of Cinderella!

Or, refuse an Italian taxi-driver's demand that you give him three times the price indicated on his clock and you are fortunate if limited knowledge of Italian prevents your understanding his courteous retort! Or, find yourself at the mercy of a petty official in Spain, and the justice and courtesy you are likely to receive would not overburden a flea!

To be sure the Spanish Don, the Italian Prince or the French Marquis is most likely a person whose courtesy never wears off; but neither does that of the American gentleman. And no one can have traveled much both in this country and in Europe, without being aware that the ordinary man in the street of an American city is far more often a gentleman than the type encountered abroad in spite of the oft repeated "*Monsieur, Madame; Signore, Signora!*" compared with our "Step lively!" and "Come along, you!"

The Latin will offer his most polite assistance to a woman who is pretty or who looks rich and important. The American perhaps has no polish; probably he won't take off his hat or stop his gum-chewing; but instantly he will run to help you if you are in

distress—he will even risk his neck to save you from danger, and that more quickly if you are ill or old than if you are a geranium-lipped "flapper."

Very few of us, after all, intentionally are rude—none in fact, except the "snobs" and others of such new promotion they don't know how else to keep their insecure foothold, or to exact the respect and admiration they consider their due.

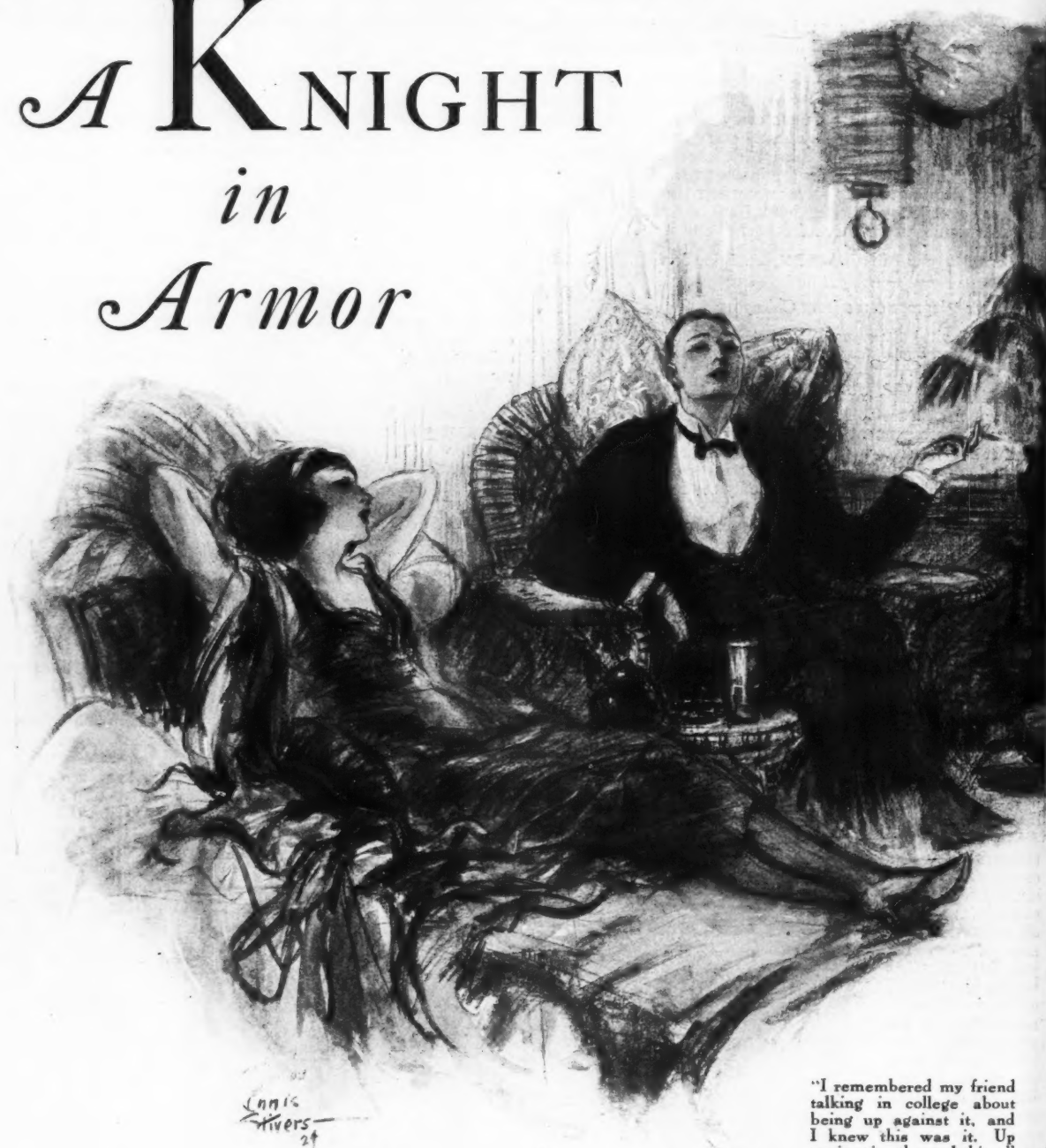
One of the things which all well-bred people instinctively do, but which no parvenus are able to do, is to keep their personal barriers securely up, while at the same time being unfailingly polite.

There has been an undoubted lessening of all forms of etiquette since the war. Many superficial exactions are being eliminated, but others are still essential, and always will be until civilization comes to an end. The younger generation's man-nerless reputation is earned (Continued on page 122)



Mrs. Post, in her garden at Tuxedo, New York, a fashionable colony where "etiquette" can be painfully prevalent.

A KNIGHT in Armor



"I remembered my friend talking in college about being up against it, and I knew this was it. Up against it—the real thing."

EDUCATING a son is guesswork and chance. You may send him to prep school and college and see him suffer until he is thirty from white collaritis. No good at anything. Always fussing around for the job that fits his personality, and nothing really does. Or you might make him a plumber or plasterer and get him into the union with wages three times the salary of a bank clerk, thus providing him with a social grievance for his whole life.

A father has to be brave. Let Nature do it and sit back and watch. Even advice and sympathy are apt to be of no use.

And when it comes to a father-in-law the need of nerve increases by algebra. For now there are two wobblers to consider, young things darting this way and that on the surface of life like insects in a pool. They don't seem to be going anywhere. And yet normalcy will probably take charge of them at last. Nature is normalcy, and the most powerful thing there is.

No such calming reflections as these were in the head of J. Charles Clark the morning Francis Kenneth Wadsworth requested the honor of his daughter's hand in marriage. The boy

had insisted upon asking him in the nice old-fashioned way. Francis had told Sybil the night before, as they rode on the back seat of father's car, speeded along through the smooth darkness by father's French chauffeur, that it was the only manly thing to do. Sybil lay a little closer against him, if possible, and said nothing.

And now, the great moment having arrived, father's first evasion was: "This coffee isn't strong enough," to the English serving man.

"Very sorry, sir. Another cup. Thank you, sir," answered Perfection. Always he murmured "Thank you, sir," when spoken to by his betters.

"You and Sybil want to get married." No question mark. It was the simple statement of a very disturbing fact. J. Charles, as he made it, turned on the boy one of those penetrating looks by which he was accustomed to size up men and situations all in a minute. No use wasting time. You could tell what a man was good for by looking him up and down.

What he got out of it was a close-up of a perfectly confident

By Carl Hovey

*The Story of a
Widower
With a
Marriageable
Daughter*

*Illustrations by
Harley
Ennis Stivers*

because they don't know where their next meal is coming from. We're going to live just the way they do."

"Sure."

"What I mean is," Francis went on with dignity and a touch of shyness, "those people, if you get my point, are my

material. In your business you use cattle and hogs. In mine, it's people. I write poetry about them. The new kind. Not soft stuff about birds and flowers. I write for the crowd, what they care about—the masses. My stuff is labeled."

"New kind of canned goods—is that what you're telling me? And have you a buying market?"

"The critics like it," the boy responded, finishing his egg attentively.

The two were finding themselves in an atmosphere that seemed to grow darker and darker. For all the bright sun streaming in at the long French windows, in spite of the cheerfulness of the breakfast setting and the jolly notes of birds in the shrubbery outside, there was beginning to be a great depression all about. In the silence that settled down upon a practical man forced to listen to a lot of nonsense and an honest youth urged to utter it by honest impulse, there was an element as hard as tragedy.

Outside rose the low hum of the motor waiting to take the president of the Peerless and Union Interstate Meat Products Corp. to his office at the yard. The boy stood up, reached for a cigaret, but did not light it.

"It's all right with you, isn't it, sir, for me to marry Sandy?"

"No."

"You mean . . .?"

"I mean, No."

"But why not?"

"There isn't a single reason in God's firmament why I should let you, and a million why I shouldn't."

Francis Kenneth Wadsworth took the cigaret in his hand and lightly tapped on the table to make it draw perfectly. He lit it with a slim hand which shook the least little bit.

"I haven't," he began, "discussed with Sybil what we'd do if you refused. I never thought of such a thing. But of course we'll marry anyhow. I'm sorry, sir, but we are . . . we are . . ."

"She's a minor—don't you know that?"

"A what, Daddy?"

Marvelous how she did it. By just appearing in the doorway. The girl, of course—J. Charles's girl and Francis Kenneth Wadsworth's girl—a picture of sweetness and promise in a pale slip of



blond youth, with a slightly turned-up nose, a nice mouth and chin, slender in his summer clothes, with a total appearance of fineness and elegance which even the first vice-president of J. Charles's packing plant could not come within a mile of matching.

"Yes, sir. We'd like to set the day. We're both keen on it. We don't believe in long engagements," said the boy, eating his melon.

"You don't. I suppose not."

The report J. Charles had from that deep-seeing glance of his was proving pretty nearly worthless. To his discomfort he hadn't a notion what to say next. Or, rather, the things he was bursting to say wouldn't come out. This was a delicate, personal situation. It couldn't be settled with a snap, like matters at the plant.

J. Charles accepted his second cup of coffee with a frown. There was Sybil—Sandy, everybody called her. A darling girl, if she was his daughter. Too good and unselfish, for all her beautiful looks. She'd let this young boob drag her through anything. He stood up, cup in hand, and did his best to come to the point.

"Sandy's a wonderful girl. I ought to know. Had her around for nineteen or twenty years. I don't want to be rude, but what can you do for her? Haven't done much of anything for yourself yet, have you?"

"I perfectly understand your feeling," answered Francis, laying aside the piece of melon and starting in on toast and egg. "It's a wrench, parting with a daughter like her. But we'll visit you a lot."

"I expect so."

"What I mean is that she'll miss her golf and tennis and riding maybe just at first, so I'll bring her out for week-ends here. We're going to get a little place on the East Side, right in the thick of things—among people—the kind of people who are really living

a dress, with paler stockings and the whitest of shoes. Her mere presence utterly changed, disrupted and dashed away the ugly mood of the moment.

She seemed just a shade breathless, though she said, matter-of-fact fashion: "I told Louis he'd have to wait this morning. We have to decide, and you mustn't go until we do, Daddy."

J. Charles played his fingers through the brown bobbed hair of this lithe feminine counterpart of himself. Her bare arms were round his neck. Her blue eyes, very large, with uncommonly long thick lashes, looked straight into his. He cleared his throat and undid himself gradually from the embrace.

"All right, then," he said. "The net of it is I've just told Francis here he can't marry you."

"Of course not," said Sybil, not looking at either.

"What!" This from the startled Francis.

"Not—ever—unless Daddy consents."

"You promised," said the boy fiercely; "you said . . ."

"Francis, don't be silly. As if . . ."

Tears came to the eyes of the boy. He looked from one to the other as though some horrible crime were being perpetrated then and there.

"Daddy, you like Francis, don't you? You want me to marry whom I like? You always told me so. Because you and mother were not happy and got divorced you always said you'd let me choose for myself anyone I wanted . . . I want Francis."

J. Charles almost shook himself. At any rate he came to. The web of foolishness bound him no more. The mention of that divorce had done it. The little hussy—dragging his private affairs into a scene like this.

"What do you want him to do?" Sandy again moved toward her father, smoothing down her dress.

"You keep away from me." It was the president of the Peerless and Union Interstate speaking, and it was time. "I'll tell you in one minute. Keep away. Sit down where you were."

"All right, Daddy."

"Let Francis get into the car with me now and come to the yard and go to work. Put on overalls. Learn the business. From the bottom up. Right now, or never come back here hanging around you."

"What's the bottom, Daddy?"

"Handling hams, say. Hog division. Thick of things."

The boy turned away from the window where he had been standing staring out at nothing, ran over to Sybil and took her hand. "He thinks he's kidding me," he cried wildly. "Thinks I'm not game, no good at anything because I went to Harvard and write poetry. He doesn't mean to be insulting, but he is. What's the difference! I'll take him up. What's the difference! I'll do what he says."

"Oh, Francis!" She kissed him. She stood close against him. She laid her cheek against his, breathing softly and quickly, all the sweetness of her girlish body so near him, the cup of her tender devotion poured out for him.

"That's all right, Sandy," he said, putting her away from him.

"Besides," she whispered, "you'll get such lots of material."

"I'm all ready, sir," Francis said brusquely; "let's go. Sorry to have held you up."

In another minute the long open car of European ancestry, bearing two males of silent aspect and ultra-casual demeanor, went singing down the drive.

That afternoon as usual Mr. Clark wound up his office work by four o'clock and slipped off to the Fairview Country Club, where he got into golf clothes and not too strenuously frittered away the hours until dinner. It was pleasant, if not exciting, to play a few holes of golf with other middle-aged, easy going men who seemed to have nothing more to worry about than the question of adding a few inches to their back swing or the precise position of the feet in putting. The last half hour, spent sitting on the deep piazza of the clubhouse with the rolling green-blue links lying crisp and cared-for in front of him, the wide sky arching down, a line of woods marking the end of things far at one side and tiny hills poking up in the gray distance, gave this successful business man a feeling of peace and well-being such as he had never known in his youth.

If you worked in the right way you got this, he reflected.

That is, if you made no mistakes about women. Or rectified them in time. That young minx this morning digging up his divorce in the midst of that fuss with the boy! It had stirred him up. J. Charles wasn't so certainly satisfied with his management of that complication as he was with the way he had handled most other things in his life. There might, perhaps, have been a different way, an alternative, though he saw none at the time. He might have

been less lonely now, and he admitted to himself he was lonely.

All nonsense, these reflections. Due to the jarring those silly kids had given him. Well, he had settled that right enough. Put it straight up to the youngster, who had shown such an atrocious lack of responsibility. The boy was crazy to think of marrying Sybil. J. Charles had seen lying around somewhere that book of his, too thin to be called a book at all. Covers like red blotting-paper. "Lyrics of Leatherheads, by Francis Kenneth Wadsworth" was printed on the white, pasted-on label. And, oh yes, the words "privately published," inscribed in fancy lettering, prominently, as though paying for your own paper and printing was a sign of special honor. His own promotion department got out better looking stuff than that any week in the year. Hang it, he was getting irritated again. Best change and drive home.

Sybil met him as he entered the house. She came from the library, where the shades were drawn against the afternoon sun, looking a little pale beneath her tanned skin.

"How's the kid?" he asked, putting his arm around her shoulder.

"All right, now, Daddy. Had the beginnings of a headache this afternoon, but it's going off."

He looked at her suspiciously. "You never have headaches."

"Why shouldn't I? Doesn't your stenog have them?"

"Missed it that time. She's a man. Wouldn't have any other kind."

"Wouldn't you have me if I was trained and knew how?"

"What the devil are you talking about?"

"If I could work I could help Francis."

For about fifteen minutes J. Charles had actually forgotten Francis.

"Where is he?" she asked. "Why didn't he come with you?"

"Been over to the club."

"He'd have to walk up from the streetcar. But he's had plenty of time to get here by now."

"Close down at five. If he stayed that long."

"Of course he stayed. What did you do with him, Daddy? Tell me all about it."

"Do you know it's dinner time? How can I tell you about him? Turned him over to Svenson when we got to the yard. I don't go down where the men are. I couldn't stop to introduce him properly to the hogs."

Half way through the meal conversation staggered to a standstill. J. Charles detested having his dinner spoiled by feminine sultriness. He was artful enough to hide his pleasure at the continued absence of the young poet. The longer Francis stayed away the more probable it was he would never come back. J. Charles felt large and generous. He went deeply into the subject of a new car that could be imported from England. Shorter wheelbase than a Ford. Very light affair, small horsepower, yet so fascinatingly contrived that you could do seventy miles an hour without a flutter. Just the thing for running about in. Steer with your little finger.

She wasn't listening to a word. Salad, with roquefort cheese and the delicious dressing that she liked, was set down and ultimately removed without her touching it.

The only sentence she uttered was to ask the man if he heard the telephone ring when obviously there wasn't a sound.

Must go easy with her, J. Charles told himself. Making herself sick over that young simp, that was what she was doing. "What's wrong with you, Sandy kid?" he asked. "Headache worse?"

"I never had a headache in my life."

That for him, the kindest father in the world. Oh, well. He'd lay off her for a while. Let her think it out and see sense. She'd come round of herself.

His favorite dessert was laid before him, ice-cream, with a quantity of freshly cut up peaches, and he bent over it. But unfortunately before taking a mouthful he stole the briefest of glances in the direction of his daughter. She was sitting bolt upright, hands in her lap, looking straight before her, and tears were running in streams down her cheeks.

He sprang up and had her in his arms the next second. "What the devil, baby! What is it?"

Sandy did not look up at him. "I know something has happened to Francis," she shot out. "Something perfectly terrible. He's lying dead. He's deathly sick somewhere. And you sit there gorging and don't do a thing."

J. Charles drew back firmly. "Don't be such an absolute child," he said. "You've got that fellow all wrong. I don't want to hurt your feelings but I do insist you pull yourself together and be sensible. Do you want to know why he isn't here? I'll tell you straight. He got all fed up with the job



"What's wrong with you, Sandy kid?" he asked. "Headache worse?" "I never had a headache in my life." That for him, the kindest father in the world.

He went. Not meekly. He went in that dignified silent fury which is the only fitting mood in which to obey a senseless but irresistible whim. He left the snowy ice-cream piled in its saucer of pale Venetian glass, with the peaches heaped temptingly beside it, and the coffee that the perfect serving man was about to serve in tiny, gold-edged cups.

J. Charles had no objection to motoring a few miles after dinner. The blaze of the low afternoon sun was gone. There was a very pleasant air stirring, fragrant and clean and sweet. Above the line of darkening hills lay long purple clouds in the luminous sky. It might have been as nice as possible save for the awfully set profile of the girl beside him. J. Charles could scarcely make up his mind to look at her. He felt beneath that metallic expression her hot anger against him, and to the father's sensitive nerves there was communicated an additional feeling of contempt and distance, as though she were done with him forever.

But he was a man's man; never gave in to feminine foolishness. "Sandy," he began, reaching for her hand, "what is a Leather-head?"

"It doesn't matter." She looked the other way and clasped her hands in her lap.

"I just wondered."

(Continued on page 104)

before he'd been at it an hour and he beat it for New York. He's sitting right now at the Harvard Club on one of those big leather couches that you have to lie down on to sit on, telling them what a hog I am."

"Did Svenson report to you about him?" She drew off and leveled the question at him.

"No."

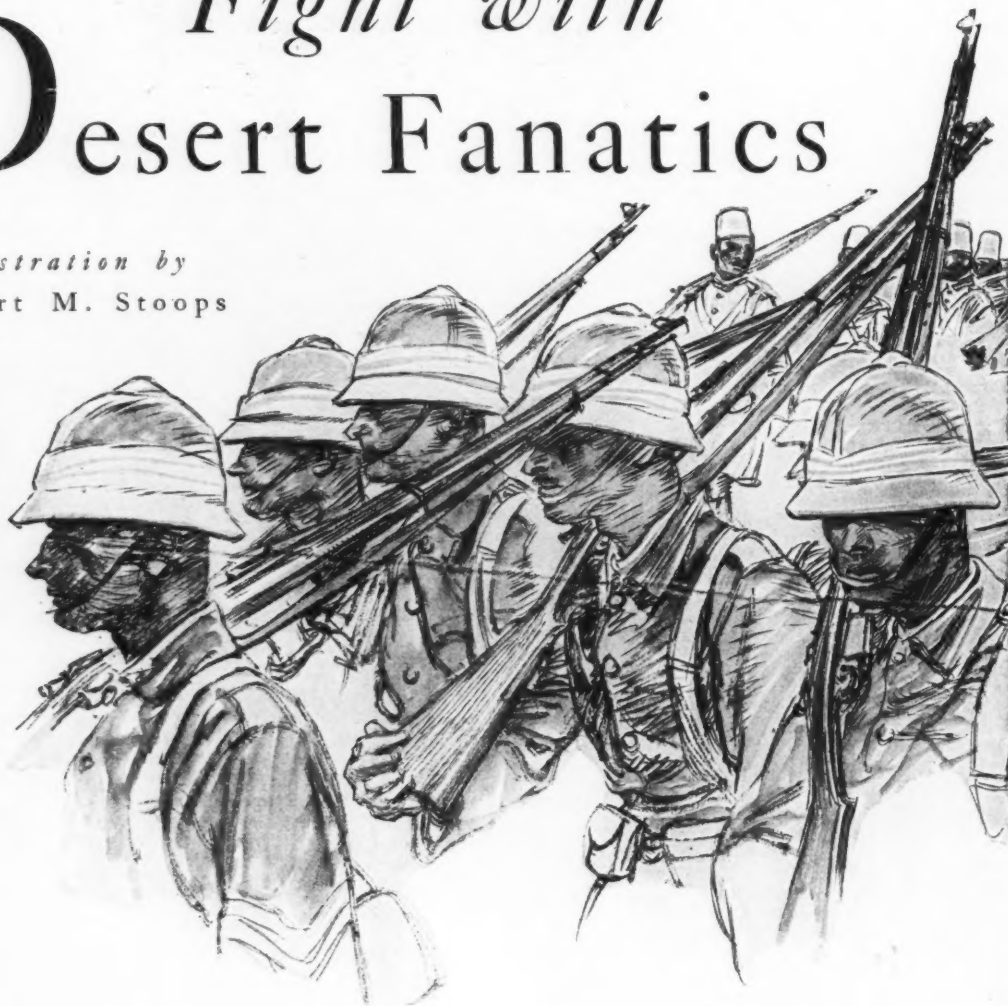
"So you're just talking hot air. You don't know Francis at all. You're frightfully unjust to him. I never saw anyone as mean as you can be when you start. Why, Francis, he's a sticker, he's always been known as a sticker. He'll stick till Hell freezes over, he'll . . ."

"Oh, all right, if you say so," J. Charles interrupted quickly. For the second time in one day he felt himself very nearly stumped. "Tell Louis to bring the car and we'll go to the yard and find him."

The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill

A Hand-to-Hand Fight with Desert Fanatics

Illustration by
Herbert M. Stoops



NOTHING like the Battle of Omdurman will ever be seen again. It was the last link in the long chain of those spectacular conflicts whose vivid and majestic splendor have done so much to invest war with glamour.

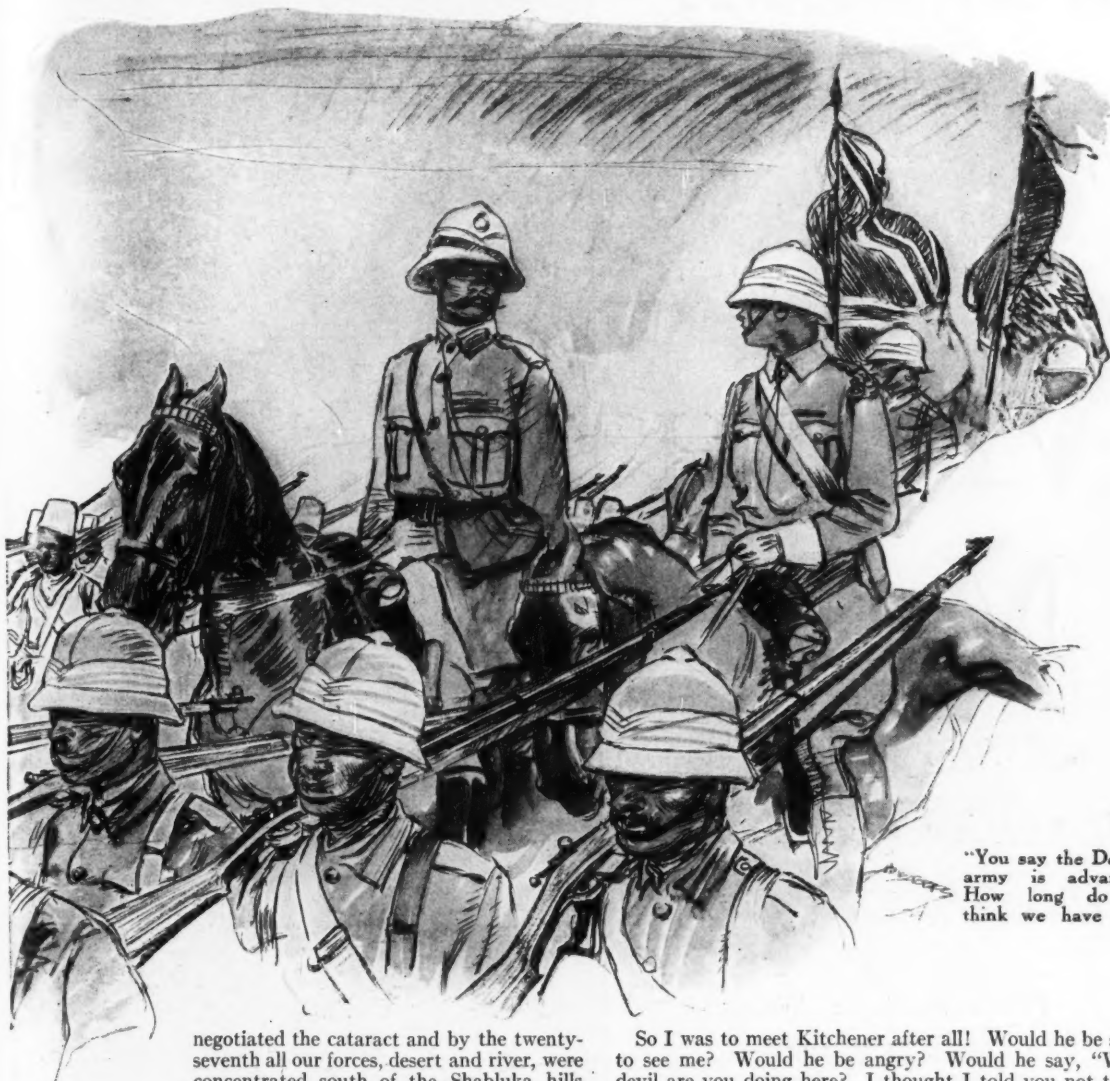
Everything was visible to the naked eye. The armies marched and maneuvered on the crisp surface of the desert plain through which the Nile wandered in broad reaches, now steel, now brass. British cavalry charged at full gallop in close order and the infantry or spearmen of the Dervish army stood upright, ranged in lines or masses to resist them.

From the rocky hills which here and there flanked the great river the whole scene lay revealed in minute detail, curiously twisted, blurred and interspersed with phantom waters by the mirage. Long streaks of gleaming water, where we knew there was only desert, cut across the knees or the waists of marching troops. Batteries of artillery or long columns of cavalry emerged

from a filmy world of uneven crystal on to the hard yellow-ochre sand, and took up their positions amid jagged red-black rocks with violet shadows. Over all the immense dome of the sky, dun to turquoise, turquoise to deepest blue, pierced by the flaming sun, weighed hard and heavy on marching necks and shoulders.

The Twenty-First Lancers crossed to the left bank of the Nile at its confluence with the Atbara in the evening of August 15, 1898, and journeyed forward by nine days' march to the advanced concentration camp just north of the Shabluka Cataract. In making the critical march through the desert those of us who, like my troop, composed the advance patrols, expected, as we infiltrated through the thorn scrub, to find enemies behind every bush. But, except for a few fleeting horsemen, no hostile sight or sound disturbed or even diversified our march. Meanwhile the flat-bottomed gunboats and stern-wheel steamers, drawing endless tows of sailing-boats carrying our supplies, had safely

On KITCHENER'S Famous Battle at the Nile



"You say the Dervish army is advancing. How long do you think we have got?"

negotiated the cataract and by the twenty-seventh all our forces, desert and river, were concentrated south of the Shabluka hills with only five clear marches over open plain to the city of our quest.

On the twenty-eighth the army set forth on its final advance. We moved in full order of battle and by stages of only eight or ten miles a day, so as to save all our strength for the collision. We carried nothing with us but what we and our horses stood up in.

At about half-past ten on September first we topped a broad swell of sand and saw before us, scarcely a mile away, all our advanced patrols and parties halted in a long line, observing something which lay apparently immediately across their path like a forest of thorn bushes. Soon we also were ordered to halt, and presently a friendly subaltern who had been on patrol came along with momentous news.

"Enemy in sight," he said, beaming.

"Where?" we asked.

"There, can't you see; look at that long brown smear. That's them." And he went on his way.

Next came an order from the support to send a subaltern whose horse was not exhausted up to the Colonel in the outpost line.

"Mr. Churchill," said my squadron leader, and off I trotted.

There was a shallow dip followed by another rise of ground before I found Colonel Martin in the outpost line.

"Good morning," he said. "The enemy have just begun to advance. They are coming on pretty fast. I want you to see the situation for yourself, and then go back as fast as you can without knocking up your horse, and report personally to the Sirdar. You will find him marching with the Infantry."

So I was to meet Kitchener after all! Would he be surprised to see me? Would he be angry? Would he say, "What the devil are you doing here? I thought I told you not to come." Would he be disdainfully indifferent? Or would he merely receive the report without troubling to inquire the name of the officer who brought it?

The prospect interested and excited me as much as the approaching battle.

Having thoroughly observed the enemy and having been told all that there was to learn in the outpost line, I started to trot and canter across the six miles of desert which separated the advanced cavalry from the main body of the army. The heat was scorching and, as I thought it almost certain we should be fighting on horseback all the afternoon, I took as much care of my horse as the urgency of my orders allowed. In consequence nearly forty minutes had passed before I began to approach the mass of the Infantry.

I paused for a moment to rest my horse and survey the scene from the spur of a black rocky hill which gave a general view. The scene was truly magnificent. The British and Egyptian army was advancing in battle array. Five solid brigades of three or four infantry battalions each, marching in open columns echeloned back from the Nile. Behind these, great blocks of men followed long rows of artillery and beyond these there trailed out interminable strings of camels carrying supplies. On the river abreast of the leading brigade moved masses of heavily laden sailing-boats towed by a score of stern-wheel steamers and from this mass there emerged, gleaming grimly, seven or eight large white gunboats ready for action. On the desert flank and toward the enemy a dozen squadrons of Egyptian cavalry at wide intervals could be

(Continued on page 152)

By *Belle Burns*
Gromer
The
MOTH
Man

*A Story of an
Impulsive Girl and
a Modern Don Juan*

*Illustrations by
Stockton Mulford*



Jeff hunched his chair closer, then proceeded, his voice

BABE CAREW plunged small, rebellious hands into the foaming suds; the summer sunlight flooded in through the kitchen windows and painted myriad colors in the bright bubbles. Far below the hillside cabin the blue loveliness of Lake Crescent flashed up at the girl and banished for a moment her frown of discontent. You sure had to hand it to the lake; it was just grand to see the little waves dancin' in the wind. She liked the lake; it almost made her forget her troubles.

Troubles . . . Her red mouth twisted into a line of disgust as she scraped the hardened yellow of egg from a plate. Yeah, them bubbles in the dishpan were pretty all right, shinin' there in the sun; but underneath was gray water, thick with grease. She piled the clean plate with the others in the agate rinsing-pan and turned to the double boiler that 'was gummed with the resistant stickiness of cold porridge. She sighed at the prospect; no use talkin', she wasn't cut out to be no kitchen queen. Gee, what wouldn't she give to be back singin' her part in the chorus of the Canary Cage Cabaret. If ever she got away from here there'd be no more dishpans in the life of little Babe.

Oh, what was the use of kiddin' herself? If ever she got away from here . . . Well, she was goin' soon . . . but not away from the dish washin'. Only difference would be that she would be doin' it in some furnished room in a dingy side street in Seattle. She shuddered at the thought. The taste of luxury

that she had known those first few months of her married life had ruined her for that.

When the last of the dishes was clean she carried the pan of water to the cabin door. Walking a little way toward the shed where Stella the cow was housed, the girl poured the water out upon the ground. Thank goodness, the greasy part was over. She hummed a few bars of a jazz song that had been the rage six months earlier, then she broke off suddenly. She wondered what the latest tune was now, back there in town. Holding the empty dishpan in her hands she stood pondering.

The jazz melody had brought her meeting with the stranger into her thoughts. Only three days ago that she'd come upon him down by the brook, but she'd seen him every day since. Gee, Jerry'd be wild if he knew. It had been so dull, though, looking after a sick man all these months; she didn't mean any harm meeting this fellow. He sure seemed to have taken a shine to her but he hadn't tried to get fresh. Some sheik, he was. Well, she knew how to take care of herself. A girl had to have a little fun once in a while or die. 'Course she needn't have met him every day. She'd promised to go for a row on the lake tonight. She'd have to think up some excuse to get away from Jerry.

With a sigh she turned back and entered the kitchen. It was all in order now. Only the dishes to wipe. She took down the clean tea-towel from its hook and attacked the wet china. Out



high with excitement: "Well, sir, we finally found the feller that was livin' there. Say, he went stark ravin' crazy."

on the porch she could hear Jeff Willets talking to her husband. Poor Jerry! Old Jeff was the only person besides Babe and the doctor that he had seen since they had come to the cabin three months earlier. Jeff kept the store at the settlement that nestled in the clearing at the end of the lake. Once a week he drove his battered flivver up the narrow, humpy road that led to their isolated clearing; he brought them their supplies and their only news of the city.

At first the doctor wouldn't let Jeff say more than, "H'are yuh, young feller?" to Jerry. When a man was just out of prison, half mad with shattered nerves and with a nasty cough that wouldn't loosen its grip, it was best to let him rest quietly. Talkative old men with news of the outside world babbling from their loose tongues were bad medicine. They had never told the doctor that Jerry had been in prison, but Babe sensed that he must have guessed it.

And now, Jerry was a different man. The cough had gone weeks earlier; the nerves were slowly building fresh armor against the future; the prison pallor had crept away before the sunlight and the clean air of the Olympics. Not that he was a well man by any means, but the doctor had driven up from Port Angeles yesterday and had said that in another week they could go back to the city . . . back to Seattle.

Babe washed out the tea-towel and hung it in the sun to dry. Out beyond the shed the chickens cackled comfortably; back

in the underbrush Stella's bell rang its cheerful note. The girl walked slowly through the other room of the cabin; leaning against the door-jamb she listened to old Jeff talking to Jerry. Her fingers ran idly up and down the side of the jamb; a nail-point snagged a scratch across them. The girl looked down ruefully at the tiny trickle of blood. She must hammer that nail point down; first thing she knew, someone would be tearing his clothes on it.

"Yeah, that there oil scandal sure beats all." Old Jeff was an inveterate newspaper reader. He loved passing the news along. "Then there's a prime minister or somethin' killed over in one of them Wop countries. Think you'll find that on page three of yestiddy's pink edition. Price of sugar's expected tuh rise sudden an' cotton's goin' down. What d'yuh think of that there murder case over in Boise? Myself, I guess that feller had it comin' to him all right, all right. An' speakin' of murders, the last Seattle paper says that Bluebeard Connor's been seen there. He's the feller that married all them women fer their money an' then killed the whole lot of 'em—at diff'rent times of course. They've found two of the bodies. Big reward out fer him but he's a slick one." Jeff paused to crunch off a generous corner from a square of plug cut before he continued.

"The Port Angeles Tribune came this mornin' an' that states that five bootleggers was caught landin' a cargo of liquor from Victoria down there last night. I like my little nip's well as the

next one, I guess, but I hope they give them fellers the limit. My Gosh, we got tuh uphold this country's laws, ain't we? An' if we favor this here booze runnin', we ain't backin' up the law, are we? Yessir. I'm one that says, give 'em the limit. This here laughin' at the law's got tuh stop."

Babe saw Jerry wince and her nerves twisted with his. How thin he looked stretched out there on the saggy old couch. Well, he'd brought it on himself. She'd had to suffer too, for his mistakes. She wondered what Jeff would say if he knew that the "young feller" he was so fond of visiting had served a year in the pen? What if he knew that Jerry with the kind smile and the tired eyes was a convicted bootlegger?

Jeff rose and pulled out a thick silver watch. "The two-sixteen stage's just about due so I'll be runnin' on. 'S right nice tuh see this young man lookin' stronger every time I get up this way, Miz Carew. I tell him he'll be diggin' ditches next. 'S long 'til Sat'day. Sure there ain't nothin' else yuh want I should bring up then?"

Babe shook her head and watched Jeff go down the path and crank his ramshackle car. He waved as he coasted off down the mountain road. The girl turned back to Jerry.

"Want to sleep awhile?"

The man nodded wearily. He was a big-boned chap of perhaps twenty-five or six. He had nice brown eyes and a heavy shock of brown hair that brushed back with just the hint of a wave. It touched Babe with a tiny shock to see him so gaunt and pale. In those first mad days when they had met and loved and married he had been so big and brown and so full of the joy of living. She had always thought of him as a tower of strength until that day when she had met the little boat that had brought him away from McNiel's Island. A year in prison had changed him terribly.

She threw the worn red afghan carelessly over him and put fresh water in the blue jug that stood with its glass on his table.

"Want anything else?" she asked.

"What was Jeff saying to you when he carried in the groceries?"

"He gave me the bill. I paid it."

"How much was it?" His voice was low.

"Six dollars an' forty cents, Jer'."

"How—how much is there left?"

"Just about enough to carry us through the week an' get us back to Seattle. Doc said yesterday that you was to stay here just as long as we could make it. I told him that he needn't worry 'bout his bill. I told him that we had the ring to fall back on."

Jerry lay very still. Babe was glad that he wasn't looking at her; it was hard for her to hide the self-pity she felt when she thought of her ring. Her engagement ring . . . An' now she had to sell it. Gee, but she loved that ring. Jerry sure had been extravagant when he bought it. He had known that she loved diamonds and he'd bought her the biggest one that he could scrape together the money for . . . all that his Uncle Tim had left him and a good bit more besides. Say, but it was a peach. Over two carats and blue-white. They kept it hidden in the cubbyhole back of Jerry's bed; when they reached Seattle they'd have to pawn or sell it. Say, it was awful to be broke.

"Well, the ring'll just about pay the doc's bills an' the others that your Dad left when he died. An' then I guess it's back to the bargain basement at Brockman's for me." There was a sullen discontent in Babe's words.

Jerry turned quickly. "Lissen, Babe,"—he sought to control his voice—"just remember that any debts that Dad left was because of me. He took care of you all while I was in McNiel's and he paid all my lawyer's bills. Besides he wouldn't have been sick and lost a good paying business like his garage if I hadn't worried him the way I did. All our family's been decent. There never was one of them in—in jail before. I guess it hurt him so that he just couldn't stand it. I'd never been wild before and I guess he couldn't understand it. An' when I think . . . how he died without me . . . If only I could've been with him . . . it wouldn't have been so hard."

"Oh, say now, Jer'. Sure your Dad was a fine man an' all. I didn't mean to kick about him." Babe's tone was apologetic.

"Of course you didn't mean it. An', hon', you don't have to go back to Brockman's if you'll only be satisfied for a while with what I can give you. I'll soon be making good money again."

Yeah, in a garage, the girl thought. A mechanic in a garage. Well, he'd been doin' that when she first met him. Then it had been different, though, because it had been Dad Carew's own garage and Jer' had had an interest in the business. It was kind of hard goin' back to bein' wife to a mechanic when you'd had your own swell bungalow an' a sporty car. If she was goin' back to the chorus, now, why that wouldn't be so bad.

"I sure wish that I hadn't left old Wisebrauer flat the way I did when we was married, Jer'." Her eyes were soft with memories. "Gee, but it'd be great if I could get back my old place at the Canary Cage. Gosh, wasn't Wisebrauer wild at me—puttin' me on the blacklist an' all. That was your fault, all right."

Jerry smiled his boyish grin. "When I saw you that first night, hon', in that cute little Southern girl costume, I knew I just had to marry you or die. My, but you were sweet. Why, I fell like a ton of brick when you danced past my table, and you didn't seem to mind so much then about leaving Wisebrauer flat. That was quick work, hon'. Only three days 'til we were married."

"Only two weeks I'd been in the chorus an' right away I had to get married. Remember what we was singin' when I first saw you? 'I'll be your Dixie Sweetie, Yankee Boy.' Oh, fella, those were the days! I'd like to be goin' back all right. I sure liked that better than the bargain basement."

"I wouldn't want you back in the chorus, Babe. I can take care of you."

Babe shuddered inwardly. Yeah, take care of her in a dirty furnished room somewhere. Even with what she'd make at Brockman's they wouldn't do any high livin'. Well, she'd spent three years in the basement before she'd gone to the Canary Cage. It wasn't as if she'd never been there.

"I guess I can get a job at the garage, all right. Kemp, that owns it now, was a good friend of Dad's. It'll seem funny to be working in Dad's garage with him not there."

Jerry sure knew all about engines. Maybe he'd make good money. Still, the doc said he'd have to take it easy just at first. He'd like his job, all right. Greasy overalls an' broken black finger nails. Ugh! Babe shivered at the thought.

"It'd be kind of nice to have the bungalow back, wouldn't it, Jer'?"

"We were happy there at first, weren't we, hon'?"

"At first? Say, I was happy there all the time. Oh, I know. I 'spose you're goin' to throw it up to me that we spent too much money runnin' with Toni an' Glad an' Dot an' the boys. Well, I had to have decent clothes, didn't I?"

"It wasn't so much the clothes, Babe. But that gang was there every night and I always paid for their parties, booze and all. It took more than I could make and the garage was paying well, too."

"At that, you didn't have to make the money bootleggin'. Dad'd have lent it to you if you'd asked him."

"You know how I felt about asking him after he'd given us the bungalow and all. I wanted you to have things . . . and somehow it seemed a good way."

"Well, when they let you off that first time with a fine, you didn't need to go an' get into it again."

Jerry didn't answer. Babe bit her lip. Oh, sure, he'd never complained much about the bills in those days, an' he hadn't cared much about the gang either. She guessed she *had* spent a lot of money on them an' on clothes. After he'd been arrested that first time she should have stuck to the budget that they'd planned, but it had been such a nuisance. In her innermost heart Babe knew that if they hadn't bought the new car and gone to the Vancouver races for a week, Jerry wouldn't have got into that second mess. She had set her heart on that sporty new roadster that she had seen in Automobile Row. Jer' had bought it for her and they had driven to the races in it. Well, Jerry had paid for it with a year out of his life. Babe never admitted even to herself that it had been more her fault than his that he had fallen that second time.

"I'm goin' for a walk," she said finally. She didn't meet his eyes. They'd had such a pleading look lately; she couldn't bear it.

"I'll sleep all afternoon. Go on down by the brook, Babe, and have a good rest. You work so hard. You've got to let me do more from now on. God, will I ever be any good to you, again?" His young eyes were desperate.

Babe came and stood over him. She knew that if she would put her arms around him and tell him that everything was coming right, his eyes would lose that driven look; but she didn't do it.

"Jer', I've told you. The doc said yesterday that you'd be all right in another week or two. It's the heat that's set you back. It's hot as the dickens in the sun, an' you walked almost a mile this mornin'. You should be glad that you could. Go to sleep now an' stop worryin'. It ain't goin' to hurt me to do my household athleticks. It's good for my figger I guess an' I might as well get used to it since it looks like I'll be doin' plenty of it before I'm through."



As Babe approached, he tossed away his cigaret and straightened to meet her. "Say, you look like a queen tonight," he called.

A hint of bitterness had crept into her voice. Jerry must have noticed, for he turned his face to the wall and did not answer.

She felt ashamed and mean as she walked through the long grass toward the edge of the timber. Jer' was such an old peach an' all, an' here she was thinkin' how swell another man looked in a Norfolk with a tight waist line. No use talkin', he was a swell dresser, this feller she'd met down by the brook. Nifty name he had, too. Carter Carson. Gee! Class to that. Class to a guy that could afford to take the Downes' cottage for his vacation. The Downses were all in Europe, but he'd rented it from an agent for a month, though he might stay longer. Funny he'd want to stay all by himself in a lonely place like the Downes' cottage. Funny he didn't want her to tell anybody she'd met

him. Say, but he'd been kind of startled an' mad that first day she'd run onto him down by the brook. Said he wanted to rest an' couldn't be bothered with people. He had seemed glad when she told him she didn't know any one hereabouts. She hadn't mentioned Jerry. Some line this Carson peddled to get her goin' so that she'd been thinkin' about him ever since they'd met.

At the top of the mountain wall that fell sheer for a hundred feet to the edge of the lake, Babe found a favorite spot at the foot of a giant pine. She settled into the soft grass and rested her back against the tree's trunk. Far below, the blue water danced in the sunlight; above, a few white clouds rested against a bluer sky. Save for a fat bumble bee that worked energetically in a near-by clover patch, there was no (Continued on page 156)

By *Albert Payson Terhune*

The **GHOST** *that*
Haunted Sunnybank

A Mysterious Story of a Dog's Devotion

Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull

I HAVE told this tale to three people only. One of them nodded approval and said: "With a snappy climax it might work up into a good yarn. But your imagination seems to have slumped, half way through it."

Of the two others, one looked polite; but the second said something vague about "fish stories."

So I have scant encouragement to tell it again. However, I am going to take a chance. I don't ask you to believe it. I am not on record as saying whether or not I believe it. I am merely going to tell it to you in the form of a group of disconnected facts and let you make your own conclusions from them.

I am not going to link up those facts into anything or air any theories. I have no theories on the subject. But I affirm the truth of the set of statements I am going to make.

Fact Number One—We had a giant cross-breed dog, here at Sunnybank, some years ago. His name was Rex.

He was larger than a collie; and he had short, fawn-colored hair. He was the only short-haired dog at Sunnybank after the death of my daughter's bull-terrier, Paddy. Perhaps you read about Rex in the article of this series in which I told of his death-battle with old Laddie in the snow-choked forests behind Sunnybank.

Rex, from earliest puppyhood, was my slavishly devoted worshiper. Everywhere I went, he followed. If I changed from one chair to another Rex would get up, quietly, and move over to where I sat, curling up on the floor close beside my chair and looking up at me.

Almost never, when I was in sight, did he take his eyes from my face.

He was not allowed in the dining-room. So, at mealtimes, he always took up his stand just outside the long French window behind my chair and peered in at me.

Bear those things in mind, won't you?—his habit of curling up at my feet, with his eyes fixed on me, and of standing outside the long window of the dining-room, looking steadfastly in at me. They come into the story again, both of them.

Also, when I was not around, his favorite drowsing-place was a patch of floor to the left of the door of my study. For years, he used to lie there. Remember that, too, please.

Rex was killed.

That was in March of 1916.

Fact Number Two—In the autumn of 1917 a friend of ours spent the evening with us. We

sat in front of the big fireplace in the living-room, warming ourselves at the blaze.

This guest, by the way, was a level-headed man, not given to queer fancies or to hallucinations. He had been mildly amused, in other years, at Rex's devotion to me, and by the big cross-breed's freak ancestry (collie and bull-terrier) and by his odd physique. He had seen Rex, again and again.

As our guest and myself were standing in the hallway while he put on his ulster, late in the evening, he said, carelessly:

"I wish some animal cared as much for me as Rex cares for you. I was watching him again tonight, curled close beside your chair in front of the hearth, and staring so adoringly up into your face. He——"

"Good Lord, man!" I sputtered. "Rex has been dead for more than a year. You know that."

He looked blankly at me, for a moment. Then, as if in a daze, he mumbled: "Why—why, so he has! I had clean forgotten! Just the same," he added, the blank look on his face deepening, "I saw him lying on the floor beside you, all this evening!"

Fact Number Three—In the summer of 1918, a man who had been in college with me came to spend a week at Sunnybank. He had been away from this part of the country for a long time. It was his first visit to Sunnybank in more than ten years.

He had never seen Rex. He had never heard of Rex. He did not know the other man of whom I have just spoken. Indeed, to the best of my belief, he knew none of the people who had been at Sunnybank in recent years.

He and I were sitting together in the dining-room one hot afternoon trying to counteract the outer heat by copious internal applications of ice-cold beer.

I sat as usual with my back to the long window. My guest was facing me.

As we got up to leave the room he asked me: "What is the name of the dog that has been standing out there on the veranda looking in at you through the window?"

"Was it Lad?" I hazarded. "It may have been Bruce or Wolf or——"

"No," he corrected me, impatiently. "It wasn't any of those. It was a dog I haven't seen here before. A great big short-haired dog—not long-coated like the rest of yours. He wasn't a collie. He had a fawn-colored coat; a coat as short as a terrier's. He spent the best part of an hour just standing there



Bruce always circled around the spot where the crossbreed used to lie.

and watching you. He's gone now. Which dog is he?" "I—don't know," I answered with entire truthfulness.

Fact Number Four—I have told you that Rex's favorite resting-place in my absence was a patch of hallway floor just to the left of the door of my study. To reach the doorway, without stepping over him, one had to veer sharply to the right, making a detour of several feet from the direct line of march from hall to study.

Now here comes something, perhaps of no significance, but whose truth I can corroborate by fully a dozen people.

Bruce was a beautiful, great, dark brown-and-white collie of whom I have written elsewhere. He was my chum. Always he lay on the study rug at my feet, while I was writing there. The study was his chosen abiding-place when he was indoors.

From the day of Rex's death, Bruce would not set foot on the spot in the hallway where the cross-breed used to lie.

To avoid treading there, he would make a circling detour on entering or leaving the study.

It was precisely as though he were walking around some unseen creature lying where Rex had been wont to lie.

Time and again, I have tested this odd trait of Bruce's. More than once when some guest was at Sunnybank—Ray Long and Sinclair Lewis and Bob Ritchie, among others—I would tell Bruce to go into the study, and would ask the visitor to watch his erratic course. Invariably, the collie would skirt widely that one tabooed spot, instead of traveling in a bee-line.

So much for my four facts. I refuse to draw an inference from any of them. I don't pretend to say whether or not any of them is significant.

They happened. That is all I can vouch for.

Add them up to suit yourself; or brand the whole lot of them as an uninteresting jumble of lies. Moreover, they can be explained, perhaps, on normal grounds. For instance:

It may be that the first man, of whom I have told you, remembered how Rex had lain at my feet in other years; and that, by some throwback of memory, he imagined the cross-breed had been there on this particular evening.

Or, by the flickering firelight, he may have mistaken one of the collies for Rex. Either of these suppositions is quite within reason.

It may be that the other guest—the man who was drinking beer with me in the dining-room—also mistook one of my long-haired collies for a larger and short-coated dog of somewhat different color.

The sunlight may have been in the man's eyes. Possibly such a mistake could have been made.

It may also have been mere coincidence that he chanced to describe a dog whose general appearance was like Rex's.

Bruce may have taken some wholly explainable dislike to treading on that one bit of hallway. He may at one time have slipped there, when the floor was new-oiled; or he may have picked up a pin or a tack there, in one of his feet.

Such a happening might have given him an aversion to that patch of flooring. The fact that Rex used to lie there may have had nothing at all to do with his avoidance of it. As for his



My guest described the dog he had seen looking at me through the window. His description fitted no dog except Rex, and yet Rex had been dead for two years.

skirting it because he was walking around an invisible ghostly animal—that idea is too absurd to touch on!

It does seem fitting, though, that the only ghost story we have to tell of Sunnybank should concern Rex, whose devotion to me in life was so extraordinary that every one noticed it, and who died in disgrace after his battle with noble old Lad.

The Bull That Thought

(Continued from page 47)

attitude—made his rush; received the point on his shoulder and then—turned about and cantered toward the door by which he had entered the arena. He said to the world:—“My friends, the representation is ended. I thank you for your applause. I go to repose myself.” Now, who—who had taught him that?

“But our Arlesians, who are—not so clever as some, demanded an encore, and Apis was headed back again. We others from his country, we knew what would happen. He went to the center of the ring, kneeled and, slowly, with full parade, plunged his horns alternately in the dirt till the pads came off.

“Christophe shouts:—‘Leave him alone, you straight-nosed imbeciles! Leave him before you must.’

“But they required emotion; for Rome has always debauched her loved Provincia with bread and circuses. It was given. Have you ever seen a servant, with pan and broom, sweeping round the base-boards of a room? In a half-minute Apis has them all swept out, and over the barrier. Then he demands once more that the door shall be opened to him. It is opened and he retires as though—which, truly, is the case—loaded with laurels.”

Monsieur Voiron refilled the glasses, and allowed himself a cigaret, which he puffed for some time.

“And afterwards?” I said presently.

“I am arranging it in my mind. It is difficult to do it justice. Afterwards—yes, afterwards—Apis returns to his pastures and his mistress—I to my business. I am no longer a scandalous old sportif in shirt-sleeves howling encouragement to the yellow son of a cow. I revert to Voiron Frères—wines, chemical manures, et cetera. And next year, through some chicane which I have not the leisure to unravel, and also thanks to our patriarchal system of paying our older men out of the increase of the herds, old Christophe possesses himself of Apis. Oh yes, he proves it through his descent from a certain cow that my father had given him before the Republic.

“Beware, Monsieur, of the memory of the illiterate man! An ancestor of Christophe had been a soldier under our Soult against your Beresford, near Bayonne. He fell into the hands of the Spanish guerrillas. Christophe and his wife used to tell me the details on certain Saints’ Days when I was a child. Now, as compared with our recent war, Soult’s campaign and retreat across the Bidassoa—”

“But did you allow Christophe just to annex your bull?” I asked.

“You do not know Christophe. He had sold him to the Spaniards before he informed me. The Spaniards pay in coin—big fat *douros* of very pure silver. Our peasants mistrust paper. You know the saying:—‘A thousand francs paper; eight hundred metal; and the cow is yours.’ Yes, Christophe sold Apis, who was then two and a half years old, and to Christophe’s knowledge thrice, at least, an assassin.”

“How was that?” I said.

“Oh, his own kind only; and always, Christophe told me, by the same oblique rush from behind, the same sideways overthrow, and the same swift disembowelment, followed by this Levitical cleaning of the horns. In human life he would have kept a manicurist—this Minotaur.

“And so, Apis disappears from our country. That does not trouble me. I know in due time I shall be advised. Why? Because, in this land not a hoof moves between Berre and the Saintes Maries without the knowledge of specialists such as Christophe. The beasts are the substance, and the drama of their lives to them. So when Christophe tells me, a little before Easter Sunday, that Apis makes his debut in the bull-ring of a small Catalan town on the road to Barcelonà, it is only to pack my car and trundle there across the frontier with him.

“The place lacked importance and manufactures, but it had produced a matador of

some reputation, who was condescending to show his art in his native town. They were even running one special train to the place. Now our French railway system is frankly execrable, but the Spanish—”

“You went down by road, didn’t you?” said I.

“Naturally—through Port Vendres. Villamarti was the matador’s name. He proposed to kill two bulls for the honor of his birth-place. Apis, Christophe told me, would be his second. It was an interesting trip, and that little city by the sea was ravishing. Their bull-ring dates from the middle of the seventeenth century. It is full of feeling. The ceremonial too—when the horsemen enter and ask the Mayor in his box to throw down the keys of the bull-ring—that was exquisitely conceived. You know, if the keys are caught in the horseman’s hat, it is considered a good omen. I observed that they were perfectly caught. Our seats were in the front row beside the gates where the bulls enter, so we saw everything.

“Villamarti’s first bull was not too badly killed. The second matador, whose name escapes me, killed without distinction—a foil to Villamarti. And the third, Chisto, a laborious, middle-aged professional who had never risen beyond a certain dull competence, was equally of the background. Oh, they are as jealous as the girls of the Comédie Française, these matadors!

“Villamarti’s troupe stood ready for his second bull. The gates opened. We saw Apis, beautifully balanced on his feet, peer coquettishly round the corner, as though he were at home. A picador—a mounted man with the long lance-goat—stood near the barrier on his right. He had not even troubled to turn his horse, for the capeadors—the men with the cloaks—were advancing to play Apis—to feel his psychology and intentions according to the rules that are made for bulls who do not think . . .

“I did not realise the murder before it was accomplished! The wheel, the rush, the oblique charge from behind, the fall of horse and man were simultaneous. Apis leaped the horse, with whom he had no quarrel, and alighted, all four feet together (it was enough) between the man’s shoulders; changed his beautiful feet on the carcass, and was away, pretending to fall nearly on his nose.

“Do you follow me? In that instant, by that stumble, he produced the impression that his exquisite assassination was a mere beast’s blunder. Then, Monsieur, I began to comprehend that it was an artist we had to deal with. He did not stand over the body to draw the rest of the troupe. He chose to reserve that trick. He let the attendants bear out the dead, and went on to amuse himself among the capeadors.

“Now to Apis, trained among our children in the yards, the cloak was simply a guide to the boy behind it. He pursued, you understand, the person, not the propaganda—the proprietor, not the journal. If a third of our electors of France were as wise! . . . But it was done leisurely, with humor and a touch of truculence. He romped after one man’s cloak as a clumsy dog might do; but I observed that he kept the man on his terrible left side. Christophe whispered to me:—‘Wait for his mother’s kick. When he has made that fellow confident it will come.’

“It arrived in the middle of a gambol. My God! He lashed out in the air as he frisked. The man dropped like a sack, lifted one hand a little towards his head, and—that was all! So, you see, a body was again at his disposition; a second time the cloaks ran up to draw him off; but, a second time, Apis refused his grand scene. A second time he acted that his second murder was accident and—he convinced his audience. It was as though he had knocked over a bridge-gate in the Marshes by mistake. Unbelievable? I saw it.”

The memory sent Monsieur Voiron again to the champagne, and I accompanied him.

“But Apis was not the sole artist present. They say, Villamarti comes of a family of actors. I saw him regard Apis with a new eye. He, too, began to understand. He took his cloak and moved out to play him before they should bring on another picador. He had his reputation. Perhaps Apis knew it. Perhaps Villamarti reminded him of some boy with whom he had practised at home. At any rate Apis permitted it—up to a certain point. But he did not allow Villamarti the stage. He cramped him throughout. He dived and plunged clumsily and slowly, but always with menace, and always closing in.

“We could see that the man was conforming to the bull—not the bull to the man; for Apis was playing him towards the center of the ring, and, in a little—I watched his face—Villamarti knew it. But I could not fathom the creature’s motive.

“‘Watch,’ said old Christophe. ‘He wants the picador on the white horse yonder. When he reaches his proper distance he will get him. Villamarti is his cover. He used me once that way on the Marshes.’

“And so it was, my friend! With the clang of one of our own Seventy-fives, Apis dismissed Villamarti with his chest—breasted him over—and had arrived at his objective near the barrier. The same oblique charge; the head carried low for the side-sweep of the horns; the immense sideways fall of the horse, broken-legged and half paralyzed; the senseless man on the ground, and—behold Apis between them, backed against the barrier—his right covered by the horse, his left by the body of the man at his feet! The simplicity of it! Lacking the carts and tractors of his early parade-grounds he, being a genius, had extemporised with the materials at hand, and dug himself in.

“The troupe closed up again, their left wing broken by the kicking horse, their right immobilised by the man’s body which Apis bestrode with significance. Villamarti almost threw himself between his horns, but—it was more an appeal than an attack. Apis refused him. He held his base. A picador was sent at him—necessarily from the front, which alone was open. Apis charged—he who, till then, you realise, had not used the horn. The horse went over backwards, the man half beneath him. Apis halted, hooked that man under the heart, and threw him to the barrier. We heard his head crack, but he was dead before he hit the wood.

“There was no demonstration from the audience. They, also, had begun to realise this Foch among bulls! The arena occupied itself again with its dead. Two of the troupe irresolutely tried to play him—God knows in what hope!—but he moved out to the center of the ring.

“‘Look!’ said Christophe. ‘Now he goes to clean himself. That always frightened me.’

“He knelt down. He began to clean his horns. The earth was hard. He worried at it in an ecstasy of absorption. As he laid his head along and rattled his ears, it was as though he were interrogating the Devils themselves as to their secrets, and saying impatiently:—‘Yes, I know that—and that—and that! Tell me more—more!’

“In the silence that covered us, a woman cried:—‘He digs a grave! Oh Saints, he digs a grave!’ Some others echoed this—not loudly—as a wave echoes in a grotto of the sea. And, when his horns were cleaned, he rose up and studied poor Villamarti’s troupe, eyes in eyes, one by one, with the gravity of an equal in intellect and the remote and merciless resolution of a master in his art. This was more terrifying than the toilette.”

“And they—Villamarti’s men?” I asked.

“Like the audience, were dominated. They had ceased to posture, or stamp, or address

The tonic of vegetables! The vigor of meat!



The iron and the mineral salts which are richly stored in fine selected vegetables! The invigoration, the quickening of appetite which makes broth of choice meat so valuable as well as so welcome to the taste! Here is a dish which is wonderfully wholesome and nourishing.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup tempts and invites the appetite. Fifteen different vegetables, cereals that build strength and muscle. Fresh herbs and seasoning to make it even more tempting. Thirty-two ingredients of a quality that must meet the Campbell's rule—the best that money can buy.

21 kinds

12 cents a can



LUNCHEON

DINNER

SUPPER

Campbell's SOUPS

insults to him. They conformed to him. The two other matadors stared. Only Chisto, the oldest, broke silence with some call or other, and Apis turned his head towards him. Otherwise he was isolated, immobile—somber—meditating on those at his mercy. For some reason the trumpet sounded for the *bandilleros*—those gay hooked darts that are planted in the shoulders of bulls who do not think, after their neck-muscles are tired by lifting the horses. When such bulls feel the pain, they check for an instant, and, in that instant, the man steps gracefully aside.

"Villamarti's *bandillero* answered the trumpet mechanically—like one condemned. He stood out, poised the darts and stammered the usual patter of invitation. I do not assert that Apis shrugged his shoulders; but he reduced the episode to its lowest elements, as only a bull of Gaul could. With his truculence was mingled always—owing to the shortness of his tail—a certain Rabelaisian abandon, especially when viewed from the rear. Christophe had often commented upon it.

"Now, Apis brought that quality into play. He circled round that boy, forcing him to break up his beautiful poses. He studied him from various angles, like an incompetent photographer. He presented to him every portion of his anatomy except his shoulders. At intervals he feigned to run in upon him. My God, he was cruel! But his motive was obvious. He was playing for a laugh from the spectators which should synchronize with the collapse of the human morale.

"It was achieved. The boy turned and ran towards the barrier. Apis was on him before the laugh ceased; passed him; headed him—what do I say?—herded him off to the left, his horns beside and a little in front of his chest. He did not intend him to escape into a refuge. Some of the troupe would have closed in, but Villamarti cried:—'If he wants him he will take him. Stand!' They stood. Whether the boy slipped or Apis nosed him over I could not see. But he dropped, sobbing. Apis halted like a car with four brakes, struck a pose, smelt him very completely and turned away.

"It was dismissal more ignominious than degradation at the head of one's battalion. The representation was finished. Remained only for Apis to clear his stage of the subordinate characters. Ah! His gesture then! He gave a dramatic start—this Cyrano of the Camargue—as though he were aware of them for the first time. He moved. All their beautiful breeches twinkled for an instant along the top of the barrier! He held the stage alone!

"But Christophe and I, we trembled! For, observe, he had now involved himself in a stupendous drama of which he only could supply the third act. And, except for an audience on the razor-edge of emotion—he had exhausted his material. Molière himself—we have forgotten, my friend, to drink to the health of that great soul—might have been at a loss. And Tragedy is but a step behind Failure! We could see the four or five Guarda

Civiles who are sent always, to keep order, fingering the breeches of their rifles. They were but waiting a word from the Mayor to fire on him, as they do sometimes at a bull who leaps the barrier among the spectators. They would, of course, have killed or wounded a few people—but that would not have saved Apis."

Monsieur Voiron drowned the thought at once, and wiped his beard.

"At that moment Fate—the Genius of France, if you will—sent to assist in the incomparable finale, none other than Chisto, the oldest, and, I should have said (but never again will I judge!) the least inspired of all. He was mediocrity itself but, at heart—and it is the heart that conquers always, my friend—at heart an artist. He descended stiffly into the arena, alone and assured. Apis regarded him, his eyes in his eyes.

"The man took stance, with the cloak, and called to the bull as to an equal:—'Now, Señor, we will show these honorable *caballeros* something.'

"He advanced thus against this thinker with four feet who at a plunge—a kick—a thrust—could, we all knew, have extinguished him. My dear friend, I wish I could convey to you something of the unaffected bonhomie, the humor, the delicacy, the consideration bordering on reverence even, with which Apis, the supreme artist, responded to this invitation. It was the Master, wearied after a strenuous hour in the atelier, unbuttoned and at ease with some not inept but limited disciple. The telepathy was instantaneous between them. And for good reason!

"Christophe said to me:—'All's well! That Chisto began among the bulls. I was sure of it when I heard him call just now. He has been a herdsman. He'll pull it off.'

"There was a little feeling and adjustment, at first, for mutual distances and allowances. Oh yes! And here occurred a gross impertinence of Villamarti. He had, after an interval, followed Chisto—to retrieve his reputation. My faith! I can conceive the elder Dumas slamming his door on an intruder precisely as Apis did. He raced Villamarti into the nearest refuge at once. He stamped his foot outside it, and he snorted: 'Go! I am engaged with an artist.' Villamarti went—his reputation left behind for ever.

"Apis returned to Chisto saying:—'Forgive the interruption. I am not always master of my time, but you were about to observe, my dear confrère? . . . ' Then the play began.

"Out of compliment to Chisto, Apis chose for his objective (every bull varies in this respect) the inner edge of the cloak—that nearest to the man's body. This allows but a few centimeters clearance in charging. But Apis trusted himself as Chisto trusted him, and, this time, he conformed to the man, with inimitable judgment and temper. He allowed himself to be played into the shadow or the sun, as the delighted audience demanded. He raged enormously; he feigned defeat; he despaired in statuesque abandon, and thence detonated into fresh paroxysms of wrath—but

always with the detachment of the true artist who knows he is but the vessel of an emotion whence others, not he, must drink. And never once did he forget that honest Chisto's cloak must be to him the gauge by which to spare even a hair on the skin.

"He inspired Chisto too. My God! His youth returned to that meritorious beef-sticker—the desire, the grace, and the beauty of his early dreams! One could almost see that girl of the past for whom he was rising, rising to these present heights of skill and daring. It was his hour too—the miraculous hour of dawn returning to gild a sunset.

"All he knew was at Apis's disposition. Apis acknowledged it with all that he had learned at home, at Arles and in his lonely murders on our grazing-grounds. He flowed round Chisto like a river of death—round his knees, leaping at his shoulders, kicking just clear of one side or the other of his head; behind his back hissing as he shaved by; and once or twice—inimitable!—he reared wholly up before him, while Chisto slipped back from beneath the avalanche of that instructed body.

"Those two, my dear friend, held five thousand people dumb with no sound but of their breathings—regular as pumps. It was unbearable. Beast and man realised together that we needed a change of note—a *dénote*. They relaxed to pure buffoonery. Chisto fell back and talked to him outrageously. Apis pretended he had never heard such language. The audience howled with delight. Chisto slapped him; he took liberties with his short tail, to the end of which he clung while Apis pirouetted; he played about him in all postures. He had become the herdsman again—gross, careless, brutal, but comprehending.

"Yet Apis was always the more consummate clown. All that time (Christophe and I saw it) Apis drew off towards the gates of the *toril*—where so many bulls enter but—have you ever heard of one that returned? We knew that Apis knew that, as he had saved Chisto, so Chisto would save him. Life is sweet to us all. To the artist who lives many lives in one it is most sweet.

"Chisto did not fail him. At the last, when none could laugh any longer, the man threw his cape across the bull's back, his arm round his neck. He flung up a hand at the gate—as Villamarti, young and commanding but *not* a herdsman, might have raised it—and he cried:—'Gentlemen, open to me and my honorable little donkey.' They opened—I have misjudged Spaniards in my time!—those gates opened to the Man and the Bull together, and closed behind them.

"And then? From the Mayor to the Guarda Civiles they went mad for five minutes, till the trumpets blew and the fifth bull rushed out—an unthinking black Andalusian. I suppose someone killed him. My friend, my dear friend to whom I have opened my heart, I confess that I did not watch. Christophe and I were weeping together like children of the same Mother. Shall we drink to Her?"

A Knight in Armor

(Continued from page 93)

He brought himself to watch sideways the tense bundle of human emotion while the car skimmed the level highway at thirty-five or forty.

To lose this dear, fine-drawn daughter of his to this fellow, who would take her away from him for good! Impossible to hit it off with a young man so full of conceit that he was perfectly willing on nothing at all to walk off with Sandy. Let him wait until he earned her. That would be safe enough. While this fellow was fiddling around he could marry her to Jim Nicholson, one of his vice-presidents, and keep her under his wing. With Sandy next to him he felt young and happy, and the comfortable sense of his success and experience

was on top of it all. To be young, he reflected, was an awful thing—never to know where you stood; to be as uncertain as a ship without sail. But to feel young, that was the ticket. Nicholson was the one to help him hold on to Sandy.

Then he remembered she thought Nicholson a dull companion, of no use at all except on the golf links, where he played a sound, accurate game. And he realized at the same moment the possible reason for his intense distaste for Francis. Gosh! It seemed he was interfering for his own selfish motive with two beautiful young people who might know what was best for themselves.

Again he made the move to take his daugh-

ter's hand and with uncanny perception of his change of heart she let him have it.

They swung through the gates of the plant and glided to a standstill beside the night watchman rooted in the black cinder roadway. J. Charles straightened up. "Open the foreman's office," he commanded.

"Daddy, let's go right to the place where he was working."

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute. We'll take a look at the time sheet first. Tell us the whole story." J. Charles felt sorry for what was going to happen. But the best thing for her was to get a line on the fellow quick, and have it over with. Sandy dug her white heel into the dirt, withdrew it blackened



Extra help on wash day!
The combination of splendid soap and naptha in Fels-Naptha gives you an extra cleansing value you cannot get in any other form.

Why do women believe in the extra goodness of FELS-NAPTHA?

Extra goodness that gives them deep, sweet cleanliness in their clothes. Extra goodness that makes washday easier on their clothes—easier on themselves.

Women just know they get *extra* washing help from Fels-Naptha. They have proved it and are proving it today just as their mothers did before them.

There's a reason for this *extra* goodness—this *extra* washing help that Fels-Naptha gives you.

Fels-Naptha is more than just "soap." It is splendid soap and *naptha*. Two great cleaners working together—helping each other. Naptha loosens the dirt. Soapy water flushes it out. So easily—so safely—so thoroughly done!

That's why nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha in so many homes—for the family wash—for those little daily washings of stockings, handkerchiefs, dainty underwear and baby's things.

A great many women are learning every day that they get more washing help for their money in the golden bar of Fels-Naptha than they can get in any other way.

Can you afford to be without this extra helpfulness?

PROVE for yourself the *extra* goodness of Fels-Naptha. Get a bar from your grocer's—or send 2c in stamps for a sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR © 1924, Fels & Co. Philadelphia



Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell



The original and genuine naptha soap comes in the familiar red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

somewhat and followed them into the building, where her father drew forth a sheaf of papers held tightly together by a steel clamp. He pulled out one and studied it with care, handling it respectfully as a bank clerk leisurely examines a bank-note.

"Well?"

"He put in the day, all right," he announced. "Looks that way." Then to himself, "Be fair," he said, "be fair!"

"Of course, he did."

"Apparently," he added, "he's still working." "Your old piece of paper!" She took it from him rudely.

"Nothing, I mean, to show when he quit."

"He didn't quit." Sandy threw the sheet away and it wavered to the floor. She turned on the night watchman, who stood still, his jaws clamped tight in the manner of one who is used to rows of all kinds: "You take us as quick as you can to the place he was working."

"Yes, miss," he replied, not moving.

"Division 4. Hams." In a businesslike tone from the father.

"Just a step," he soothed. "See everything there is . . . no sense, anyway . . ."

They trailed along the path between high-windowed walls, and entered another building. At the end of a cement corridor they mounted some iron steps to a steel platform, where a door was opened that gave on to a dim and hollow space. Cool air came out at them as from a cellar.

This was the chute room for secondary hams, not quite the finest flower of the industry, but good enough for beaneries of the way-station class, to which they were sold steadily at a narrow profit. It had been a cost-cutting idea of J. Charles himself long ago to ship them in a simple, unwrapped state distinguished only by his thin metal tags. "Each operation personally supervised" was one of his slogans and, accordingly, the tags were punched in by hand as the hams slid down from the floor above and followed the narrow chute on their way to the next dispensation. They came in single file, clean and smooth as cakes of ice in a runway, and the tagging was normally an orderly affair as precise as parade. When the automatic door lock sprang one minute after closing, the place should be empty, clean as a whistle.

In the streaking light which descended into the depths, the three saw a strange sight. The whole room seemed to be heaped high with hams. From the highest point of the chute and overflowing from it on both sides streamed senselessly the dark, awkward-shaped things. They were piled at the bottom in horrid confusion. "What the devil!" The president of the Peerless and Union Interstate added another to the miserable surprises of that checkered day. In his plant!

"If the young lady—" began the night watchman.

"Where's Svenson?"

"Daddy, he's there! I see him!"

Slipping past them the girl suddenly clattered down the steps that led to the bottom of the place and sprang to the rescue of her Francis. There he was in the uniform of the plant lying half-hidden in the dusky heaps with one arm claspng a ham tightly, his white face turned upward as if in peaceful sleep.

They carried him out of doors, and sat him down. Thereupon he opened his eyes and looked from one to another, slowly.

"I'm all right. Needn't bother," he muttered. Sandy laid her wet cheek against his.

Then he carefully got up on his feet, wavering a little, and stepped clear of them all. His blond hair stood up straight from his forehead. The uniform bagged loosely about him. Ignoring Sandy he addressed the president of the Peerless, etc., with dignity.

"I've learned," he said, with mysterious menace, "quite a lot about the packing business. It interests me. It really does. There are things, however . . ." At this point, he swayed and sat down.

"Francis! Francis!" cried Sandy, wildly.

"We'll take him home at once," muttered

J. Charles. The baffled mood of the morning had now settled over him for keeps.

The household showed its mettle and proved itself first-class by the blank, smooth manner in which it accepted the doings of the evening. Francis was helped from the automobile, bathed, presented with the appropriate clothes for a complete grooming, and in less than an hour disposed in the broadest wicker armchair on the porch, looking a picture of refined and promising youth that suited Sandy down to the ground.

She was contented just to look at him, to have him there all comfortable, and, as she said to herself, so sweet. She ate him up with her eyes. Half sitting, half lying in a deep affair of purple chintz, she gave herself up to the pleasure of examining him in detail. His adorable profile, his long slim legs, his ears set so closely to the sleek sides of his head, his deep blue eyes with a glint of gray in them—eyes aimed not at all at her but at the thick grass rug in front of him.

As far as Francis was concerned she might not have been there. He lifted the long iced drink beside him and took a final swallow. Then spoke to her father. "I feel that I ought to thank you, sir, for . . ."

"Don't mention it," interrupted J. Charles, briskly. "Glad you're feeling all right again."

"I don't mean all this trouble I've given you—my passing out—and so on—though I'm ever so grateful. I meant . . ."

"Yes?"

"Well, you know this has been a big day for me. A very big day. Something has happened to me that never happened before in all my life. Yet I'd counted on it, too."

"How's that? I don't believe I get you at all," said J. Charles, moving about restlessly.

"It's funny how a thing will stick in your mind and be part of you deep down," Francis went on thoughtfully, "though you never do anything about it till the time comes. Years ago at college—"

"Two. At the most, three," considered J. Charles, with fatalistic quietness.

"—I had a long talk with an upperclassman who was going away. He was kind of contemptuous. He said the trouble with college fellows is they have never been up against it. Until a man has been up against it he isn't a man at all. Just a kid, he said. Wise-crackers, the lot of them, he said about my best friends in the place. I always thought I was the exception—until today."

"Mr. Svenson got me fixed up with a white suit and put me on to the proposition. He told me to stand by the chute and showed me how to make a play for 'em as they came down, spear 'em with a tag, and give 'em a good-by shove. He did it himself for a while. It seemed to be dead easy. Just a couple of moves. I got along all right while he was there. When he was gone I got a pain in my back. Sometimes they came so darn fast I had to work like lightning or they'd start to get ahead of me and gum things up horribly. It didn't do to think about anything else. If I even glanced up along the chute for a second I had to hump more than ever. The idea was to be automatic. Like a brainless machine."

"I figured I'd sort of drop into the notion as the day went on, but instead of that it got harder and harder. It made me nervous to think I mightn't last till quitting time. I began to feel shaky in my legs and sometimes I didn't nail 'em right off and had to do it over. And then a terrible feeling hit me all of a sudden of what it would be to fall down on the job. I got a flash-back right then and there of my friend talking in college about being up against it, and I knew this was it. I'd never been up against it before—this was the real thing."

"Funny, sir, but I began to feel all hopped up again. It was a high spot. Exciting. Very. The line of hams coming at me like boulders over a cliff. Jabbing 'em with the old right arm. The struggle to make it. The big thrill. Hams come from hogs; I thought of

that. I saw myself standing against the lot of them. The onward march of the hogs, almost irresistible. The man with his back against the wall, alone, fighting. Like an epic. I realized what a poem I could get out of it."

"March of the Hogs! Bring in the lowest in eternal combat with the highest. Most bestial of beasts, mere swine, threatening to down the highest product in the scale of Nature—a Man! Say in a dramatic epic what philosophers and scientists have been trying to tell us for ages about the real danger the world is facing—the chance that the grosser, inferior part of creation may lick the finer in the long run; swamp 'em. That's what the earth is—is—up against."

Francis stumbled at the last phrase. It brought him back from his imaginative flight to the last tense moments of his experience.

"I know," he finished, apologetically, "I didn't get away with the job. Svenson told me his boy of seventeen was good at it, too. I'm a rotten failure in the packing business but I've got something out of it that will make us all talked about more than any packing plant was ever talked about before."

"I've got," came from J. Charles in a manner he tried to make casual, "my own ideas of publicity."

"Yes, sir."

"It wouldn't do."

"You mean you wouldn't be for it; you wouldn't help me to put it across?"

"I've made a big mistake about you, Francis," said J. Charles, calmly. "You've got something, and I didn't realize it. Lots of people can handle hams. You can't."

"I know."

"But anyone who can think up a line of publicity that would do us so much damage, make us a laughing-stock, set people to thinking there was something phony about the packing business—anyone who can get that way is capable of putting over a really swell idea of just the opposite kind."

"I don't know," said Francis, "what you mean."

"You want to marry my daughter—?"

"I'll do anything."

"We'll make a bargain."

"Yes, sir."

"You shut up about what happened to you today! Don't mention it to anyone. I can't have people talking. I can't have poets writing about the marches of the hogs and sell hams at the same time. You might spoil their appetites. You go to work in my promotion department tomorrow and learn to write words that count. Learn to pull in business, to pep up prosperity for the Peerless and Union Interstate, and after six months of that you can marry Sandy if she still wants you."

With this final emphatic sentence J. Charles walked out abruptly and vanished down the steps into the darkness of the rose garden.

A second later Sandy sprang up, cut off with a light finger the switch of the electric light, and immediately threw herself on the silent and motionless form of Francis. She seemed to cover him like a soft cloud and her perfume and warm breath came about him deliciously and her lips touched his forehead and eyes and cheek and finally rested on his lips and there stayed. They lay still in the warm darkness.

The weight of the girl caused Francis to shift his position a little. His feeling was utter happiness, but his thoughts were mixed, and he was clever enough not to speak them. "I've got her," he exulted. "The angel! The darling!" And then the gray thought. "This must be the way these things are settled. Marriage. I've no choice now but to do what he wants."

Sandy said hers out loud.

"Darling, I knew we'd have each other. Nobody could keep us apart." Another thought. "You're my Knight. I always think of you that way. You won't ever—ever—get to be like Jim Nicholson, will you?"

"I'll surely try not to," replied Francis, humbly, and then he put his arms around her so tight that nothing could possibly be thought or said by either of them.



Your skin need not fade and grow old as some inanimate substance would do. Each day it renews itself—each day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. Keep this new skin, as it forms, in healthy condition, and you will have through life "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Is the beauty of a woman's skin as frail and fleeting as it seems to be?

ONE thinks of a beautiful skin as something fragile, delicate, easily damaged, quick to fade.

Yet no covering ever made by man has the same wonderful endurance as the human skin.

The skin is a living tissue—this is what gives it its great resistive power. As fast as it wears out it is able to renew itself. Each day old skin dies and new takes its place.

Keep this new skin, as it forms, in healthy condition by giving it the best care you can. Don't grudge the few minutes' time it takes to use the right method of cleansing. You will be a thousand times repaid in seeing how your complexion will gain in freshness and beauty.

Proper cleansing will help you to overcome common skin defects, such as blemishes, blackheads, conspicuous nose pores, etc., and will

keep your skin soft, smooth and clear.

To free your skin from blemishes

Blemishes are one of the commonest skin troubles arising from an outside source.

To free your skin from blemishes, use the following treatment every night, and see how helpful it will prove:—

JUST before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes; then rinse thoroughly, first with clear, hot water, then with cold.

Special Woodbury treatments for

each different skin need are given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin the right treatment for your skin tonight! A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. For convenience' sake—buy Woodbury's in 3-cake boxes.

For ten cents—a guest-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
1612 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:
A trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1612, Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.
English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name
Street
City State
Cut out this coupon and send it to us today!

The Heart of a Follies Girl

(Continued from page 59)

York. We'll go and see all the lands they write about. We'll throw coconuts at the parrots in the banyan trees and sleep under the Southern Cross. We'll be a couple of bums, and you'll love it; you know you will, Teddy."

"Would they always be looking for you, watching for you?"

"Yes—I suppose so. But I don't think they'd look very hard. I'm not a very important—criminal. Nor a very well-known one. It would be mighty complicated and expensive to bring me back, even if they found me."

"And you have three years more to serve—how well I know."

He could feel her deep breaths, shaking her slim body as it lay against him.

"You've got to go back," said Teddy O'Day.

He laughed, and his head flung back in that wayward, reckless way she knew. "Teddy, you're mad, sweetheart. What's got into you? Come on. Let's get your clothes together. We'll take a taxi and ride around a little while. Perhaps that'd be safer. And it would be cool. We can go aboard early."

Teddy O'Day stood up wearily, pulling her dress down about her hips with trembling hands.

"I'm not going, Dirk," she said.

"Teddy!"

"I'm not going."

"You mean you don't love me enough to—give up— You mean you don't want to go with me? My God, Teddy—it isn't because there's someone else—"

"How dare you?" said Teddy O'Day with quiet scorn.

"I didn't mean that, precious. You've handed me such a jolt, sweet. I don't understand. You're my wife. And I know you love me. And you'd let me go alone—"

"Oh, no. Because you're not going, either, Dirk. You're going back—to where you came from tonight. And you're going—to—stay—three—years."

"You're crazy."

"No. No. Don't you see? Can't you see why? I can see so plainly—so plainly."

"Teddy, you pretend to love me, and you want me to go back to that hell on earth for three more years? You know what I've suffered. At least you know as much as anyone can who hasn't been through it, and you want me to leave you when I've fought my way to freedom and be locked up again like an animal in a cage? You can't mean that, dear—you just can't."

The girl shuddered, but she did not once waver.

"Don't. It only hurts and it can't change what I know in my heart. I love you. It's more than that—I worship you. You're my life. That's why I see so plainly that you can't go ahead with this thing. You made a mistake, Dirk. A bad one. But you aren't a criminal. And I can't let you brand yourself a fugitive from justice, an outcast, a man without a country. Three years is a long time—but we're young, my darling. Young—young. We've all life ahead of us. Let's start clean at the end of those three years and make something—splendid out of our lives. Not start with a sword above us and spend our remaining years sneaking about like hunted rats. I can't let you."

"Dirk—were you guilty of what you were sentenced for, or weren't you?"

Their eyes met. The hazel ones fell, and she stretched out her hands to ward off the hurt.

"Well, what if I was?" he said, bitterly. "I made a damn fool mistake. I took money that didn't belong to me, because I thought I could pay it back. That's all. It's so old it's stupid. But I thought I could get away with it. I thought I was smarter than the other fellows

that had tried it. That's the answer to all the stupid, silly, rotten things men do. But—I'll pay back the money."

Teddy shook her head. "It's paid back," she said, and went to the window and stood with her eyes cast down into the quiet New York street, that she might not see the shame in his face. Her boy—who so loved to lord it over life, who so loved to dare and win. Her boy, who had lost so terribly.

"You paid it back?"

"Of course. Didn't you know I would? Not all—but a good deal. It'll all be paid soon now."

"Why did you, Teddy?"

She smiled out into the darkness. "Oh, just because I'm a queer fish. I may be dumb, but don't forget I had a pretty good line on why you went south with that jack in the first place."

"Precious—it wasn't for any reason. New York got to me, that was all."

"No. You took it to spend on me. I know. You wanted to show me a good time, according to the way you'd heard a Follies girl wanted to be shown a good time. I know, dear. I always knew."

He went and put his arm about her and they stood so, both remembering those divine days of their first love.

He had come to New York and started to make a hit instantly as an ad writer. A brilliant, reckless boy, swept off his feet by his first success and by the sight across the footlights of Teddy O'Day and by all the alluring, mesmeric promises of New York.

The bright lights and Teddy O'Day had belonged together. They were a heady combination for a boy who had been brought up somewhere south of the Mason and Dixon line. And Dirk Calhoun had been reading, along with the rest of the world, the Sunday supplement life story of a young millionaire who had wooed, wedded and divorced the queen of the Follies—the very girl who danced next to Teddy O'Day in the chorus. The six months had cost the young millionaire a quarter of a million dollars.

And so Dirk Calhoun had set out to startle and amuse Teddy O'Day, as hard-boiled as the Sphinx, as wise as the Serpent, and very weary of men and champagne and white light dance palaces. There was no new thing beneath the white lights for Teddy O'Day.

It was the boy himself who won her, with the very things that were not of Broadway. His fresh and violent young love. His clean-cut, enthusiastic young face, with its aristocratic nose rounded at the end, and his firm young mouth, with its short upper lip. Those were the things he had to offer Teddy O'Day—youth and love and romance and enthusiasm.

And she took them, with both wise young hands.

He proposed to her in a taxicab in the Park and that began the new life for both of them. A revelation of themselves to each other.

But by that time the damage had been done.

"We only had those few short months, didn't we, Dirk?" she said softly. "It seems so little. And yet it was so much—so heavenly much. I must be worthy of it. You were guilty. We were both guilty. There isn't going to be any joy in life until we've wiped it off the slate."

"I have paid," he cried out. "Good God, Teddy—a year in that place. A year away from you, when every moment ached for you and every drop of blood in me cried out for you. A year of separation. Can't you see?"

She shut her eyes. "Dirk, I can see just one thing. This is our country. This is our town. It's a great country and a good town. It's a little mad just now, but underneath it likes the things we've always stood for—a game fight, a square deal. We belong here. We're going to

stay here. We're going to take up our lives before the people who know us, and we're going to win for ourselves the happiness we've only tasted.

"I'll stand by you every inch of the way, Dirk. You know that."

"But I won't run away with you. I won't see you grow hungry for your own people, your own tongue, your own work among men. I won't see you go down-hill, drifting, homeless, cheap, into the thing I know you have it in you to become."

He tried to put his arms around her.

"Sweet-sweet. Oh, Teddy, don't. You don't know. Don't condemn me like that. Don't sentence me again. Don't send me back there. If I go this time, it'll be because you sent me. Remember that. You'll have to know every day that we could have been happy somewhere, just we two, if you hadn't sent me back. Come with me, darling. I'll make you happy."

The siege was beginning to tell upon her. She called bravado to her aid. "You sound like one of our best sheiks," she said, trying not very successfully to smile, "but you're wasting your breath."

"Teddy—remember, I'm free now. I'm here with you, in your arms, we're holding each other. We can go in there and lie down, side by side, as husband and wife should. We can sleep as we used to sleep, in each other's arms. We can wake to each other's kisses. If I go back, you can't undo it. Tomorrow night, you'll be alone and no amount of suffering can bring me back. I'll be—locked up again."

She looked then suddenly very little and almost old.

"I know. But, Dirk—suppose there should be another war. Would you like to sit somewhere eating bananas, while the boys were marching up the Avenue? You're sort of proud of—what you did in the war."

"I know—but, Teddy, that's over, anyway. I'm done. I'm branded. My trial. My good name is gone. They'll never let me come back."

"Bunk," said Teddy O'Day, of Brooklyn and Forty-second Street. "Bunk. I never saw anybody yet that couldn't have a chance in New York if they kept their chin up."

She left him then and went into the bedroom. Dawn still seemed a very long ways off. The tides of battle had shaken her, wounded her. She did not know just why she was fighting, why she was tearing her heart to pieces for some abstract thing she did not very well understand.

When she had put on her little white nightgown and her cheap cotton kimono, she went to the door and saw him, his head bowed upon the mantel, his shoulder shaking.

And then suddenly Teddy O'Day knew why she had fought through the long night hours, and why she would go on fighting.

"Darling," she said, and held out her arms. "Darling—don't you see? It's because someday, I hope there won't be just we two. And I'd like to have my sons and daughters born—somewhere near the Statue of Liberty. That's the kind of a fool I am."

And then, in that little time left before dawn, it seemed to Teddy O'Day that she must die if he went away again. The time was so short, so short for the telling of all the love vows, for the healing of all his wounds, the expression of all her love.

And yet, when the dawn came and found them clinging in a last embrace, their eyes were quite dry and their lips were rather quiet, in spite of the ashen hue of things.

"Goo-by, Jim, take keer yourself," said Teddy O'Day.

"Goo-by, Teddy," said her husband. "I'll be back."

He was a "dinner bum"—a down-and-outer. On New Year's Eve a man and woman out of his palmy days crossed his path. Irvin S. Cobb tells a dramatic story of these three for the next COSMOPOLITAN.

The lovely Vicomtesse de Frise discusses her method of caring for her skin



"CHARM and loveliness, which depend so largely upon an exquisite complexion, add immeasurably to a woman's social influence. Fortunately every woman may possess a lovely skin. But she must give it the right care, a delicate cleansing and a soft protection. These, in my judgment, can best be had by the use of Pond's Two Creams. I use them constantly and find them indispensable to the freshness of my complexion."

Vicomtesse de Frise

A PIQUANT intellect, wit and natural tact plus social experience in the exclusive circles of London, Paris and New York have made the Vicomtesse de Frise one of the most delightful hostesses in Society's younger married set.

Realizing that "charm and loveliness depend largely upon an exquisite complexion" and learning of Pond's Method of caring for the skin, she tried the Two Famous Creams which Pond's laboratories have for years been perfecting. They precisely met her needs as they are meeting the needs of beautiful society women everywhere.

And now the Vicomtesse declares: "I use them constantly and find them indispensable to the freshness of my complexion."

The first step in this famous method of skin care is a *Rejuvenating Cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream*. Always after exposure and every night, spread it liberally over your face and neck, letting the pure oil sink deep into the pores to rid them of dirt, dust, powder and rouge. With a soft cloth, wipe it all off. Never mind if you are horrified at the dirt; just do it again. Now how deliciously soft and fresh your face is!

And now the second step—always before you powder, always before going out, smooth on a feathery film of Pond's *Vanishing Cream*. See what a lovely finished tone it gives your skin. And now watch how well your powder goes on, with a smoothness that makes your skin just rose-leaves. It stays, too. For hours you'll hold that lovely finished look. Moreover, this delicate greaseless cream smoothed on under your powder before you go out, shields you from the coarsening effects of wind, dust and cold. It gives your skin that "soft protection" the Vicomtesse deems so essential.

Keep your youth and loveliness. Buy Pond's Two Creams today. You'll soon find them as "indispensable to the freshness of your complexion" as the Vicomtesse de Frise has found them to her own. The Pond's Extract Company.



Girlishness, simplicity and social poise give the Vicomtesse de Frise a fascinating personality. She attributes the exquisite freshness of her skin to the daily care she gives it with Pond's indispensable Two Creams.

THE DUCHESSE DE RICHELIEU MRS. JULIA HOYT
THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI MRS. CONDÉ NAST
MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT MRS. CORDELIA BIDDLE DUKE
MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, SR.
LADY DIANA MANNERS

are among the other women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed their approval of the Pond's Method of caring for the skin, and of Pond's Two Creams.



Pond's Two Creams—used by society women to keep young and lovely

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon at once and we will send you free tubes of these two famous creams and full instructions for following Pond's Method of caring for the skin.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. M,
141 Hudson St., New York

Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Tobacco that says "Merry Christmas" to pipe-smokers

Each year a number of Edgeworth Club members make a practice of distributing their favorite tobacco among friends as a Christmas remembrance. In some cases Edgeworth happens to be the recipient's "steady" tobacco. In other cases the gift serves as an introduction to Edgeworth—in fact, we know of instances where it has created a rabid new member of the Edgeworth Club.

To supply the gift spirit to Edgeworth at Christmas time the makers have provided appropriate wrappings for the 16-ounce glass humidor jar and the 8-ounce tin. Each contains Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. Each is packed in a good-looking decorated gift carton printed in colors. Prices—\$1.65 for the 16-ounce jar. The 8-ounce tins are 75c each. Please ask your tobacco dealer for the Edgeworth Christmas packages. If he will not supply you, we gladly offer the following service to you:

Send us \$1.65 for each 16-ounce jar, and 75c for each 8-ounce tin to be shipped, also a list of the names and addresses of those you wish to remember, together with your personal greeting card for each friend.

We will gladly attend to sending the Christmas Edgeworth to your friends all delivery charges prepaid.

For yourself—It's just possible that you are not personally acquainted with Edgeworth. If that is so, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company. We shall be glad to send you free samples—generous helpings both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

Smoke a few pipefuls and judge for yourself whether or not you wish to become a permanent member of the Edgeworth Club.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

For the free samples, kindly address Larus & Brother Company, 61 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also include the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one or two dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



Babies by the Stars

(Continued from page 27)

birth-date rather than by his name. Of course, Evangeline knew what he meant, and hastily consulted Mr. Murphy's horoscope.

"I see that conditions are very unfriendly to his stomach," she answered. "He ought to look out right now for acute indigestion."

"Oh, I guess he's all right," the voice replied; "he was yesterday."

Two days later, the district leader called up again.

"What do you see now for June 20th?"

Evangeline consulted her charts and found that the crisis had just passed.

"It's all over now," she announced, "he's either dead or all right."

"He's dead," came the husky answer. "Not four hours ago—of acute indigestion."

"The stars," commented Evangeline, "are great diagnosticians! Surgeons often ask me the best time to perform an operation—and I have never known a case where astrology's advice was followed that the operation went wrong. It is quite possible, for instance, to avoid hemorrhages or the terrible nausea, which so often follows the taking of ether, by having the operation done under proper planetary conditions. Surgeons have often told me that they really believe I have the key to why an operation, which they have every reason to think will go without a hitch, turns out to be a failure; and vice versa. They can't explain it medically—but I can astrologically."

"But when it comes to having babies by astrology," she continued, "the stars can only do the telling. The father and mother must do the doing. They must both cooperate. The mother is usually willing enough, but the father—well, some men aren't as patient as they might be."

"I have a stenographer, of whom I am very fond. Perhaps you saw her when you came in. Well, she had been planning for a long time to marry a young man in Salt Lake City. The man is all right; well fitted to her. And I have encouraged her in the match both as a friend and an astrologer. But I advised her to wait a bit, because her young man was coming under bad conditions financially."

"So she decided to postpone the wedding. But when she wrote to her fiancé that the stars suggested delay, she got a wire right back:

"Let the stars wait. I can't."

"Of course," laughed Evangeline, "we astrologers can't expect much help from that type of man."

"What happened to the marriage?" I asked.

"What would you expect? The day was set for this week—Tuesday. The girl gave her notice and was turning over her desk to her successor, when she received another wire from Salt Lake. It read:

"Must postpone wedding. Have lost job."

"When that young man's romance reaches the baby stage," concluded Evangeline, "I hope he has more respect for the stars."

"I hope so, too," I found myself agreeing.

"Here is a letter," she said, rummaging energetically among the horoscopes and elephants, and coming up triumphantly with a sheaf of correspondence, "which came to me today from a trained nurse. The case isn't exactly in point but it indicates rather conclusively that astrology does have advance information—even about babies."

"Many years ago at the Copley, in Boston, you read my horoscope and I sent a friend or rather a patient to you who was in her forty-ninth year and married many years, childless. You told her she was to have a child born in the year 1910, and she went away incredulous. And now she encloses me a check to get a delineation for that child—born Boston, Mass., Suffolk County, 4 o'clock September 9, 1910."

Evangeline stopped just before she reached the signature—for she never violates the

confidence of her correspondents—and beamed at me across the elephants.

"Two years ago, a woman came and told me that she was going to get married. I urged her strongly to delay the ceremony on the grounds that her conditions for marrying were the worst they'd be for twenty-one years."

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

"I mean that there will be something wrong about your marriage—something impractical or perhaps illegal."

"Of course, she laughed at me. She had found her *beau idéal*, and she married him. The other day she came in again."

"You were right," she said, "about not marrying that man."

"What was the matter with him?"

"Nothing much," she smiled grimly. "He was just a bigamist."

"What planet suggests bigamy?"

"I won't answer that one," she smiled, "but I don't mind saying that if you want your child to be rich and powerful and generous and possessed of good judgment, you'll arrange to have him born under Jupiter."

"You speak as if astrology could almost determine a child's profession."

"It can. Writers and salesmen are usually born under Mercury; engineers and bridge builders under Mars. And what is quite as important to a woman, astrology indicates the profession of the man she is going to marry. For example, let me read you this:

"Six or seven years ago I had the pleasure of having you read for me. At that time, you told me that I was going to marry a doctor. I protested. But you persisted in your statement, adding: 'And you will not be married for five, six or seven years.' Wanting to believe what I wanted I did not believe in your stars, and went away determined to marry a merchant who was then in the 'offing.' But I did not marry my merchant. Instead, seven years later I married an ear, eye, throat and nose specialist from Vienna, with whom—thanks to you and your stars—I am blissfully happy."

"You mustn't think," laughed Evangeline, "that my advice is always to postpone marriages—or babies. More often, I am thankful to say, it is the other way round. Last week, a girl came in, weeping because she didn't think she could afford to have a child. Her husband was of the same opinion. He had even suggested an operation which would prevent her from having babies."

Evangeline's eyes softened as she thought of the scene which had taken place in the room where we now sat.

"I sent for that husband. 'Go ahead and have babies,' I said. 'You'll support them all right.'"

"How did you dare take that responsibility?"

"Because the mother's horoscope indicated that babies would be very lucky for her. Instead of being a liability, they would be an asset. Their very presence in that family would mean more money, more advancement, more luck."

"The other day," she said very slowly, as if she were counting each word, "a woman sat in the chair where you are sitting, and gave me the birth dates of two children. I went through the usual process of consulting reference books and scribbling calculations. Then I put away the charts."

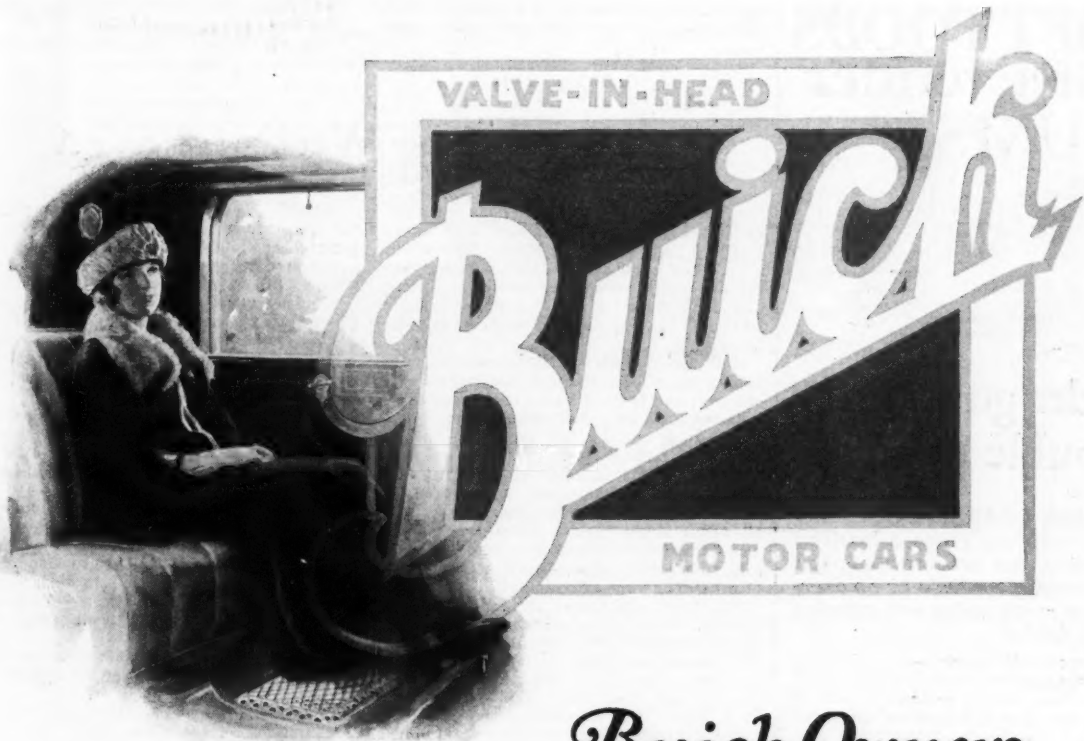
"There's no use my reading these horoscopes," I said.

"Why not?" asked the woman.

"Because both of these children are dead—dead by drowning."

The caller had given her the dates of the two Duncan children, who lost their lives when the dancer's automobile catapulted into a river!

"How much better it would have been,"



Buick Motor Cars, each with every one of the well known Buick features, are now offered at these new values.

Standard Sixes

Open Models

2-pass. Roadster . . .	\$1150
5-pass. Touring . . .	1175

Closed Models

5-pass. Double Service Sedan . . .	\$1475
5-pass. Sedan . . .	1665
4-pass. Coupe . . .	1565
2-pass. Double Service Coupe . . .	1375

Enclosed Open Models

(With Heaters)

2-pass. Roadster . . .	\$1190
5-pass. Touring . . .	1250

Master Sixes

Open Models

2-pass. Roadster . . .	\$1365
5-pass. Touring . . .	1395
7-pass. Touring . . .	1625
3-pass. Sport Roadster . . .	1750
4-pass. Sport Touring . . .	1800

Closed Models

5-pass. Sedan . . .	\$2225
7-pass. Sedan . . .	2425
5-pass. Brougham Sedan . . .	2350
3-pass. Country Club Special . . .	2075
4-pass. Coupe . . .	2125
7-pass. Limousine . . .	2525
Town Car . . .	2925

Enclosed Open Models

(With Heaters)

2-pass. Roadster . . .	\$1400
5-pass. Touring . . .	1475
7-pass. Touring . . .	1700

All prices f.o.b. Buick Factories
Government Tax to be added

Buick Owners
find their cars as comfortable as they are safe and powerful. This feature is provided not alone by fine cushions and tufted upholstery, but by special Buick spring suspension, even balance, low-pressure tires and excellence of construction which characterizes Buick throughout.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of
Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in All Principal
Cities—Dealers Everywhere

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT,
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

SOFT FOODS cause tender GUMS



tender gums bring trouble to teeth

ROUGH, COARSE FOOD once gave to the gums a healthy stimulation, but modern food, soft and creamy, gives little or no exercise, and gums today are growing soft and flabby.

They are unable to cushion and nourish the teeth correctly, and in consequence, teeth today are less healthy—more subject to decay, to pyorrhea and to other infections.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Ask any dentist. He will tell you how tooth troubles due to soft gums are on the increase. Probably he will also tell you that Ipana is the great enemy of the "pink toothbrush" and how he prescribes its use to keep the gums healthy and firm.

In stubborn cases of soft and spongy gums, he may also advise a gum massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziralol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and to keep them firm and healthy.

Send for a Trial Tube

Ipana not only takes care of your gums, but cleans the teeth perfectly. And its taste, as you will find if you send for a trial tube, is unforgettably good.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

Bristol-Myers Co.
Dept. H-12
42 Rector St.
New York
N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without obligation on my part.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



said Evangeline solemnly, "if I could have read those horoscopes before the poor babies were born."

"Before they were conceived," I corrected.

June Week

(Continued from page 51)

the flag went down, and as the bugle notes and the brassy sweetness of the band died away, Dory felt happy tears in her eyes. Now what?

Well, now some of them were jamming into the cars—they were going somewhere before dinner, "just for two secs." But Dory didn't climb into the cars, and neither did young Mr. Raleigh.

Both their fathers had died when they were twelve—wasn't that strange? Tom was twenty-one now, and Dory of course only nineteen.

Tom was squarely built rather than tall, and dark-haired, and he had dark eyes and a pleasantly burned face. His voice was the pleasantest Dory had ever heard in her life. Whenever he passed anybody he must salute—the little ceremony thrilled her. She learned all about sleeve stripes—three for a commander, two for a lieutenant. And "Oh," she said, innocently awed, "what tremendously broad stripes for a rear-admiral!"

The town was full of excitement, full of visitors. Dory walked along at Tom's side lightly, easily; she was not tired, she felt as if she were walking on air.

"Your cousin Mrs. Marriam is sort of a tragedy, isn't she?" Tom said.

"Katty?" Dory looked surprised.

"Yes. I understood—you know the brother, Prent Percival, is in the Academy—or was, rather—and I thought he said his sister was unhappy—something about a divorce—"

"Katty? Oh, I'm sorry," Dory said. "I wondered where her husband was! I've never met him. Oh, I'm sorry! And you say my cousin Prent was in the Academy. Isn't he going to graduate?"

"Well, no, I guess not," Tom answered uncomfortably. "Not this year. But they've got pull," he added reassuringly, "they'll get him into next year's class, again!"

"Again? Do you mean he failed last year, too?"

"Well, yes—in a way. Prent's awfully attractive, but I guess he doesn't—settle down much. Mrs. Marriam was saying something about it today. I think they feel pretty bad."

"Dear me, that's hard on Aunt Harriet!" Dory commented mildly. "The only son disappointing them, and the daughter unhappily married. Katty's got a little girl, too. All their money doesn't seem—"

But they could no longer consider the lives of others. Their own was too utterly, too absolutely absorbing.

Katty came into Dory's room before the late dinner, saying merely, "Here."

The word referred to an armful of frocks; Dory looked at them dazedly. An exquisitely simple black lace, with a little drip of scarlet fringe cunningly inserted at the shoulder and belt; a white linen, crisp and plain, a scalloped blue mull, deliciously limp and soft, with a faded pink velvet rose at the belt. And there was a white crash hat, small and soft, and a broad blue hat with another faded velvet rose.

"Oh, but Katty—Katty!"

"Take them, my dear child. The instant my eye fell on you I knew why I hadn't thrown them away. I hate them all. This one hasn't been worn twice, I assure you. It was born with that weary French look."

"Oh, but Katty—"

"You're quite lovely in that blue—I knew you would be." Katty sat near the window, lighted a cigaret, glanced casually down at the darkening street, through which hilarious groups occasionally wandered with laughter and singing. "You ought to be named Daisy," she said, inconsequently, with her sweet, rather weary smile.

"Yes, before they were conceived."

This time neither of us laughed.

"The only safe way," concluded Evangeline, "is to hitch your baby to a star."

"Daisy?" Dory flushed happily, in her mirror. She had her rich reddish hair loosened and lying on her white shoulders.

"Because there's something very innocent and fresh about you."

"I'm nearly twenty," Dory said. She was thinking that perhaps all midshipmen "rushed" a girl for June week; perhaps Mr. Raleigh meant absolutely nothing by it, would not even come to ask for a dance. Of course he wouldn't! A girl would be a fool—

"I'm twenty-eight," said Katty. "But sometimes I feel ninety!" Tears came into her eyes, she quite unaffectedly brushed them away—and smiled. "Well!" she said in a different tone, "so you like June Week?"

Dory felt that her arrival three hours ago was already a lifetime in the past.

"Oh, Katty, the—I don't know—the beauty of it," she stammered; "and the sunshine, and all these men rushing about in their white clothes, and the bands—it's just— Well, it's the most fascinating thing I ever saw in my life!" stammered Dory.

"I remember feeling that way about it," Katty said dreamily. "Did you see my baby?" she asked abruptly.

"Little Jean? Yes, I did," Dory said quickly. And thinking of the rather small, dark, unfriendly little thing in the nursery, she added diplomatically, "She's cute."

"She has a nasty nurse—I think I must let her go," said her mother. "Mother hates her, and yet Mother feels that she doesn't want to make an enemy of the woman—do you see?"

"I see," Dory agreed, seeing nothing at all. In the pause she asked shyly if "Mr. Marriam" was in Annapolis.

"No, he's not," Katty answered, still looking away. "And I don't know where he is, or care—as long as it isn't where I am!" she added in a low tone.

"Oh—?" Dory wondered.

"Yes, it's as bad as that," Katty admitted sadly, knocking off cigaret ash with the tip of her finger, and still staring absently into the waving tree-branches above the street. "It's been practical divorce for years. Now it's simply reached the point where—"

Her voice trailed into somber silence.

"Oh, too bad—" Dory submitted shyly.

"Yes, it is too bad, in a way. But I was brought up in a household with a man and woman fighting," Katty said after a brief pause. "And anything's better than that!"

"You mean your father and mother?" Dory asked. "Aunt Harriet and Uncle Robert?"

"Exactly. You know they've been separated for years—practically; although they live in the same house, and keep the surface smooth. It's almost killed my mother. My father just openly goes about with this woman—"

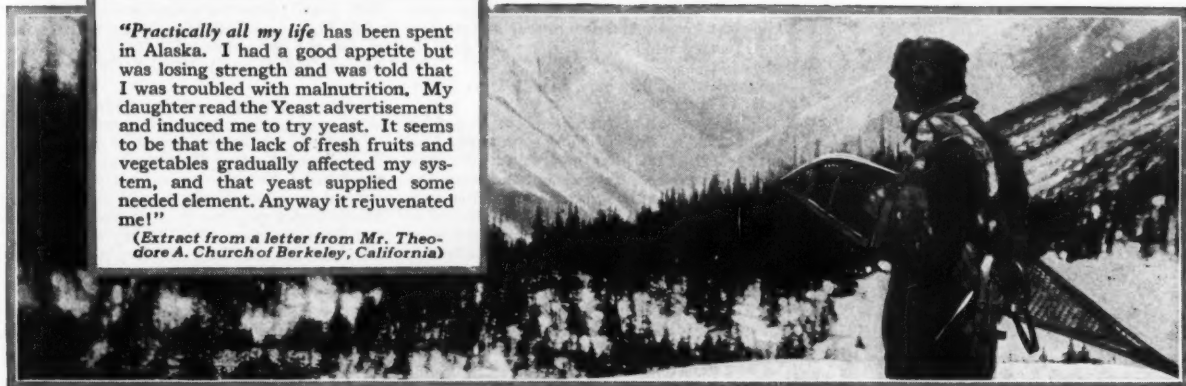
Katty sketched the details, and Dory flushed. This was the sort of conversation Mother discouraged, yet it was undeniably stimulating.

"I think my mother is the wretchedest woman in the world," Katty went on, thoughtfully. "My father just absorbed the best years of her life, and then flung her aside. She used to be quite beautiful. She's always been hungry for love, and a quiet life, and affection—and she always hoped for it, for me. And now to have my marriage a wreck."

"And then there's my brother, Prent. You know Mother was determined that he should get through the Academy, took this place just for that reason, entertained—and Prent has failed twice! He should have graduated with last year's class, and it's just about finished Mother not to have him graduate with this!

"Practically all my life has been spent in Alaska. I had a good appetite but was losing strength and was told that I was troubled with malnutrition. My daughter read the Yeast advertisements and induced me to try yeast. It seems to be that the lack of fresh fruits and vegetables gradually affected my system, and that yeast supplied some needed element. Anyway it rejuvenated me!"

(Extract from a letter from Mr. Theodore A. Church of Berkeley, California)



Incredibly simple! yet - thousands are finding their health again in just this way

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation — or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this

simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work — invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Health is yours once more.



"Being a physician I realized that I had Chronic Gastritis. After eating, I always experienced a feeling of distress and depression, which led to pain. Life was a battle and an agony. When Yeast was suggested, it seemed to hold no prospect of final restoration to health, but good logic prompted me to take it. I began by eating one cake of Fleischmann's Yeast after each meal. I triumphed: for, in two months my sufferings ended, and since then I have felt no pain or discomfort."

(A letter from Captain Joseph Finberg, Medical Corps, Chicago)



"My body has frequently been unable to keep the pace my energetic mind has set. In college I received the honor of Phi Beta Kappa, but with an enforced year's rest before my senior year.

"One day while turning the pages of a magazine I read a Fleischmann's Yeast advertisement. It gave me resolution. I began eating yeast regularly.

"Very gradually at first I improved: then with leaps and bounds physical vigor came flooding back to me."

(A letter from Miss Stellita Treadwell of Memphis, Tenn.)



"I am a regular walking, talking advertisement for Fleischmann's Yeast. All my life I have been practically an invalid, due to constipation. When Fleischmann's Yeast was recommended to me, I ate three cakes a day. And after six weeks' treatment was cured.

"The cure has been permanent. I don't think there is a greater example than myself of what Fleischmann's Yeast can do for one, suffering as I was for 37 years with chronic constipation and all the ills that follow."

(A letter from Mrs. W. C. Matthews of New Orleans, La.)

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

— before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day — spread on bread or crackers — dissolved in fruit juices or milk — or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form.

All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. K-11, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.





A CAP hurrying fingers can't drop

SHAVING headquarters offer you a new convenience: a shaving cream cap that you can't lose. No other shaving cream has this cap, just as no other shaving cream has these three qualities in the cream itself:

- a lather that's heavier, that softens all of every hair all the way through—quick!
- a lather that lubricates, that eases your razor over the surface of the skin without pulling or drawing.
- last, a lather-ingredient in Williams that benefits the skin, keeps it smooth and comfortable.

Williams is a pure, natural-white cream entirely free from coloring matter. It is made by shaving soap specialists who are the acknowledged leaders in this field.

The Large Size tube of Williams is 35c. Double Size tube is 50c, containing twice as much cream.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Glastonbury, Conn.

The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada), Ltd.,
St. Patrick St., Montreal

Williams

Shaving Cream



AQUA VELVA is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. For free trial bottle write Dept. 912.

She's all broken up about it—she had such hopes for Prent. And now my father says he's done with Prent . . ." Her voice died to silence.

"Prent's awfully handsome," Dory interpolated, in the pause.

"Yes, but he's absolutely spoiled," said his sister. "He was one of those Fauntleroy children—Mother idolized him. And now he's weak, I suppose. Anyway he runs with the wrong crowd, and he's gotten into trouble once or twice, and he says—he says he's engaged to a girl here, a girl who *really* is impossible, a common little thing in the candy store who was mixed up with some married man a few years ago."

"And that, of course, is absolutely the *finish*, for poor Mother. She says now that she's going to give up this house, and leave Prent to his own devices, and go to Paris for a year, and I suppose I'll go too. But the difficulty is—Here," Katty interrupted herself suddenly. And she came to the dressing-table, and with her beautiful ringed white hands began to arrange Dory's hair. "Here, you want it sort of pressed down against your temples—it's gorgeous! Look at it ring itself against your forehead. The difficulty is," pursued Katty, working gently and expertly with Dory's head, "that Dick Marriam is one of these breezy, boyish men that win sympathy on all sides. Everyone thinks he really wants another chance, and of course he is crazy about the baby. So that it may mean one of those horrible fights—publicity—There, look at yourself!"

Dory looked in the long mirror on the dressing-room door, and a smile of deep, of almost ashamed delight deepened into a dimple at the corner of her red, red mouth.

She saw mahogany hair cunningly sprayed into rings and curves about a broad white forehead; she saw dark blue eyes shining with a misty new beauty; she saw her own scarlet mouth dimpling, her young body made tall and shapely in the knowing simplicity of the slim silk gown; she saw her breast rise on the happy breath that caught her when she realized that this was what Tom Raleigh would see.

"There, now, did you ever look as pretty as that before?" Katty demanded, departing. Dory's own wild thought was a prayer that she might die before any disappointment, neglect, jealousy crept in to mar the heavenly dream.

Floating downstairs, she saw her Uncle Robert for the first time in years; had just a glimpse of the groomed, immaculately dressed man who lounged in a library chair, with his son sunk into another chair near him. Young Prent was evidently up for a grilling. Dory heard the older man ask:

"What kind of a damn fool do you think I am, anyway, Prent?"

She went on, trembling a little. Prent's face had been only a shade less dark and forbidding than his father's. Would everything go on serenely?

Aunt Harriet and a small, neat, eyeglassed, gray-headed Professor were in one of the drawing-rooms, loitering in a twilight window.

"Professor Willebrandt, my niece Miss Prentice, who is spending June Week with us," said Aunt Harriet, approving Dory's appearance with eyebrows and smile. Dory began to be youthfully and deferentially polite to the Professor.

But here were the merry Ashford girls, who now rushed in joyfully. Wouldn't Mrs. Precival and Katty lend them Dory? They were going to a reception on board the U. S. S. Cincinnati; "piles" of men would be there; they needed more girls. Please, please, mightn't they have Dory Prentice?

Fluttered, chattering as familiarly with them as if they had known each other three years instead of three hours, Dory was whirled away. Out on the sparkling water, on board the big battleship. Pretty girls and officers and laughter and chatter; tea in the wardroom; and happiness—and happiness. And when a crowd of them went to see the ship's plane,

Dory heard two of the midshipmen speaking in an aside; ". . . Isn't she? But Pop Raleigh's in on the ground floor. He just casually annexed her, at the Percivals' this aft . . ."

Katty had tears in her eyes when she kissed Dory good-by on Sunday afternoon.

"Having you here has sort of made June Week," said Katty. "It reminded me of how wonderful I thought it was, ten years ago!"

Prent gave her a book to read on the train. Aunt Harriet gave her presents for Elizabeth and Jane, as they called Betsey and Jenny. Dory did not see Uncle Robert; business had called him to New York on Friday.

It was hot weather, languid weather. Dory met the Wilsons in New York, and went on with their married daughter and the two babies that night.

She was very sweet with the Wilson grandchildren, knowing about their little needs, pleasantly responsive to their mother's conversational overtures. But she was in a dream.

Night in the hot, cindery Pullman. But even now Dory did not open her book. She lay quite contentedly, even ecstatically, wide awake, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming:

Champagne ran in her veins, her whole body felt airy, felt oddly light and free. Neither the future nor the past engrossed her; she was merely living the moment, the exquisite, unbelievable moment that was hers. The car was early astir in the warm summer morning. Dory heard the Wilson grandchildren cheeping like restless birds. Presently they were all having breakfast at the shaking little snowy table. And then—home.

Mart met her, in the blue spring afternoon sweetness of the clear, big mountains, rattled her the country mile in the muddy flivver. Dory strangled him with a kiss; he told her she looked sorter pretty somehow. Then she was in her mother's arms, Betsey and Jenny were arresting their busy fingers while they listened entranced. The flood-gates were loosed.

They were in the dooryard, under the big trees; Mother in her usual dark blue calico, chickens chirping and wandering about, shafts of sunlight falling through the new green handkerchiefs of the maples.

Cool familiar air smote Dory's flushed face refreshingly; cool familiar voices quieted her whirling brain. She took off the new hat and the white gloves; and laid them on the suitcase, and said that she would go in, in a second, and get into something comfortable. She sat at the long work table opposite her mother, and occasionally clasped her own hands rapturously, and occasionally caught at her mother's.

"And you *did* have a good time, darling?"

"Oh, Mother—if you only knew! I've just been in *Heaven*. Oh, I've missed you all so—!"

"We've a shock for you, Dory. Poor Mr. Judson was killed yesterday—*isn't* that sad? Leaving those four little children . . ."

"Oh, isn't that awful!" Dory said, wide-eyed.

"And Bob's father is dying—given only a few days to live," said Betsey seriously. Betsey the sister with the yellow braids and the long, slender neck, was twenty-four, and engaged to Bob.

"Oh, isn't that awful. Oh, Mother, speaking of old men reminds me that I met an adorable admiral, who knew father's father *well*—called him 'Jimmy Prentice', wasn't that wonderful? And I told him Mart was going to the Academy next year, and he said they'd all have to look out for him—"

"You met an admiral—my hat!" Jenny said, half envious, half delighted, not at all incredulously. "Where would *you* meet an Admiral?"

"Oh, my dear, I met *everybody*! You haven't the slightest *idea* of the scale Aunt Harriet lives on, and how perfectly wonderful they all were to me! I met the Secretary of the Navy—honestly I did." Dory gave an exultant laugh. "It was all *perfection*!" she said. "They lead a—well, simply an ideal life, down there! Annapolis—well, you'd simply adore it!"

Seven women out of ten are using a wrong shade of face powder

THE natural loveliness in every woman's skin can be enhanced by the right use of the right shade of the right powder. I will tell you the shade of powder for your skin.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

THE shade of powder you should use depends on the natural tone of your skin.

In a general way there are four distinct tones of skin found among American women—the medium, the very dark, the white, and the pink skin. And because of this fact there are four shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder—a right shade of powder for every typical skin.

The Medium skin. This skin is harder to determine than others, for it is frequently found with light or dark hair, light or dark eyes, or combinations of middle shades.

The medium tone of skin is pleasantly warm in tone, with faint suggestions of old ivory, and fleeting suggestions of sun-kissed russet.

Medium skins need the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. If you are hesitating whether you have a light skin or a dark skin, the chances are that you really have a medium skin, and should use the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The White skin. This is the milk-white skin that is quite without trace of color except where the little blue veins show. It appears only in certain types of very blonde-haired people, very black-haired people, and most often with red hair.

This is the only skin that should ever use White powder, and even these women will be more effective in using White Pompeian Beauty Powder for evening only—using Flesh or Naturelle for daytime.

The Pink skin. Most women who have a pink skin become sensitive about it as they approach the thirties, for then the youthful pink may deepen and result in a too-high coloring.

However, this is a skin that can be turned



This woman has a medium skin, and so is choosing the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder

into a definite asset of beauty if it is properly treated.

Women with pink skins often make the mistake of using a white or a dark powder—they should always use the pink tone of powder—the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. This shade tones in with, and at the same time tones down, the pink of the skin.

The Olive skin. Many artists think there is no type so beautiful as the clear, dark skin we frequently see in beautiful Spanish or Italian women. The shade of powder for this rich skin is Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Why women prefer Pompeian Beauty Powder

Many women, beginning to use powder, have through frank affectation of being "different"

started with the use of a face powder that is almost prohibitive in price. They find they get more protection, more satisfaction, and can practice a justifiable economy in using a powder of less price, and equal, if not greater, merit. Its odor is exquisitely evasive—a tantalizing suggestion of lovely perfumes. It may be obtained at toilet goods counters everywhere. The price is 60c the box. (Slightly higher in Canada.)

Pompeian Beauty Powder is made from the finest selected ingredients. It has an exceptional adhesive quality that women appreciate, and that assists in keeping the skin well covered over an unusual period of time.

The New Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact

Thousands of women who are devotees of Pompeian Beauty Powder will welcome the news that this powder is now available compacted in a new, smart, refillable case.

The new Pompeian Powder Compact is a graceful, round, golden-finished case—thin, of course, to avoid ugly bulging when carried in pocket or bag. The top is engraved in a delicate design, the cuttings filled with violet enamel—a color typical of the regal purple of the Pompeian packages. The

mirror in the top covers the entire space, to give ample reflection—and the lamb's wool puff has a satin top. Refills are of the usual Pompeian quality. The new Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact is \$1.00 (slightly higher in Canada).

Get 1925 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples

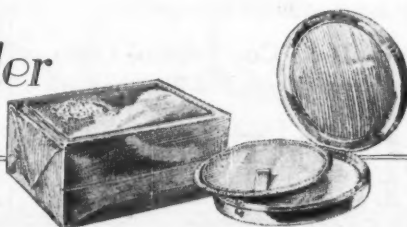
This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 28 x 7½. Done in color by a famous artist; worth at least 50c. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.



(Top half shown)

Pompeian Beauty Powder

© 1924, The Pompeian Co.



POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2237 Payoc Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (dime preferred) for the new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Shade of face powder wanted? _____



Champions for Christmas



Champion is the standard spark plug for Ford Cars and Trucks and Fordson Tractors. Recognized by dealers and owners for 12 years as the most economical and efficient spark plug. Sold by dealers everywhere.

A full set of dependable Champion spark plugs is a Christmas remembrance that every motorist will appreciate because he recognizes that changing spark plugs once a year is a vital factor in proper car maintenance.

Champions will make certain that the recipient will get greater pleasure from his car because a new set of Champions will greatly improve engine performance.

Mark it on your list *now* to send a set of Champions to your motoring friends. Your regular equipment dealer will supply you with the sets of Champions for any engine, attractively packed for Christmas.

**Champion X for Fords is 60 cents.
Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents.
(Canadian Prices 80 and 90 cents)**

More than 90,000 dealers sell Champions.

Champion Spark Plug Co. Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Co. of Canada, Ltd. Windsor, Ont.

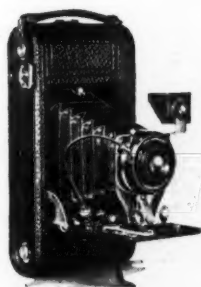
CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

"But did you go to the Graduates' Ball; that's what I want to know?" demanded Jenny.

"Did I go? I was—well, wait until I tell you! I don't know where to begin! Well, in the first place, Aunt Harriet and Katty know everybody, and their house is a perfect rendezvous, and everyone says that their crowd is the nicest there! And—this was more *fun!*—one night when we were dancing—but this was just a sort of informal dance, not the Cotillion—and those Cotillions are really the most brilliant affairs that are ever given in America, that is, they're official, and everybody wears decorations, you know, and—well, they're simply *brilliant!*—but this was at the Tuesday night dance, and that was the day I heard these two men say that about Mr. Raleigh—Ensign Raleigh he is now!—Mr. Raleigh being 'in on the ground floor'—and imagine, I had no idea that they were talking about me; or rather I *did* suspect it, but I'd only met him about four hours before, so that it did really take my breath away! But listen, Mother, so then—but that was the next day, or else it was Friday. Yes, it was Friday—you can't imagine what fun we had! The weather was simply *perfection*, and of course all the men wear white, and the flags are up, and the bands are always playing, and—I don't know!—there's always something to do, don't you know? Well, anyway, this Mr. Raleigh spoke to me about this other man, Ensign Harrison, asking me if I'd wear his pin. He was a sort of crazy fellow, but awfully funny! We had been singing—and wasn't that lucky, Betsey, you know the way we all sing, summer nights, here? Well, of course I knew all the words of everything, 'Old fashioned Wife,' and 'Won't You Wait 'Til the Cows Come Home,' and all the old ones, too, 'Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes,' and 'In the Evening by the Moonlight'—and that was funny, too, because Mr. Harrison said, 'Well I see we have the girl Song Manual with us!' Only he said it so funnily—Well, anyway, I had on the linen dress—you'll see it when I unpack—and Ensign Raleigh and I were wandering along a little behind the others—and by this time they were all teasing us, and saying that it was funny how we managed to get separated from them, and all that! Oh and I forgot to say that Thursday night, when we were having supper at the house of those perfectly lovely girls, the Ashfords, I was just singing along with the rest, and Mrs. Ashford, who was accompanying us, turned around and said, 'Here, I want Theodora to sing the words alone, and you can all come in on the chorus!' and—it was the Marseillaise, and you know how impressive the words are, and it did sound—well, Mr. Ashford said it brought the tears to his eyes, and he said he had been trying to find a name for his new sweet-pea—he is mad about his sweet peas!—and he said he would call it the 'Theodora' because he knew now that that meant 'Gift of God,'—wasn't that sweet of him? Well, anyway, when I was telling Tom Raleigh that I wouldn't wear Mr. Harrison's pin, because I said that wearing a man's pin would really *mean* something to me, he said—he's sort of dark and serious, yet he's lots of fun, too, and they say he's the most popular man that ever went through the Academy—he said, so *nicely*, that he wouldn't want me to wear it unless it did mean something to me— Don't you think that was a sweet sort of thing to say, Mother? Oh, and another thing, Mr. Harrison said I was 'crimson-tippet,' and they all began to call me 'Daisy.' And I said that that was what Katty called me, anyway, so the name sort of stuck to me. Oh, and that was another funny thing, the very first favors—you know there are piles of them, the night of the big Ball, and only the graduating class and their girls can be down on the dance floor, but you keep going up to the chaperons in the balcony, and they take care of all your favors for you—they are simply *stunning* favors—imagine, Mother, perfectly stunning plaid silk handkerchiefs and little silver-topped perfume bottles—wait

Choose one of these newest Ansco Cameras for more fun and lots better pictures



The Semi-Automatic winds its own film. Priced at \$30 with R. lens, \$40 with F. 7.5



(Remember this is merely a printed reproduction of the real photograph.)

New and Marvelous— the Semi-Automatic priced at \$30 and \$40

IMAGINE having to pay only \$40 for one of the finest cameras in the world! The Semi-Automatic Ansco winds its own film by one downward press of a lever which is conveniently located near your left thumb.

This fine camera is carefully made, looks like other fine Ansco cameras and also has a motor that winds the film ready to take six pictures in quick succession. Now you don't have to turn the camera around and lose your subject while you wind the film. You

just enjoy picture-taking! The Semi-Automatic is equipped with the choice of either one of two lenses. Takes pictures size $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$.

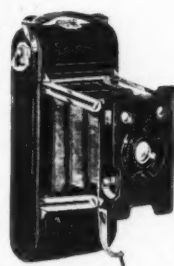
The famous Automatic

The \$75 Automatic Ansco is the camera de luxe of the photographic world. The motor is connected with the shutter release so that when one picture is taken the next exposure automatically winds into place. Now you will have no blanks and no double exposures.

HERE are seven fine cameras ranging in price all the way from \$1.00 to \$75.00. They have improvements that only Ansco can offer you. These improvements make them easy to use and sure in results. That is why you get more fun when you use Ansco cameras and Speedex film. For

you don't have to worry about a lot of things that formerly took all the certainty out of picture-taking.

Send off the coupon below immediately, if your dealer hasn't what you want, for welcomed gifts as well as to "catch" pictures on your own hikes and rides and all around good times.



The \$25 Ready-Set comes with a handsome suede case, and takes pictures $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$.

The two Ready-Sets are liked by everyone

Are you bothered by focusing or by having to set the shutter? Then either one of the two Ansco Ready-Sets—priced at \$25.00 and \$13.50—is just the camera for you. There's no focusing to do, and no shutter complications. They're as easy to use as a box camera.

The \$25 No. 1 Ready-Set is a beautifully made camera equipped with the finest anastigmat lens. When you set for time exposures the lens opening automatically becomes smaller.

The \$13.50 Ready-Set

—is less expensively made. It has an excellent single lens, an automatic two-way finder and is a most popular camera.

A regular Ansco camera that costs only \$1.00



The Dollar Ansco uses regular roll film. Takes pictures $1\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$.

THE best buy in America today! It's a dandy gift for a boy or a girl, or to fill in for your own use if you ever forget your camera. In fact, it's just the right size and price that makes a gift that will be enjoyed by everyone.

The Dollar Ansco uses regular roll film that takes good, clear pictures. If your dealer hasn't it, there's the coupon below to bring it to you as fast as the mails will carry it!

The Vest-Pocket Ansco

—a treat for Christmas

When you want to have loads of fun taking pictures of your good times, slip this little beauty into your vest pocket. It fits and is so light that you'll hardly know you have it. The Vest-Pocket Ansco is beautifully made and is a dandy little picture taker. And it's the only self-opening camera made. Press the button and it pops right out at you.

If you want to tickle someone pink at Christmas-time this year, just put one of these little cameras into his stocking.



The Vest-Pocket Ansco takes pictures $1\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$. Price \$12.50.

So—now—it's easy
to get good pictures

ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

Emergency Coupon—
Use only if your dealer
cannot supply you.

ANSCO PHOTOPRODUCTS, Inc.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Please send me the items checked.

I enclose \$.....

☐ One Dollar Ansco. Price \$1.....

☐ One Vest-Pocket Ansco. Price \$12.50.....

☐ One No. 1 Ready-Set Camera. Price \$25.....

☐ One No. 1-A Ready-Set Camera. Price \$13.50.....

☐ One Semi-Automatic Camera. Price \$30.....

☐ One Semi-Automatic Ansco. Price \$40.....

☐ One Automatic Ansco. Price \$75.....

Name.....

Address.....

Cos. 12-24

THAT TREACHEROUS SKID



Endangers human life

IT TAKES little, so very little, to make driving dangerous and uncertain.

Bare rubber tires are treacherous. When dry they hang on like a bull dog—when wet they slip and slide—they cannot be trusted, no power on earth can control their movement.

Make driving safe—use **WEED CHAINS** when conditions make the “going” uncertain.

Safety lies in **WEED CHAINS**.

Put them on with the first drop of rain or flake of snow to safeguard your own life as well as the lives of others.

The few moments required to attach **WEED CHAINS** are not worth considering when one realizes that neglecting to put them on may mean unending sorrow and regret.



Your accessory dealer carries **WEED CHAINS** in sizes to fit all tires—Balloon, Cord or Fabric.

Insist on the genuine, time tested **WEEDS**.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

District Sales Offices:

Boston Philadelphia New York Chicago San Francisco Pittsburgh

World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains for All Purposes

WEED CHAINS

until you see them. I've got them all! And the men were so cute, I said that I wanted to take mine home to show my sisters, and they got me extra ones—now wasn't that cute, Mother, considering that I was an absolute stranger, and there were such scores of the girls there? Well, anyway, the very first favors were big velvet daisies—artificial, of course and suddenly our whole group—we sort of kept to ourselves, because there is such a mob—our whole group made a ring around me and Mr. Raleigh, and they all threw their daisies at me—oh, I never had such fun! It was just day and night! And, Jenny, you would have adored this—at Mrs. Ashford's, on Saturday, Marie Louise—that's the older one, who engaged—Marie Louise and I dressed as maids, and brought the tea-trays in, and my dear, it was fully ten minutes before any of the men caught on, and then if you could have heard the shrieking and the screaming—well, we laughed until we were simply crying!”

“And Aunt Harriet's well?” the mother's voice asked, as Dory, breathless, stopped for a laugh.

“Aunt Harriet's simply fine—well, no, she isn't very well, either, because it seems her eyes are giving her those headaches again, and she was just waiting for June Week to be over to come up to Baltimore to see her doctor. It seems that she and Uncle Robert haven't been happy for years, and Margaret Ashford told me that this little dried up Professor who has a wife in an insane asylum—I met him, but I can't for the life of me remember his name—is just Aunt Harriet's slave, and they both know that there's no chance of their ever marrying or anything like that, and it's a tragedy. Katty said something about it, too. Oh, Mother, if you knew how I longed for you and the girls just to see the Academy—it's the most beautiful place in the world, I think! Right on the river, and all parked, not a leaf out of place, and the big buildings shining in the sun, and flags, and bands, and flowers in the gardens all along Officer's Row. Tom Raleigh took me all over everywhere. He has no father or mother, but he has an uncle who is a congressman, and he has some money beside his pay—Margaret says that it isn't much, but it's something—and an old house near Asheville, or somewhere. Mother, he's coming up here next week, he was going to see an aunt in Canada anyway, and he's going to stop here so you'll all meet him. And my dear, the joke was—”

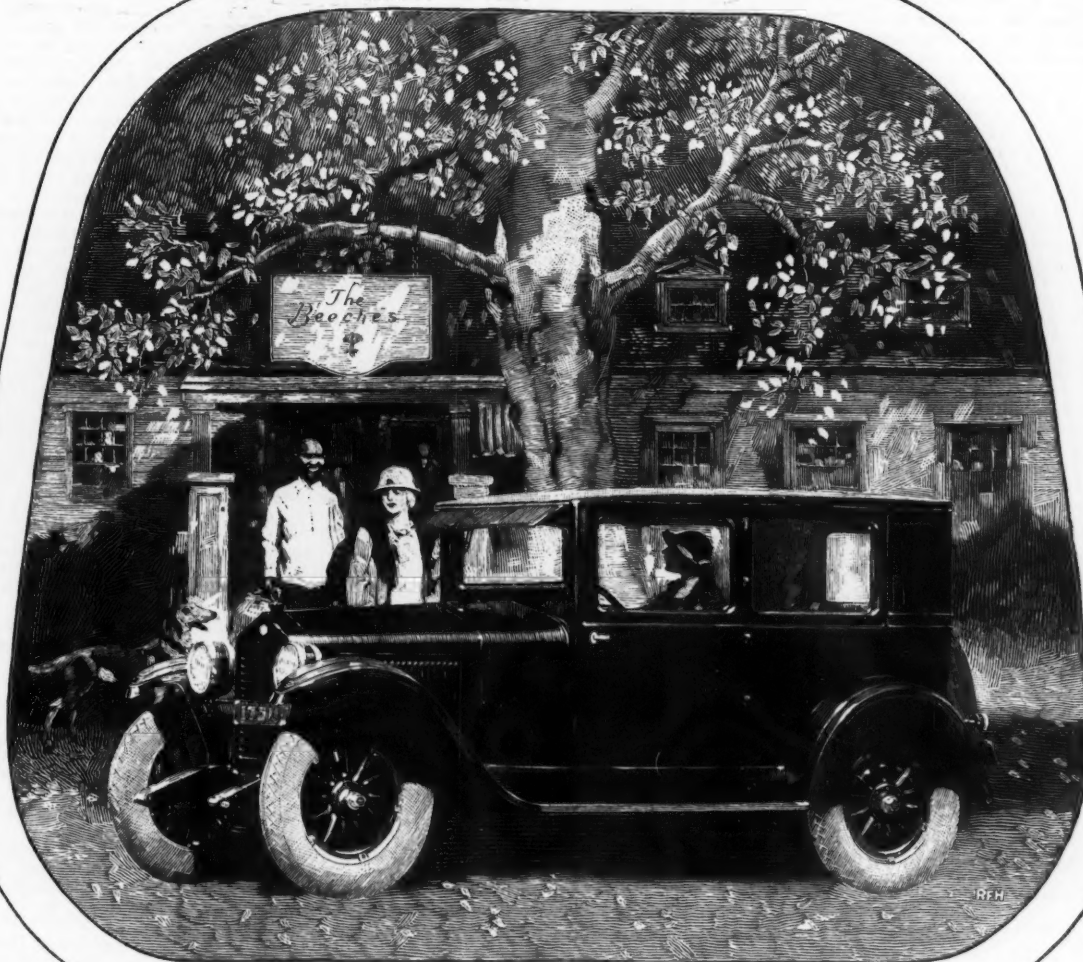
“But tell me about Katharine, dear. Was her husband there?”

“Oh, no; Katty's going to get a divorce, you know. She feels terribly about it, on account of the little girl. She says Dick Marriam—that's her husband—has rich relatives that may cut the little girl off with nothing if she makes them mad, and Katty says she's not mercenary but she does think she owes something to Jean. She cried terribly about it. Aunt Harriet told me that they were afraid for awhile she'd kill herself—she says Katty hates society and fluffing about, and he just wants nothing else.”

“And poor Prentice didn't pass his examinations?”

“Well, no, and that just broke all their hearts. It seems they had the greatest trouble to get him into the Academy to begin with, and Uncle Robert has been just frantic to have him graduate—Uncle Robert's partner did something awful, and the idea was that Prent should graduate before the whole thing broke—they've been trying to settle it out of court, or something. Anyway, there was a ghastly scene—Saturday night, I think it was—and I heard Prent shout that he was going to marry his girl and they could all go to—well, hell, I think he said. And Katty says that if he does marry this awful girl he's done for, as far as any kind of a career is concerned. Isn't it a pity?”

“Uncle Robert went up to New York Saturday evening, just after this scene, and Katty told me she thought her mother would give up the house, and go to Europe, and just



This Essex Six with \$1000 Vibrationless Motor

Freight and Tax Extra.

Balloon Tires Standard Equipment

Why Pay More? Thousands of former users of larger and costlier cars now prefer the Essex Six.

Its smooth performance, vibrationless motor—built on the famous Super-Six principle—long lasting quality, and moderate price make Essex the astounding value of the year.

ESSEX
TOURING

\$900

Freight and Tax
Extra.

More than 1800 Deliveries Weekly

live quietly there until Prent's affairs were settled one way or the other, and poor Uncle Robert's too, for it seems there's a lot of money involved—I *wish* you could see the house! It's perfectly palatial, one of those adorable colonial mansions with white pillars and big trees—you feel as if everyone ought to be wandering about in hoopskirts, with black mam-mies. I had a room as big as—well, as yours, Mother, all chintzy and wickery, and a fire-place, and a big porch, and my own bathroom, with such fat towels, all monogrammed—everything at Aunt Harriet's is just *perfection*—silver and linen—and the servants going softly about.

"Tom came up Sunday morning. 'Ensign Raleigh!' the butler said, and we both laughed, and we talked—well, for two hours, I guess, in the cutest little glassy room, full of flowers. Katty was playing the piano, and some of the others were there, singing—that's the sort of house it is, you can do all sorts of things in it at once—you know what I mean, sort of airy and big, and yet you can be private! I told him about your jams, and he said you sounded just adorable to him, 'adorable,' he says—he has a little accent, but not the affected kind—oh, yes, and I forgot to tell you about the name. Some of the others called me 'Daisy,' not fresh, you know, but just sort of friendly, but Tom didn't—he just went on so seriously calling me 'Miss Prentice.'"

"So Friday night—and you must remember, Mother, that it was a sort of holiday time, and we were all seeing each other every day, and rushing about together, so that you really *did* become friendly faster than in a month at home!—so Friday night, he asked me if I'd call him Tom, and I said—"Dory was suddenly prim—"I said I really didn't think you'd have any objection, Mother, and when you meet him I really don't think you will! So then I said, just as a sort of joke, that if he was good at pronouncing hard words he might try 'Daisy' whenever he chose, and he smiled at me and said, 'No, when I may call you your name, I want to call you what your mother and sisters call you!' Wasn't that sort of sweet?"

"He sounds lovely!" said Jenny enthusiastically.

"Oh, really he is awfully nice," Dory agreed, with a grateful glance and flush. "Mrs. Ashford told me he was the nicest boy she had ever known in the Academy—he certainly has been an angel to her—he's like a son in the house. She has—well, they think it's a cancer—but anyway, it's too late for an operation, and Margaret said she never mentions it, just goes along cheerfully thinking about all the others—if you could have seen the midnight suppers in that house! Cold chicken, delicious sandwiches, and, Mother—your conserves! Imagine the fun, your sun-cooked strawberry conserve. I told them all

about you, and Tom said afterward, 'Dory, that was true blue!' But I said to him that he didn't know how wonderful you were, or he'd be proud of you too, and then they all teased him, and said; 'Conundrum Number Eight Sixty-three, Series Twenty-six. Why should Thomas Ashe Raleigh be proud of Theodora Prentice's mother?' Everything was 'series twenty-eight,' or 'girlishly confiding.' That was our great phrase—My dear, when the Secretary stood up to address the class Tom looked straight at him, they all did, but we were right near, and I said to him afterward, 'You said "girlishly confiding!"' and he admitted that he did, and of course we just *roared*—"

They were all standing, Dory clinging to an arm on each side, as she laughed and chattered and remembered.

"Go change your dress, Chatterbox," her mother said now lovingly. "But you *did* have a good time?"

"Oh, Mother—if you hadn't made me go!" Dory exclaimed, solemnly, with a long breath.

She was so young—so pretty—so eager, with her mahogany hair pressed down flatly from the long day in the train, and her blue eyes so youthfully bright under all their weariness. Mart had her bag now, Betsey her hat; they were all swarming affectionately about her as she went under the old trees, across the wide bare dooryard, and into the big kitchen.

It all seemed so extraordinarily familiar, yet so oddly changed, to Dory. The kitchen—shabby and pleasant and cool—the narrow winding back stairs that opened from it with one precipitous step, and a shining old yellow door—the stairs the girls always used as a short cut to their rooms. There was a window on the stairs, and the old rose-vines were in leaf, against the window.

Dory, presently alone upstairs in the big farmhouse bedroom that she shared with Jenny, felt that she would never quite get back into the swing of home-living again. The world was so big, so thrilling, so packed with joys, and home was so quiet and shut away!

The faded wallpaper was creamy, with trellises of roses, and the cretonnes had rose-pink in them, too. Curtains were not hemmed, not hung quite straightly—the girls themselves had made them. The couch-cover, the counterpane, the pillows were all home-made, the books were shabby, the narrow, old-fashioned closet was quite big enough to hold the Prentice girls' clothes.

Familiar—familiar—familiar. The limp pillow, the fat pillow, the depression in the mattress, Dory's faded blue apron swinging on the closet door, "Little Women" and "The Wide, Wide World," the little mahogany desk Jenny had been given for her fifteenth birthday, with the little sealing-wax candle she had won as first prize at Sarah Horne's party nicely displayed on it. And over all the wide,

plain shabbiness of the whole lingered spring twilight, soft and tender, shadows in the corners, luminous spaces at the big open windows.

Dory knelt at a window, her arms on the sill. Below her were the tops of the orchard trees, and the frame of poplars straight and green that held Old Baldy. Baldy had not shrunk; he was already clear and dark in lucid shadow, although sunset light was lingering in the tops of the village trees, and on the white shaft of the spire. Birds were hopping sleepily in the garden, making short flights from the snowballs to the rosebushes. The air was fresh, pungent. It smelt of loam, of green, green grass, of lilacs. In the dusk there was a sweet rushing of freed waters; even from the tops of the mountains the snow was gone.

A light struck out across the old path, falling in two pale pink bars from the kitchen window through the dusk. Dory heard voices, the clinking of plates. She was home again, but nothing ever, ever would be the same.

She put her hand in her breast; it was there, safely pinned, the precious class pin. Tom Raleigh. Theodora Prentice Raleigh.

The enormity of it took away her breath. People seemed so calm, when they got married! But what a thunderbolt it was! A girl's name, her home, her mother, all her past, swept away, and for them substituted the little word "wife."

Absurd to think of it. Yet girls did marry—men, Dory mused confusedly, and laughed a laugh of pure ecstasy, all to herself. Girls did marry.

And girls who married navy men traveled everywhere, met their friends in China, in Buenos Aires, in Cathay. "We'll meet the fleet in Naples, in Panama, in Guam," said the wives contentedly.

Tom Raleigh was popular, too; he would always be fortunate. Tom—

She turned. Someone was in the dusk at the doorway; Mother. Dory's heart went suddenly to the big shabby figure.

"Come down and make us our salad dressing, Dory!"

"Coming!" She had her arms tight about this mother who seemed to contain, in her own person, all the beauty, and shelter, and security of Dory's girlhood.

Her mother kissed her, drawing back to study the young face thoughtfully. Unhappy marriage, money trouble, divorce, the shame of an unworthy son, threatened blindness, cancer, the death of affectionate old neighbors had all passed the child by, unscathed. Dory's face glowed exquisite and serene in the last of the dying June day.

"If only Betsey and Jenny could have it, too, Mother! If only every girl in the world could have June Week!"

"Ah, Dory, Dory," her mother said smilingly, "that's what you can't understand, now—and thank God! But every girl *does*!"

Would you marry a foreigner? And if you should what nationality would make the best husband for an American girl? Alice M. Williamson, an American, married a foreigner. She tells about it in the next COSMOPOLITAN.

I Married Mr. Twice-My-Age

(Continued from page 53)

disparagement of age, acquires somewhat the same morbid appeal as that of the two-headed calf at the county fair. Naturally, it takes a very civilized and unobtrusive form, and in this manifestation is more pleasing and flattering than otherwise. One wins a pale aura of interest without effort. Younger women kiss one in a protective way; mother brides look at one as at a person who knows the word which it is destruction to speak. All of which helps to brighten life if one is fortunate enough to

possess a malicious sense for the dramatic.

Anything that is unusual disconcerts the majority of people and as a consequence it makes the offenders pay. So it is in a marriage between a man and a woman of widely differing ages. It is not easy to classify. It is disturbing. Whether they belong to the younger set or to the solid society of mature achievement is a never solved question. Hostesses are frantic—I speak of smaller towns than New York—and resentful.

My husband has never asked me to give up a friend for his sake, nor would I dream of suggesting that he do so for me. If my friends amuse him, well and good. If not, then we have never discovered a valid reason why they should, therefore, cease to amuse me. And what holds good in my case is just as reasonable when applied to his.

It is strange that the unequal-aged marriage should be in such disrepute. For surely it is the perfect complementary marriage lauded by



Why Any Child Can Have Beautiful Hair

How to Keep Children's Hair Soft and Silky, Bright, Fresh Looking, and Luxuriant.

YOU see children with beautiful hair everywhere today. Beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Any child can have beautiful hair.

The beauty of a child's hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When a child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, their fine young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real

beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water, and even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch, and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp

should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, squeeze it as dry as you can, and finish it by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

* * * * *

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



Mulsified
Coconut Oil Shampoo

RAMON NOVARRO, Metro Star, says:

I never go on a set without first looking to my teeth. I've done this ever since I discovered Pepsodent. It removes that cloudy film, which, before strong lights and a camera, shows up so unkindly. A noted dentist told me about it and I've never stopped thanking him. Most of the people before the camera do the same.

Ramon Novarro



COLLEEN MOORE,
First National Star, says:

Results are really astonishing. On the advice of my dentist I use Pepsodent exclusively—I've never found any old-fashioned method with nearly the same effect—one never knows what pretty teeth she has until she attacks the film.

Colleen Moore

Those \$100,000 a year smiles in the movies

How motion pictures' famous stars gain the gleaming, pearly teeth that make smiles worth fortunes—how you can clear your own teeth in the same way. A simple test that reveals the most amazing of tooth methods—a new method urged by leading dental authorities of the world.

SMILES in the cinema world sell for thousands—that is, some smiles. Gleaming teeth are essential. Otherwise a smile can have no value. So these people follow the method here explained not only for the satisfaction and beauty they gain, but as a matter of cold business.

Now a test of this method is offered you—simply use the coupon.

The amazing effect of combating the film which forms on teeth

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel a film. A film no ordinary dentifrice will successfully remove, yet which absorbs discolorations and clouds and dulls your teeth.

Remove it and your teeth take on a new beauty. You may have gloriously clear teeth without realizing it.

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food substance which ferments and causes

acid. And in contact with teeth, this acid causes decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

You must remove it at least three times daily and constantly combat it. For it is ever forming, ever present.

New methods remove it

Now in a new type tooth paste, called Pepsodent, this enemy to tooth health and beauty is successfully fought. And that is the famous tooth "make-up" method of the greatest stars of screen and stage—the dental urge of world's leading dentists. Its action is to curdle the film; then harmlessly to remove it. No soap or chalk, no harsh grit so dangerous to enamel.

Results are quick. Send the coupon for a 10-day tube free. Find out what is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth.

Mail Coupon
for FREE
Tube

FREE
Mail Coupon for
10-Day Tube to

Send to:

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.
Dept. 355, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Mail Coupon for
10-Day Tube

Cosmopolitan for December, 1924

idealists. Intuition is offset by experience, impetuosity by ripened discretion, theorizing by long acquaintance with facts. And the bitterness with which we take life's slaps is somewhat tempered by the assurance of those more accustomed to its buffetings that there is probably some sense and reason back of it all.

I do not advocate the marriage of people of widely divergent ages. That, like all else, depends, I think, on the individuals concerned. I can only say that in my own case it might have turned out a whole lot worse, to speak with British reserve.

After three years of constant companionship I can still converse with my husband on all manner of subjects for a matter of hours and be interested. And when I see a perfect tangoer and regret that my husband does not dance, a moment's thought makes me realize that dance partners can be rented at the palaces—but I have not heard of a bureau where one can hire guaranteed non-bores.

Just now my greatest fear is that some day I shall come to take his devotion for granted. For to keep gratitude eternally fresh and green is in the nature of a high accomplishment. And services indifferently received might weave a rope strong enough to throttle love.

Must I Practise What I Preach?

(Continued from page 89)

by certain conspicuous groups much seen in public places who seem eager to prove that the old order is changing rapidly.

And yet the very fact that such a book as "Etiquette" should have been the best seller in the whole country for the year must be taken as evidence that, if some of the effete groups are growing careless, there will be plenty of newer ones to take their places.

The essentials of etiquette may be put in one sentence: Consideration for the feelings and the rights of others. Of course, in order to show consideration, one must first understand what another's feelings are likely to be, and have sufficient knowledge to recognize his rights. The more diverse the people (or the situations) one comes in contact with, the greater the knowledge necessary; which is why persons in public life need wider experience than those whose lives are sheltered. If a man is head of a great business, its organization is necessarily expert, whereas if he has a tiny shop which he runs alone, his business methods are merely personal to himself.

That we in America should not know all—or even any—of the unending rules of foreign court etiquette, for instance, is perfectly reasonable. A hostess might most naturally place a royal guest at table as she would place any other distinguished visitor—instead of giving him her own place at the head of the table and sitting herself on his right. But that we should fail in the quite ordinary amenities, and be so gauche that other nations think us a race of bores, is not proving ourselves a proud and independent people, but of such ignorance that we fancy our "X-mark" a distinguished signature. In fact our scorn of the finer points of polite behavior is very like the attitude of the old colored woman who, unable to read or write, declared that "Them lil' black marks all over the paper am jes' foolishness!"

Those of us—and they are few—who adopt this attitude are crude, and unworthy to represent our nation as a whole in any land. Like the Americans who—

But I seem dimly to remember having once, in an unguarded moment, written a chapter dealing with the subject of tactful conversation, and if I tell that favorite story about the traveling Americans, someone is sure to charge me with violating my own rules.

It's a terrible reputation to live up to—this reputation of being an authority on etiquette!

CHRYSLER

Why The Country Is Chrysler-Wild Today

It is a revelation to sit in a Chrysler and look up at other cars you pass. The contrast is so marked that it recalls the days when the safety bicycle obsoleted the old high wheel over night. Viewed from the snug, low-hung comfort of the Chrysler, the others look awkwardly high and unwieldy. Not only do they appear unnecessarily high, but unnecessarily heavy and cumbersome. The delight which this contrast arouses is stimulated when the Chrysler gets under way. It has a flashing acceleration which is literally a new experience. Just as it is smartly unusual in appearance and conservation of space and height and weight, so it is strikingly unusual in performance. It romps away from its unwieldier brethren with ease, on level, or grade, or hill—negotiating traffic with an alertness that must arouse chagrin in those driving heavier and more sluggish cars. It rides as no car even of its own high-quality type ever rode before. It does all of the things it is called upon to do as no other car has ever done them before. The Chrysler has blazed a new way and ushered in a new day in motoring—that is why the whole country is Chrysler-wild today.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of Maxwell Motor Corporation

MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD. WINDSOR, ONT.





A Gift Supreme

N·D·A

(The Assembled Diamond)

The finer jewelry stores everywhere are showing this latest creation of genuine diamond. Sections of finest quality, cut at scientifically correct angles, and fitted together as a solitaire.

Arm's length away—it is a solitaire, but very much less in price. It is readily taken to be a single emerald-cut or brilliant by persons of finest taste and discrimination.

Diamonds cut by the Edward Van Dam factories, in Holland—the finest in the world.

NATIONAL DIAMOND ASSEMBLERS, Inc.
439 Fifth Avenue, New York

Copyright 1924

IT LOOKS LIKE



ONE STONE

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in side two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-914 Drexel Av. & 58th St. © A. S. 1923 CHICAGO

Music Lessons At Home

Complete Conservatory Course by Mail. Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness. Write naming course you are interested in: Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo or Reed Organ—and we will send FREE CATALOG. SEND for it NOW! University Extension Conservatory, 35 Siegel-Myers Bldg., Chicago

FREE To Housewives

Send us your name and we will send you, FREE and POSTPAID a 10 cent bottle of LIQUID VENEER. Wonderful for your daily dusting. Cleans, dusts and polishes with one sweep of your dust cloth. Renews pianos, furniture, woodwork, automobiles. Makes everything look like new. Makes dusting a pleasure. Moreover, we will tell you how to obtain, FREE, a

\$2.00 LIQUID VENEER MOP

Has removable swab for washing, all yarn center, adjustable handle and many other exclusive features. You'll be delighted. Every housewife needs one. Will not cost you one penny. Write now for your FREE sample and particulars.

Sold by Hardware, furniture, drug, paint, grocery and general stores.

LIQUID VENEER COMPANY
441 Ellicott Street
Buffalo, N. Y.

LIQUID VENEER

You Can Easily Get a Big Paying Hotel Job



HOTELS need hundreds of men and women with training—positions waiting. We train you by mail for high-salaried position. No previous experience necessary. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, free meals and apartment. FREE BOOK, "Your Big Opportunity" explains all. Send for it today! LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, Room A-207, Washington, D. C.

WEDDINGS



Engraved INVITATIONS and ANNOUNCEMENTS—VISITING CARDS. Correct in form. Perfect in execution. Direct from the nation's capital. Moderate prices. Send for samples. HAULEY & CO., Dept. C, Washington, D. C.
29 Steel Die Engraved Christmas Cards \$1.00, 6 Beautifully Engraved Birthday Cards 50c.

The "different" gift for Christmas

—a beautiful parchment shade that's quickly made!

Complete lamps, with shades and bases, decorated to harmonize with draperies, other lamps, etc., are easily, quickly made at home. You don't need experience; you don't have to be an artist. We tell you how.

It's fascinating, too. Our new catalog, 56C, shows over 2000 illustrations of shades, vases, white china, materials, etc., everything you need to make parchment shade lamps at half price or less!

Our new book, "How to Make Parchment Shades," with over 150 designs and color combinations, reveals the secret of the new "Lustracraft" for coloring vases, candlesticks, bowls, etc.—no firing needed.

Write today. The catalog is FREE: look only 25c. Get them both, and make this year's Christmas gifts and unique party prizes—you can easily finish a lamp and shade in two evenings.

THAYER & CHANDLER, 913 Van Buren St., Chicago

CHINA PAINTERS: save 20% to 40% by dealing direct with us—we are America's largest white china importers!



Out of the Ruins

(Continued from page 41)

"It was Bertrand's ghost," said Yvonne. "I saw his face white and shining where the moonlight touched it. His eyes stared into mine."

"Morbid imagination!" answered Jean with a touch of impatience. "It was some workman waiting for a girl. You see Bertrand's face because you expect to see it. You're ill."

Yvonne gave a little cry.

"It was Bertrand. He is haunting me. I will never marry Volange. Bertrand would come between us, always. His dead face would sleep on my pillow."

"You're getting daft," said Jean, angrily.

Yet it was Jean himself who was next visited by the apparition.

Some nights after the dinner at Madame Gavaudan's he sat alone, rather late, before preparing for bed, after knitting one of those innumerable vests by which he earned a little money and kept his mind from brooding. M. Volange had spent the evening with them again. The day of his wedding with Yvonne was drawing near, and because of his happiness he had become a little fuddled over his vermouth and had been foolishly amorous so that Yvonne had slipped away early to bed to escape his endearments.

There had been a frightful scene earlier in the evening when she had vowed to her father and mother that she would never marry Volange. Jean had taken her part, thereby making his father furious. The old man had threatened to turn Yvonne out of doors if she did not fulfill her promise to Volange.

How could Yvonne shame her whole family by ridiculous folly at the eleventh hour? She needed a good whipping, said her father, and only Yvonne's tears and Jean's harsh protests prevented this chastisement. It was all very distressing, as Jean now thought, knitting alone in the sitting-room after all the family had gone to bed. His mother had turned out the lamps. They made no difference to her blind son who sat working in absolute darkness.

Half an hour had passed when Jean suddenly jerked up his head. Somebody was fumbling at the latch of the long window which opened on to the garden. There was the sound of a knife-blade forcing up the catch, and a moment later Jean felt the cool night air on his face. Someone had opened the window and was already in the room, standing motionless and holding his breath.

Jean sat very quiet in his chair. His brain and body were alert. It was probably a burglar come to steal Yvonne's wedding presents—those tragic wedding presents!—or anything else he could lay his hands on.

It seemed a long time before the man moved again, but presently Jean heard him feeling his way along the wall. He stumbled over a footstool, and then stood quiet again, and drew a sharp breath. A moment later Jean heard the rattle of a box of matches, and before the light could be struck leaped out of his chair, stood between the man and the open window, and called out "Qui va là?" sharply and sternly.

The man did not answer for a moment. He seemed to shrink back behind one of the armchairs.

Jean spoke again.

"I can hear every movement you make. You have no chance of escape. Answer me, or I will go for you."

A match was struck and the man answered incredible words.

"Jean! . . . It is I, Bertrand Gavaudan . . . Your old comrade."

Jean was a brave man. He had faced death year after year in the trenches without losing his nerve or self-control, except once or twice in dreadful hours. But now he felt fear take possession of him. His hair seemed to rise on his scalp. A cold sweat moistened the palms of his hands.

Out of the silence that followed Jean asked a question in a kind of whisper.



YOU KNOW IN ADVANCE

Dodge Brothers Dealers realize that a car's good performance is no longer the sole basis of an owner's good will.

It is equally essential that dealers give good service.

Because of this, they employ the Flat Rate Service System, which insures accurate work at a fair, predetermined price.

When you leave your car with a Dodge Brothers Dealer for service you know just what work will be done, when it will be finished and what it will cost. There are no unpleasant surprises in your bill.

You know in advance.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO



© D. B.



A Folding Umbrella
that has become a
Traveling Requisite—

TUKAWAY
FOR A RAINY DAY
"The Perfect Grip Umbrella"

THE thoughtful traveler would
no more think of going away with-
out a TUKAWAY than of leaving the
railway tickets at home.

Folding trimly, this very practical
umbrella may be tucked away unob-
trusively in the grip, golf bag, auto
pocket or under the seat of your car.
And it's so simple to adjust—takes
scarcely ten seconds to open or
close.

In black and colored fabrics with dis-
tinctive handles for men and women.

For the standard folding umbrella—
insist upon TUKAWAY!—At all
good stores.

"SIROCO" UMBRELLA
Cravenette Processed

No more leaky umbrellas! The "Crav-
enette" Processed SIROCO—lasts longer
and repels moisture as no other umbrel-
la will. Choice of new style handles, tips
and ends to match in all colors and black
for Men, Women and Children.

At Your Favorite Coat Supply
Store, Address Dept. C.
SIEGEL, ROTHSCHILD & COMPANY
New York Baltimore

SIROCO
UMBRELLA

"Tell me, do you come from the dead?"
He heard the figure drop the match on to the
polished boards, and yet the sound of that mat-
terial thing did not relieve him from his fear
of being in the presence of the supernatural.
"I'm not a ghost," said the voice. "I
am Bertrand Gavaudan. I have come back
to see Yvonne."

Jean's fear abated. And as the cold terror
departed from him his mind began to work on
reasonable lines. This was no ghost, there-
fore it could not be Bertrand Gavaudan.
Bertrand was dead.

"Why do you say you are Bertrand Gavau-
dan?" he asked. "Why this imposture when
you come to rob the house?"

"Jean!" said the voice again. "Don't you
know me? Ask me something known only to
you and me, and I will prove it to you."

Jean thought hard and quickly.

"What name did I carve on the door of the
dug-out before the attack on Souchez in the
first year of the war?"

"Madeleine Baptiste," said the voice of
Bertrand Gavaudan.

Jean drew a quick breath. Yes, it was the
name of the girl who had not had the courage
to marry a blind man. He had shared that
dug-out with Bertrand Gavaudan. He had
carved the name on a beam over the doorway
while they were waiting to attack at dawn.
Bertrand alone would know.

"You broke your penknife," said the voice.

Jean went forward to the figure whose breath-
ing he heard between the bookcase and the
armchair. He stretched out his hand and
touched him. It was no ghost. He put his
hand up to the man's face and passed it lightly
over his features. It was the face of Bertrand
Gavaudan as he had known it, but thinner
and with a little beard on the chin. He took
his hand, his right hand, and felt that the third
finger was missing. It had been cut off by
a German machine gun bullet that day at
Souchez.

The other man suddenly flung his arms about
Jean's neck and kissed him on both cheeks,
and wept, and whimpered out pitiful words.

"Jean! Oh, my dear comrade! my dear
brave friend! What a curse that you are
blind! What a joy to see you again, to touch
you, to hear your voice! There's only one
thing I want more than that. To see Yvonne.
They can shoot me if they like. I don't
care a damn about death. I'm dead already.
Dead to France, dead to the world, dead to
my own people. Living like a rat in a hole.
Filthy. Always hiding. But I'll surrender
and get shot—properly this time—if I can
take Yvonne once more in my arms. It is for
that I've been hiding and shirking death. To
see her beauty once again, to kiss her dear lips,
to feel her body against my breast."

"They shot you," said Jean harshly. "They
left you dead in the trench by the broken
calvary."

"No," said Bertrand Gavaudan, "they left
me wounded. Half the men wouldn't shoot
me and all but one aimed above my head.
I was their comrade. I had led them into ac-
tion, before I went mad. After that the Ger-
mans attacked and captured the trench . . .
I was a prisoner in Germany until the Armis-
tice . . . After that a wanderer in Belgium.
A laborer . . . Now I have come back to
France—to see Yvonne—before I give myself
up and get shot again."

Jean listened to those words like a man
stunned by heavy blows. He stood there
with moisture oozing from his blind eyes,
his head bowed, and his arms hanging limp.

He spoke the word "Incredible" several
times, and wiped the cold sweat from his fore-
head and those trickling drops from his blind
eyes.

He said he could not believe, and yet like
doubting Thomas he believed and cried out
in a hoarse voice, "My comrade! My poor
comrade!"

"For a month I have been in Arras," said
Bertrand. "Hiding like a rat. Coming out
of my hole only at night. Twice I have seen

my mother, and yearned to cry to her, *Maman!*
She looked so old and sad, and I was dead to
her! I saw her through the window of her
new house, with the lamps lighted. She was
sitting at the table, sewing, as in the old days
of my boyhood. My heart gushed blood at
the sight of her."

Then he spoke the name of Yvonne. Twice
also he had seen her. Once when he crept
into the garden behind the house. She came
to the window and looked out. Once when she
walked with Jean by moonlight past the ruin
of the Hotel de Ville, a few nights ago.

He saw her then, or a few moments later.
It was Jean's quick ears which heard her
footsteps in soft slippers coming down the
passage. He whispered to Bertrand.

"She's coming. Hide yourself . . . She
would die of fear—"

Bertrand slipped behind the heavy curtains
by the long window, not a second before
the door opened. Yvonne stood there in her
dressing gown, holding a lamp.

"Jean, why do you stay up? I thought I
heard voices. Were you talking to anyone?"

"I was talking to myself."

She did not seem satisfied. There was some
look of fear on her brother's face, and his voice
was strange and trembling.

"Jean!" whispered Yvonne, clutching his
arm and beginning to tremble, "there is some-
one in the room. Behind the curtain."

She put a hand up to her throat and shrank
back. Jean put his arms about her.

"Yvonne. Be brave. I have something
strange to tell you, something wonderful—
unbelievable—beyond all words. It is about
Bertrand—"

She spoke the words "His ghost!" in a faint
voice of terror.

"No," said Jean, "it isn't his ghost. He
wasn't shot that day. The Germans took him
prisoner . . . He has been in hiding all
this time . . . He's in Arras now . . . He's
in this room."

Yvonne stood rigid and silent, and Jean
could not see the look on her face, such a look
as any human face might have in the presence
of some miracle of God.

There was utter silence in that room for
longer than Jean could ever tell. It was as if
these three people had been stricken motion-
less and dumb. Presently, perhaps when
only a few moments had passed, the curtain
by the window moved and Bertrand Gavaudan
came forward a few paces, and then stood still
again with his hands raised. He was in shabby
clothes, torn at the knees, and plastered with
a whitish clay, and his hair was matted and
his face unwashed. Not like the smart young
officer in the sky-blue of the French chasseurs
who had looked so splendid when Yvonne first
saw him, but a haggard figure into whose face
tragedy had dug its claws. His face was dead
white. Only his eyes seemed alive, burning
with a bright light.

He spoke the name of the girl for whose
love he had been shot as a traitor, though not
killed.

"Yvonne! Yvonne! Oh, my beloved!"

She fell forward into his arms, and he kissed
her on the lips and eyes and throat. But she
was in a dead swoon.

Jean and Bertrand together carried her to
the sofa by the fireplace and laid her there
unconscious.

"*Sacré nom de Dieu!*" said Jean, and then he
begged Bertrand to go away. The whole
house would be roused. Bertrand would be
caught and shot.

Bertrand was on his knees by the sofa with
his arms about Yvonne, and he was calling to
her, and beside himself with grief.

Jean dragged him up, almost with violence.
"Go away!" he whispered. "For God's
sake go."

"What does it matter?" asked Bertrand.
"Let them shoot me now. Without Yvonne
life is a curse to me."

"We will come to you," said Jean. "Where
can we find you? Tell me quick and go, before
my father comes down."

BULOVA WATCHES

GIFTS

THE frame of a master painting, the binding of a rare book, the case of a BULOVA WATCH—they are beautiful in themselves, yet they are only the settings for masterpieces inside.

Within the exquisite case of a BULOVA WATCH is the treasure of truthfulness—the ability to tell time on time.

The best jewelers everywhere will be glad to show you BULOVA wrist watches and pocket watches—for \$25 or \$2500.

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY, Manufacturing since 1875,
Fifth Avenue at Thirty-Sixth Street, New York City.



39744—14 kt. solid gold case;
17 jewel movement (radium dial
and hands).....\$75.00
Sterling silver or green gold
filled.....\$37.50



39724—14 kt. solid gold case, hand
carved; 17 jewel movement (radium
dial and hands).....\$75.00
With green gold filled case...\$37.50



472—14 kt. solid white or green
gold case, hand carved; very thin
17 jewel movement.....\$35.00
BULOVA Quality white or green filled
engraved case.....\$40.00



474—14 kt. solid white gold case,
hand carved; very thin 17 jewel
movement.....\$125.00
Very thin 17 jewel movement,
BULOVA Quality white filled en-
graved case.....\$50.00



6963—18 kt. solid white gold en-
graved case; platinum top; set
with 2 diamonds and 4 sapphires;
17 jewel movement.....\$75.00



5714-S—18 kt. solid white gold case,
hand carved; with triangular cut
sapphires; 17 jewel movement
\$75.00



6724—18 kt. solid white gold case,
hand carved; 17 jewel movement
15 jewel BULOVA Quality filled
\$35.00



6714—18 kt. solid white gold case,
hand carved; 17 jewel movement
15 jewel BULOVA Quality filled
\$45.00



Aristocrat of Beauty
Autocrat of Time



"I would rather see our boy a cripple"

Probably the greatest task you will ever face is guarding and guiding your boy through the dangerous years of adolescence.

Think what your boy must face. His imagination is at white heat. His energy is prodigious. Adventure invites him. The glamor of the spectacular and untried is seductive. Other boys have met these temptations, wavered and fallen. You have heard of their disgrace. Involuntarily the words have sprung to your lips—"I'd rather see our boy a cripple than be-fouled like that." And you have resolved to do everything in your power to prevent it.

Thousands of parents, facing the same situation, seeking a companion to help their boys through this trying period of life, have found **THE AMERICAN BOY**—the magazine that has been chum, guide, counsellor, instructor and friend to the cream of America's boyhood for a quarter of a century.

Your boy wants and needs **THE AMERICAN BOY**. He needs its companionship—its leadership, its stimulus to sleeping capacities. He wants its corking stories, replete with thrilling adventures in the world he must meet and grapple.

This Christmas give your boy a year's subscription to **THE AMERICAN BOY**. Sign and send the coupon below. Send no money. He will receive the beautifully illustrated current issue. Watch him devour it. Read it yourself and see the multitude of fine influences that your boy will absorb and make a part of himself. A bill for \$2.00, covering a year's subscription, will be sent you later, unless you notify us to the contrary within 10 days.

\$2.00 a year by mail. 20 cents a copy at news-stands. Subscribe for a year or leave a standing order with your news-dealer.

The American Boy
The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in All the World

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.
 259 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

Please enter a year's subscription to **THE AMERICAN BOY** and send a copy of the current issue to the following address. Unless I notify you to the contrary within ten days I will remit \$2.00 on receipt of your bill.

Boy's Name

Address

Your Name

Address

*If you prefer, remit \$2.00 with order
 Canada, \$2.25; foreign, \$2.50*

His promise seemed to open up a paradise to Bertrand Gavaudan.

"I'm in the tunnels beyond the caves," he said, "where the English bored their way through to the German front line. The best way down is by the old barracks. You follow the caves through, and take the right hand tunnel. A thousand paces, and then ten. There's a high chamber made by the English. It's there I've been living for a month. If you whistle when you come, I will meet you. On your word of honor, Jean? You will bring Yvonne?"

"We will come," said Jean.

Bertrand flung his arms about Yvonne again; kissed her pale forehead and her white lips as she lay unconscious. Then with a heavy sigh he grasped Jean's hand, held it a moment in a terrible grip, and with a whispered farewell went out of the long window and through the bushes in the garden as Jean could hear.

It was in the afternoon of the next day that, on some pretext to her mother, Yvonne went to those caves to meet her lover, with Jean as her guide. Despite his blindness he knew his way about Arras and that entrance to the caves in the ruins of the barracks. As boys together he and Bertrand had explored that subterranean world, dug out by the Spaniards when Arras was part of the Netherlands and when Alva's men with Flemish labor had built the city—its Hotel de Ville, and the splendor of the Grande Place, and many fine mansions—out of the sandstone beneath. Their quarries were like great vaults and had been used as cellars and storehouses by the old merchants, and afterwards as hiding places for aristocrats when the French Revolution choked the prisons of Arras while a monster named Joseph le Bon fed the guillotine with the heads of the noblest citizens, with priests and nuns, and poor old ladies.

In 1914 when the Germans came to the walls of the city and began a bombardment which never ceased for four years, the French used the old caves as shell-proof shelters, and Jean Gilbert, with Gavaudan as his best comrade, had been quartered there with their battalion. Afterwards, when the British Army took over Arras, they fitted up the vaults with electric light, pierced long tunnels towards the German lines, and filled them with fifty thousand men—English and Scottish troops—in the night before a day in April of 1917 when they attacked beyond Arras, leaping out of the tunnels below the German trenches. . . . Bertrand had remembered that history and that hiding place.

It was quite dark when Jean and his sister had left the steps leading into the mouth of the caves and turned into a long gallery, and in that darkness the blind man felt his way more surely than Yvonne. He held her hand and said "Courage!" several times when she stumbled and cried out. Every now and again they had to climb over heavy blocks of stone which had fallen from the roof of these quarries when Arras had been shaken by gun fire in the days of war. Twice their passage seemed utterly barred until Jean, feeling the walls, discovered a way round into narrower galleries. The walls dripped with an oozy slime. There was a dank fetid smell in this underground world. Rats scuttled past them with little squeals and scurrying of feet.

Jean kicked something which gave a metallic clang and after bending down and touching it told its meaning to Yvonne.

"A steel hat. It was here the English advanced in the battle of Arras. The place is littered with the things they left behind."

"Oh, Jean," said Yvonne, "I feel afraid. There is the smell of death here."

"Yes," he said, "they brought their wounded back this way. Perhaps some of their dead lie here unburied."

"If it were not for Bertrand—"

It was only the thought of that lover waiting for her which gave her the courage to go on, that lover who had risen from the dead.

She saw him at last, standing at the

entrance of a vault in which a light glimmered. It was the light of candles stuck into bottles on some wooden boxes. He came towards them and Jean heard his footsteps and gave a low whistle as a signal.

"Is that you, Bertrand?" he called out, and his voice echoed down the tunnel.

"It is I," answered the voice of his comrade. "Thank God you have come!"

He came forward with a quicker step and took Yvonne's hands and said, "Oh, my dear, my dear! It's brave of you to come! For a month I've been living in this place alone, with the rats and the dead. It seemed to me like hell. Now it's paradise because you come to me."

"Bertrand!" she cried. "Is it you, alive and real?"

"Yes," he said. "Back from the dead! For a little while, but with my life still forfeit. Tomorrow I shall give myself up. This is our last meeting. Let us make the most of it."

He held her embraced, covering her face with kisses as he had done the night before when she lay unconscious in his arms. Now she wept on his shoulder and cried out pitiful words.

"You mustn't give yourself up . . . I want your love again . . . We will hide here together . . . I could be happy here with you, forever."

Bertrand gave a tragic laugh.

"They would find us! I have already been seen in Arras."

"By whom?" asked Jean in a startled voice.

"Who saw you, Bertrand?"

"It was Volange," said Bertrand.

Yvonne gave a little cry.

"You know him? He used to be an odd job man out at Blangy. Now he looks fat and prosperous. I came up from the caves at midnight, for air, and bumped straight into him at the corner of the Rue de la Victoire, as they call it now. It was bright moonlight and he saw me clearly and thought he had seen a ghost. When I said 'Pardon, m'sieur,' he started running, and I slipped away into the darkness of the ruins. But he knew my face again . . . and perhaps he doesn't believe in ghosts!"

Jean and Yvonne listened to those words in a stricken silence.

It was Yvonne who told Bertrand the thing which all in Arras knew except himself. She had promised to marry that man Volange. She had been forced into it by her father. But she would never marry him now that Bertrand had come back from the dead. She would rather die than do so.

Bertrand let his arms drop to his side, and his head drooped.

"It is better that you marry him," he said. "I am a brute to come back and spoil your life again. I am dead to the world. I have no right to your love."

"My love is yours for ever and ever," cried Yvonne. "Dead or alive, I belong to you."

"What do you do for food?" asked Jean. "How do you live in this ghastly place?"

"There's food enough for a hundred men," said Bertrand. "The English left a store of rations in this vault. Tins of meat and bottles of soda water. Even the rats can't get at them."

He led Yvonne into the vault which he used as a living-room. He had strewn it with flowers which he had plucked in the gardens of Arras at midnight. He had made a chair for her out of wooden boxes left by the English troops and covered it with a piece of tapestry which he had found in a ruined house. The candles—from those old British stores—burning above the packing cases made the white-roofed vault look like a *chapelle ardente*—a mortuary chapel where a coffined body might lie on its way to the grave.

"I will keep guard outside," said Jean. "You and Yvonne have much to say."

He paced up and down the long tunnel, fifty paces one way, fifty back again, touching the damp walls, listening to the rats squeaking and fighting, smelling the dank air in which

The World's Most Practical Gift for any Man

He may have ordinary razors, but probably not a NEW IMPROVED GILLETTE. Give him one! It will show him the most comfortable way from bath to breakfast, and gain for you an appreciation of your friendship every day in the year.

The Traveler:
In Gold Plate, \$10
In Silver Plate, \$7.50
Genuine Leather Case

The New Improved

Gillette

SAFETY  RAZOR

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

The Tuckaway:
In Gold Plate, \$6
In Silver Plate, \$5

The Bostonian:
In Gold Plate, \$6
In Silver Plate, \$5

The New Standard
In Gold Plate, \$6
In Silver Plate, \$5
Genuine Leather-covered Case





To order a Winterfront installed on your car is about the most sensible thing you can do. For it guarantees Summer-time service and satisfaction from your motor all through the cold weather by controlling the amount of cold air admitted under the hood—

Free Booklet

Let us send you, without obligation, this booklet with many helpful suggestions.



- the metal shutters are closed to hold the heat under the hood when you start and until the motor reaches the highest efficiency
- thereafter they open and shut themselves, a little or completely, as necessary to produce ideal conditions. It's always Summer behind the Winterfront.

This is done automatically without thought or attention on your part.

Pines Winterfront Co., 410 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send me your free booklet as advertised in the December Cosmopolitan.

Name
Street
City State

Any dealer can install in 10 minutes and the first low cost is the only cost—for cars with small radiator \$22.50; for medium radiator \$25; for large radiator \$28.

PINES WINTERFRONT CO.
410 N. Sacramento Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

BE AN ARTIST

WE CAN TEACH YOU DRAWING in your own home during your spare time. Twenty-five years of successful teaching proves our ability. Artists receive large salaries. Write Today for Art Year Book. **SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART** ROOM NO. 1 BATTLE CREEK MICH.

Christmas Cards

Let me mail you 15 beautiful Christmas Cards. All different; exclusive designs; brilliant colors. Genuine steel engraved, not just printed. Friendly, cheery messages. Envelopes to match cards. \$2.00 value. Sent postpaid for only \$1.00. Money back if not pleased. Order today.

Herman Goldberger, 110-T High Street, Boston, Massachusetts

FINE FROCKS for HALF!



"I Start It—
You Finish It"

—that is the secret of saving more than half the cost of your next frock.

For instance, I'll send you the fine quality dress illustrated for \$9.95—semi-made. I style it, design it, select the fabric and the trimmings. I trace the pattern right on the cloth and send you everything—even a needle. All you do is cut, sew and trim according to the simple directions furnished. No dressmaking experience required. I guarantee satisfaction or money back without question.

Many styles in smart fabrics to choose from. **FREE! Write for my Style Book** at once.

DOLLY GRAY
Room 445
568 Broadway
New York

\$9.95

DOLLY GRAY SEMI-MADE DRESSES

Did You Ever Fall in Love With Words?

Words have amazing powers. The world offers its treasures of money, power, and position to the skilful users of them. There are words for every occasion—words that thunder commands; words bristling with compelling force; words of zephyr-like delicacy; words of inspiration; words of romance; words to bend men's minds to your will; words to express every shade of meaning.

Through a justly famous easy method of spare-time study at home you may make words the playthings of your moods, the tools of your necessities. You can learn how to weave them into stories that sell; advertisements that convince; letters that win.

GET THE FREE BOOKLET

"How to Become a Master of English" tells you all about the Kleiser Practical English Course which is endorsed by famous writers as Booth Tarkington, Irvin S. Cobb, Mary Roberts Rinehart. Ask for it on a postcard, or write your name in margin and return this advertisement, and the book will come to you by mail, free of charge. No agents will call.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, Dept. 806. New York

there was a faint reek of human corruption.

The blind man's mind was busy with the problem of this comrade who had come back from the dead. Supposing he gave himself up? Would he be shot again as a deserter, a year after the Armistice? He had no right to come back and claim Yvonne, on the very eve of her marriage with Volange. It would spoil her life. With a hunted man for her lover, how could she be happy and at peace? . . .

For a little while Jean felt angry because Bertrand was alive again. It would have been better if he had been killed in that ditch by the broken calvary.

Then as he heard the murmur of those two voices in the vault, pity overwhelmed him. They were happy in their love again, for a little while. He could hear Bertrand's kisses on Yvonne's face, her little cries and whimperings. Once he heard her cry out, "Oh, my beloved, *mon bien-aimé!*" Love, in this vault of death! . . . The blind man, so lonely, in eternal darkness, without the love of the woman he had craved—she who had abandoned him in his blindness—envied those two in each other's arms. Jean went back to the entrance of the vault.

"We must be going," he said in a broken voice. "My dear Bertrand, we must leave you in this horrible place. God alone knows what is the best for you to do."

He heard Yvonne slip from the arms of Gavaudan. She spoke in a shrill voice.

"Jean! I am not coming back. I am staying with Bertrand. Nothing but death can take him from me now. There will be no wedding with Paul Volange. God has intervened."

For a moment or two Jean was silent. Then he cried out harshly:

"That's a mad idea. Impossible, Yvonne! Come back, I beseech you!"

"Yes," said Bertrand in a low voice, "you must go back, Yvonne. You cannot stay here in this filthy hole. It's a place of horror."

"I am staying with my love," she said.

No protests, nor pleadings, no arguments, nor cries to God, not even Jean's effort to seize her and take her back by force, could break her purpose. She slipped from her brother's grasp, clung to her lover, and like a wild thing at bay, panting, would not be induced to come out of that dreadful vault . . . It was an hour before Jean gave up, and stumbled back alone, groping his way along the tunnels, moaning as he went like a wounded man.

That evening Volange called round as usual, to play a game of cards with the family of his future wife, to talk of the progress of his "Reconstruction," to feast his eyes on the desirable beauty of Yvonne. It was three evenings from his wedding day. Many presents had arrived. Also the piano which he had bought in Paris had been delivered at his house. Yet he was in low spirits, it seemed. Some uneasy thought or memory seemed to be nagging at him. And he became aware a few moments after his arrival that his future relatives were in the deepest gloom. The old man sat silent and grim. Madame Gilbert had been weeping and was trying to hide her distress. Jean was as pale as death and sat knitting with his head bowed, utterly silent.

"Where is Yvonne?" asked Volange suspiciously.

"She is not at home this evening," said Madame Gilbert desperately. "She—she is staying at a friend's house."

"What friend?" asked Volange, harshly.

Madame Gilbert hesitated. Volange knew everyone in Arras. Whatever name she mentioned he would know. And he would find out that she had lied.

Volange stared at her, waiting for her answer, and then asked a question with a violent emotion which he tried to restrain.

"Has she gone away with Gavaudan?"

Madame Gilbert began to weep and tremble. Her husband sat with one hand plucking at his short white beard. Jean jerked his head up and his sightless eyes were fixed on Volange as though he saw that red flushed face and bald forehead wet with the sweat of rage and fear.

VELIE

The Lure of the Coach Sedan

Compact and cozy enough for one or two—
—ample room for five—

All the intimacy, the ease of handling, the
general utility of the popular coach—

*And in addition, the substantial elegance—
the comfort and luxury usually found only in
the high priced sedan—*

You'll love the long straight lines of it—the beauty
of the baked enamel finish, with its dainty bright
colored striping—the substantial richness of the
fine velour upholstery—

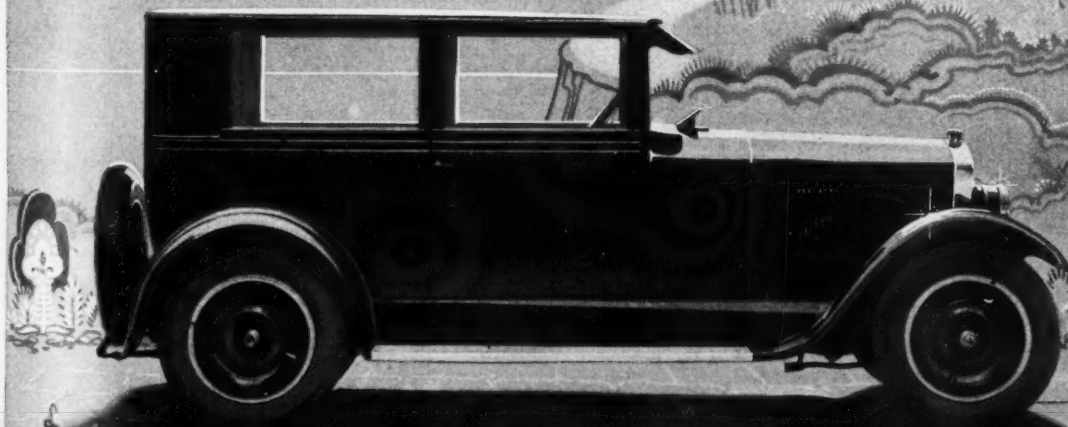
You'll appreciate the convenience of the wide door
on either side that enables you to step comfortably
into front or rear seat without disturbing other
passengers—

And your heart will thrill, as it always has, at the
marvel of Velie performance.

*Never before have you been offered so much of actual
value for so little money.*

The famous Velie-built, airplane type motor—Lockheed
Hydraulic brakes—Full size balloon tires—Steel disc
wheels—Nickel radiator, new and distinctive design.
\$1425 at the Factory. U. S. tax extra.

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION
MOLINE, ILLINOIS



The Smartest Car on the Highway



Of course I want to see you!

WHY does she want to see him? Why are some men always welcome, while others are regarded as bores? There is a magic in fifteen minutes a day, which will help any man to be more interesting. The secret is told in a wonderful little book, which you can have free, by mail—but you must send for it now—today.

HONESTLY now—do your neighbors find you interesting, or mentally commonplace? Are men in business impressed with your cultivation, your ability to think straight and talk well?

The secret is worth knowing. The really popular man, who always has his choice of social and business opportunities, is the man who has learned how to interest other people. He has read widely; his mind is keen; his conversation is always worth listening to.

And it is all very simple. All the mystery was taken away when Dr. Charles W. Eliot chose the few great books which are immortal, and arranged them in fifty volumes so that any man can get from them the essentials of a liberal education in even fifteen minutes a day.

Every well informed man and woman should know about this famous library—

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

The free book tells how Dr. Eliot has put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education," how in pleasant moments of spare time you can get from these Harvard Classics the culture that every university strives to give.

Every reader of this page is invited to have a copy of this book. Merely tear off the coupon and mail it today.



P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
416 West 13th Street, New York City

By mail, free, send me the little guidebook to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (Harvard Classics) and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard.

Name ☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss
Address.....

2681-HCP-L

"Why do you lie to me, all of you?" said Volange in a rasping voice. "Why did you pretend to me that young Gavaudan was dead, when he is skulking here in Arras?"

"You have seen him?" asked Jean quietly. "I bumped into him last night," said Volange. "I thought it was a ghost until he spoke. If I had had my wits about me I should have seized him and called the police."

"He was Yvonne's lover," said Jean. "It was his love for her which led him into—trouble. Before then he fought nobly for France. If you have any pity for human weakness, any generosity of heart for youth and love—"

"I have no pity for traitors to France," said Volange, harshly, "and I have the right to Yvonne's love—body and soul. Is she not going to be my wife in three days' time?"

"There will be no wedding," said Jean coldly. She belongs to Bertrand Gavaudan, dead or alive, and she is with him now, and will never leave him."

Volange gave a cry like a wounded beast. "Where are they?" he cried. He came over and grasped Jean with his fat little hands.

"Where are they hiding? . . . Sacred Name! . . . Tell me where I can find them, or I'll throttle you."

Then Jean heard his father speak and the old man's words made him turn pale.

"Our loyalty is to you, Volange. That's plain enough. Yvonne is pledged to you. That lover of hers has forfeited his right to her love, as well as his life to France. In my mind he is dead. In any case he'll be shot when he's caught. I will tell you where to find him."

"Father!" cried Jean. "I implore you! By these blind eyes of mine I beseech you."

"Silence!" said the old man sternly. "I am tired of all this nonsense, Yvonne's folly—her undutiful conduct, her ingratitude. I have promised her to Volange. That is enough. Is it right, anyhow, to allow a young girl to spend the night in the caves of Arras—"

Volange repeated those last words as though a light had burst upon him.

"The caves of Arras! . . . So that is it! . . . I might have guessed."

He crossed the room and took up his hat and stick and then spoke with a harsh gravity.

"For Yvonne's sake I advise you to keep this thing quiet. I shall have the man arrested by the military police. The commandant is a good friend of mine. I can rely on his discretion."

And that night through the streets of Arras in the darkness there was the quick march of four soldiers and a sergeant and one young man, their prisoner, with whitish clay upon his ragged clothes, and unkempt hair, and a little beard. There were no people in the ruined streets to see the face of a man whom many had known as a gallant young officer, and before then—before the years of tragedy—as a laughing boy, now walking, handcuffed, with a haggard face, dead white, and agony in his eyes. Nor did anyone see a motorcar in which Yvonne sat weeping by the side of a French officer who had to use force to tear her from her lover's arms in a flower-strewn vault.

Early next morning some peasant women helped Jean into a second class carriage of the train to Paris where he sat staring out of the window as though he saw the fields of France.

In Paris he taxied to the War Office, and was saluted by the sentries and led up the steps by an old colonel who happened to be passing.

"You want to see someone?" he asked, looking at this young blind man with kindly eyes.

"I want to see the Chief of Staff, *mon colonel*," said Jean. "He used to be my General of Division. It's a matter of life and death."

The old Colonel whistled.

"As bad as that? In time of peace?"

"It's one of the tragedies of war, *mon colonel*. Not my own, but worse than mine."

"The war has left many tragedies," said the Colonel gravely. "I will speak a little word to

the Chief of Staff. He's an old comrade of mine. Otherwise—without an appointment—"

He laughed, thinking of the red tape which strangled everyone in this War Office.

Even with his "little word" Jean had to wait for two hours. Then at last the door opened, an orderly summoned him, and led the way down the stone flagged corridor.

"The Chief of Staff," he said, opening a green baize door.

Jean stepped inside the room on to a soft carpet, and stood listening, at attention. He could hear a rustle of papers and then the shifting of a chair. A man said "*Bien, mon général*," and left the room by another door.

Then Jean heard a heavy tread across the carpet and two hands took him by the shoulders, and drew him close to a broad chest. He was being embraced by the Chief of Staff who had been his General of Division in the first years of the war—that great hero of France, so ruthless and yet so gentle, so terrible in attack, and yet so careful of the comforts of his troops, so regardless of men's lives, and yet so generous in praise of valor.

"What can I do for you, *mon vicux*? It's a long time since you led that raid at Souchez, *hein*? Well, well, I've not forgotten."

"*Mon général!*" stammered Jean, "I have come here to ask your favor for a comrade of mine, your bravest lieutenant in the early years of war. He went a little mad. He deserted for a time. He was shot by order of the colonel. Now he is alive again."

The Chief of Staff gave a searching glance at the tragic face of the young blind man.

"Alive again? That seems rather unusual!"

Jean stammered out the whole pitiful story.

The Chief of Staff was much moved. He remembered young Bertrand Gavaudan and his years of valor. And the love story of Yvonne and that young man touched some chord of pity in his heart.

"My dear young man," he said after a long silence when Jean's narrative had ended with a plea for mercy, "in time of war I should have had no mercy for any man who deserted France in her hour of need, even for love's sake, even for a day. Otherwise the whole army would have fallen to pieces. French soldiers are great lovers! . . . But now in peace time it is different. We have had enough bloodshed for a generation, and France needs children. I shall be glad if the man you call Bertrand Gavaudan marries your sister."

Jean sprang to his feet.

"Then he is pardoned, *mon général*? He is a free man?"

The French Chief of Staff gave a queer laugh.

"There is some mistake," he said. "That man arrested in the caves of Arras cannot be Bertrand Gavaudan. A man who has been shot as a deserter cannot be alive again. Such a thing is not recognized in the War Office. It's against the best traditions of red tape and military boards. I will telephone to the commandant at Arras to set his prisoner at liberty. I am glad you enabled me to prevent a grave error of justice."

He came across the room again and patted Jean on the shoulder.

"You understand? It's best for that young man to remain dead—officially. It saves a lot of trouble. Unofficially I rejoice that you have found your comrade, and your sister her lover. By the time you get back to Arras they will be holding hands again . . . Now I have a thousand papers to sign!"

He touched a bell and cut short the thanks which Jean Gilbert stammered out to him, with the tears streaming from his blind eyes.

The end of the story was in a paragraph at the bottom of a page in *Le Matin*.

"M. Paul Volange, builder and contractor of Arras, was arrested yesterday for corrupt claims and illegal charges against the Government in the reconstruction of the devastated regions. It was on the eve of his marriage with the beautiful daughter of the ex-Mayor of Arras, where his arrest has caused a painful sensation."

NASH

Nash Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Picturing the Advanced Six Four-Door Coupé

4-Wheel Brakes Full Balloon Tires Disc Wheels



\$2190

f. o. b. Kenosha

Here is the magnificent Advanced Six Four-Door Coupé—a car whose noble modeling bears convincing witness to the profound craftsmanship which produced it.

The keynote of its appearance is a pleasing length and lowness deftly accentuated by the low-curving roof and the smartly high sides.

The wheelbase of this model is 127 inches, and included among the many

notable attractions are these outstanding features: an exclusive Nash-design 4-wheel brake system; full balloon tires and five disc wheels as standard equipment; special Nash steering mechanism for use with Nash brake and balloon tire equipment; highly efficient force-feed oiling system; heightened performance prowess; and extensive appointments of the most select calibre.

Advanced Six Series

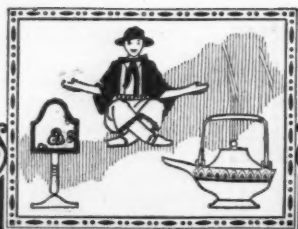
MODELS: 5-Pass. Touring, \$1375; 7-Pass. Touring, \$1525; Roadster, \$1375; 5-Pass. Sedan, \$1695; 7-Pass. Sedan, \$2290; Four-Door Coupe, \$2190. F. O. B. Kenosha

Special Six Series

MODELS: Five-Passenger Touring, \$1095; Roadster, \$1095; Five-Pass. Sedan, \$1295. F. O. B. Milwaukee

(590)

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN



WANTED Men and Women to Earn Money At Home this new easy way

\$20 TO \$50 A WEEK

Spare or Full Time

A limited number of openings are now available to men and women who would like to earn money at home in spare hours or full time. The work is wonderfully interesting and pays unusually well. There is no canvassing, no monotonous drudgery.



Gabriel Andre Petit
Art Director

No Special Ability or Experience Needed

Could any other kind of work be so pleasant as applying beautiful designs in colors to such artistic objects as candlesticks, wooden toys, parchment lamp shades, wall plaques, picture frames, sewing tables, gate-leg tables? Then there are greeting cards to be colored, and cushion tops and other textile articles to be decorated in Batik, and fascinating objects of copper and brass to be etched in beautiful designs.

This is the wonderfully interesting field of work that it is now possible for you to enter through the national organization of Fireside Industries. You can do the work in your home wherever you live, and under the new and exclusive system of instruction devised by Mr. Gabriel Andre Petit after twenty years of experience, the work is made so easy that anyone can do it.

Earnings Assured

Fireside Industries guarantee to each of its members that there will be no difficulty in earning money if a conscientious effort is made. Think of earning \$2 in just one hour, for example, by decorating a pair of candlesticks! Do you wonder that members of Fireside Industries are so enthusiastic about the work?

Illustrated Book FREE



The beautiful Book of Fireside Industries, illustrated in color, which explains all about this new way to earn money at home, will be sent to you on request absolutely FREE and without obligation. Simply mail the coupon or write, enclosing two-cent stamp to help pay postage. But do this at once, while openings for new members are available.

Fireside Industries, Dept. 2312 Adrian, Mich.

Fireside Industries, Dept. 2312
Adrian, Michigan.

Please send me absolutely FREE, the beautiful Illustrated Book of Fireside Industries, explaining how I may earn money at home by decorating Art Novelties. I enclose two-cent stamp.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

The Pleasure Buyers

(Continued from page 79)

given father's death caused the revolution against the olive and the substitution of the cherry. He died a martyr to a holy cause. Mrs. Wiswell, I rarely grow sentimental, but tonight—could we inhale a slight libation to his memory?"

"Your babe-like arteries pulse in accord with mine, old thing," she told him, "but didn't I hear you make a golf date with Toby Ledwith for nine in the morning?"

"I could train on rye for that person and trim him with ease. How about that, Toby?" he called to a portly gentleman attired as Sir Walter Raleigh.

"How about what?" asked Ledwith.

"I maintain that I can trim you under any conditions, any place, any time, for a thousand dollars," said Connors.

"I hate nervous strain; suspense makes me thirsty and I've drunk enough," said Ledwith.

"How about now?"

A governor of the club intervened. "You idiots will dig up no fairways at this time of night," he said flatly.

"Huh, Toby doesn't need a golf course to play on. Neither do I," cried Connors. "I'll play you from the front door of the Everglades to the front door of the Breakers Casino."

"It's a bet," cried Ledwith. "We play every ball where it lies. If you lose your ball it's stroke and distance."

"But you can't find your ball this time of night," interposed Mrs. Wiswell.

"Use a putt and keep 'em straight," cried someone.

A roar of enthusiasm arose from those of the guests who remained.

"Got to have a referee for this match," said Ledwith.

"Miss Helen Ripley suits me," said Connors.

"She'd suit anybody," declared Toby Ledwith approvingly. "Total number of strokes to govern. Take any route you want, but the hole of the Breakers Casino. Let's go."

It was quite the maddest thing that Helen had ever heard of. Also, she knew little of golf and shrank from the uncoveted honor of refereeing the match. But Mrs. Wiswell was enjoying the moment and pleaded with the girl to accept. Clubs were procured from the golf-house; a sufficient number of balls to replace any that might be lost were obtained from the same source; amid cheers Connors carefully placed his ball on the curb and swung his putter firmly. Ledwith did the same.

Three score wheel-chairs started down the road after the players. Wagers were exchanged, cries of delight, cheers in honor of the contestants. Helen, following first behind the players, decided that she had never witnessed anything so mad.

Connors had putted his ball about forty yards and was away; the road being wide, well-lighted and straight, he decided to tear into the ball. He sliced it through a pane of glass and the gallery roared in delight.

"Two strokes penalty, Miss Referee," cried Ledwith.

"Not on your life. I play it where it lies," retorted Connors.

A pajamaed figure appeared in the shattered window.

"What's it all about?" he demanded.

Explanation was given.

"What sort of a lie have I?" asked Connors.

The man in pajamas disappeared, to return in a moment. "It's under the bed," he said, "but we can move it, open the east window and you can shoot it through there. That'll land you on Brazilian Avenue and you can play up toward the County Road."

"Miss Referee, you can't open windows or move beds," shrieked Ledwith.

"I ask you, Miss Ripley," said Connors with dignity, "is a bed a natural hazard or isn't it?"

"Beds were invented before golf," proclaimed Ledwith.

"The point is not well taken," said Helen. "The gentleman argues against himself. An invention cannot be natural. The bed may be removed and the ball played where it lies."

Cheers greeted her pronouncement.

"I refuse to appeal," said Ledwith. "Beds were made to be slept in, not argued over."

"Humph," said Mrs. Wiswell. "You're not a hen-pecked husband, then."

"The gallery will please preserve order," commanded Helen.

She dismounted from her wheel-chair, and entered the house whose window had been ravished. About seventy-five people followed. The owner had earlier been a guest at the masque. Now, gorgeous in pajamas, he acted as impromptu host. He provided high-balls, and many of the gallery decided to spend the remainder of the night there.

Connors played his ball superbly through an open window to Brazilian Avenue, and the match proceeded. Ledwith played around the corner, and they proceeded toward the County Road, and thence by the wide Royal Palm Way to the ocean. And at the first Breakers Cottage Ledwith conceded his defeat. He had now taken 279 strokes as against 241 for Connors. The outcome was foreshadowed. Besides, he was hungry. He led fifty revelers, in wheel-chairs, across the wooden bridge to West Palm Beach, where a surprised and gratified restaurateur bustled and hustled a breakfast.

"And this," said Mrs. Wiswell, as she and Helen rode home in the light of dawn, "is Palm Beach. One grand party, I name it."

"I never laughed so in my life," admitted Helen.

"And laughter keeps one young. Laugh all ways, my dear. Even when you feel that you must weep—laugh."

"But I shouldn't—tonight—this morning. I—I said things about Mr. Terry that—"

"My dear, if he were guilty instinct would tell you. He's innocent."

"You really think that?" asked Helen.

"Certainly. I would stake my life on it," said Mrs. Wiswell.

Helen wanted to tell her of her conversation with Terry, but her hostess yawned so openly that she postponed the revelation. Besides, before she told anyone of that conversation with Terry she wanted to mull it over, hug it sweetly to herself. Of course, she was silly, but—it was sheer joy, being silly—sometimes.

But when they arrived home even tragedy, even thought of Terry, could not keep her awake. She fell asleep instantly.

Having finished his breakfast, the Reverend Thaddeus Workman stepped from the same restaurant in which a few hours before the costumed revellers had fed. Out on the street he hesitated a moment. Absently he put his thumbs in his waistcoat pocket.

One of his thumbs touched a scrap of paper; he brought it out; it was the glossy, official-seeming paper which bore the letters "...le" and which he had retrieved from the fireplace in the Cassenas living-room. He stared at it.

Kildare had lied about the time of that fire. Cassenas had not lighted it, or Helen Ripley would have seen its flames. Also, the embers would have cooled before Workman had examined them, unless the blaze had been replenished. This, by implication at least, Kildare had denied doing. Now, what had Kildare, upon learning of his master's death, thought it necessary to destroy? For the fire had been lighted, not for heat, on the sultry night before last, but to destroy something.

What? Well, here was a murder just committed and certain to be investigated. At such a time, under such circumstances, what more likely to be burned than evidence relating to the crime? This was obvious, of course. But what sort of evidence?

And this led him to the conclusion that Kildare's importance in the case was of the

NOTHING CAN TAKE THE PLACE OF DUOFOLD QUALITY AT CHRISTMAS



OVER-SIZE DUOFOLD PEN \$7 • NEW "BIG BRO." DUOFOLD PENCIL TO MATCH \$4—Their First Christmas Together

34 "Inquiring Reporters"

Settled the Gift Question for You

*When they found more people
wanted the Parker Pens than any other make*

Yes, and a Parker Duofold with 25-year point will make
this a 25-year Christmas for those to whom you give it

WHAT they told the "Inquiring Reporters" from 34 newspapers is the answer you would get if you asked your friends and loved ones to name their Christmas gift.

Out of 2024 people picked at random more named the "Parker" Pen than any other make when the reporters asked: "What pen will you buy next?"

And there's no finer gesture of affection than to send these reigning favorites instead of trifles that have no permanent value.

To the man give the \$7 Over-size Duofold with the man-size grip, and the extra ink-supply that is just like money in the bank when needed.

To the woman or girl give slender Lady Duofold, \$5. To the boy give Duofold Jr., \$5.

Duofold pencil to match any one of the pens, \$3.50. New "Big Bro." Duofold Pencil, \$4, a real mate for the Over-size Duofold Pen in build and finish. Satin-lined Gift Box De Luxe included with Duofold Pen and Pencil sets, called Parker Duofold Duettes.

All Parker Duofold Pens are made in flashing plain black, as well as lacquer-red, black-tipped. All have the jewel-smooth Duofold point that's guaranteed, if not abused, for 25 years' wear. All have the same hand-fitting symmetry and balance that inspire writing, and give one's penmanship the speed and character that win with the world.

But don't be late in ordering from the first pen counter—else there may not be time to have your Duofolds engraved with the names of the lucky ones who're to get them.

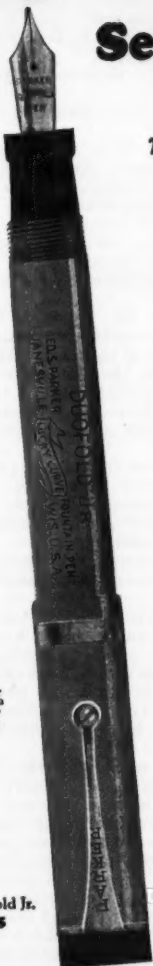
THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • SPOKANE • LONDON, ENG.
THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

Parker
LUCKY CURVE
Duofold
With The 25 Year Point



Red and
Black Color
Combination
Reg. Trade
Mark U. S.
Pat. Office

Duofold Jr.
\$5



Lady Duofold
\$5
Ribbon \$1 extra



"There's One Man We'll Keep"

"Ed Wilson, there, is one of the most ambitious men in the office. I notice that he never folds away his spare time. He studies his International Correspondence Schools course every chance he gets."

"It's been the making of him too. He hasn't been here nearly so long as Tom Downey, who was discharged yesterday, but he knows ten times as much about this business."

"I'm going to give him Tom's job at a raise in salary. He's the kind of man we want around here."

HOW do you stand in your shop or office? Are you an Ed Wilson or a Tom Downey? Are you going up? Or down?

No matter where you live, the International Correspondence Schools will come to you. No matter what your handicaps or how small your means, we have a plan to meet your circumstances. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply-written, wonderfully-illustrated I. C. S. textbooks make it easy to learn.

This is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, put it up to us to prove how we can help you. Just mark and mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 2545-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X.

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French | |

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blue Prints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mining | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | |

Name.....
Street.....
Address..... 3-6-24
City..... State.....

Occupation.....
Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

St. Petersburg

"The Sunshine City"

Famous for its balmy sunshine that has failed on only 75 days in 14 years. On Florida's West Coast. A playground colorful with flowers and palms—and the sparkling Bay and Gulf. Wonderful bathing, yachting, motoring. Great golf, fishing, tennis every recreation for young and old. Sumptuous new hotels and accommodations of all kinds. Write for interesting booklet—ask any question.

Address M. H. Dillman
Chamber of Commerce
St. Petersburg, Florida

first rank. He would talk with Kildare again. So he immediately set out for Seminole Lodge.

When the evangelist reached his destination Kildare greeted him with the announcement that Cassenas's cousins had telegraphed their wishes as to the murdered man's interment.

"They want him buried here, and left it to me to choose the minister," he said.

Workman's lips pursed; certainly the Cassenas relations were callous. But after all, perhaps they had suspected their cousin's character, maybe even knew it well, and were merely not hypocritical now.

"I wonder if you'd consent to conduct the services tomorrow, Doctor Workman," said Kildare.

The minister stared surprisedly at the major-domo of Seminole Lodge. But there was no real reason why he should refuse to officiate. Merely because the deceased's character had been evil was no reason why Doctor Workman should usurp the privilege of God and judge him. To refuse the last rites to the helpless clay was not to show Christian charity. Nor was the fact that Workman was engaged in tracing Cassenas's murderer any bar to his conducting the funeral ceremonies.

"If there is no one else you wish, I shall be glad to accept," he replied.

"Much obliged, Doctor," said Kildare.

"Do you know the contents of Cassenas's will, Kildare?" asked Workman suddenly.

Kildare stared. "How would I know that?" he parried.

"I'm sure I don't know how, but do you?" Workman rebuked him.

Kildare shook his head. "Not a thing in the world; I wouldn't even bet he made a will."

Workman nodded. Then his eyes narrowed as he watched Kildare's fingers. The man held a pencil in his hand and was palming the object in most amazing fashion. It would disappear, reappear, and disappear again, and when it vanished it was most difficult to imagine that it merely lay hidden in the taut cords on the back of his hand.

"Quite a trick," commented Workman.

Kildare flushed. "Wasted a lot of time when I was young, learning stunts like that."

He put the pencil in his pocket. "Anything else you want, Doctor?"

"You knew that Davenport had been arrested, and that he accused Miss Ripley of having received a dagger from Cassenas?" he asked.

"He's a rat, that Davenport," growled Kildare. "I got him this job, and what does he do? Steal! Yes, Mr. Quintard told me, but it don't seem to me the man can be held. No complainant, with Mr. Cassenas dead. And his cousin's won't come 'way down here to make a charge."

"I suppose not," said Workman absently. His mind was busy as he listened to Kildare, but busied with bewilderments. Kildare knew something, even though he might not be guilty of his master's death. Ah, but how could he be guilty? Cassenas had been slain with a knife which was found in his body, and all the other knives had been accounted for. Nevertheless, Kildare knew something. How could he be made to speak? Workman had come over to Seminole Lodge to question the man, but now that he was here the questions would not pass his lips.

"Making any progress?" asked Kildare.

The revivalist might be mistaken, but it seems to him that there was a hint of a sneer in the major-domo's voice.

"Not much," he admitted. "Just thought that looking over the ground might help."

"Nothing I can do for you? If not, there's bills to be looked after, arrangements to be made—"

"Of course," said Workman.

He left, walking slowly, his bushy brows drawn close together. Kildare was hiding something, and Kildare was nervous. This latter he judged to be a fact because of the incessant palming of the pencil. Kildare was really a phlegmatic sort of person, yet today he was nervous. His master's death did not account

for this, because yesterday Cassenas had been murdered, and Kildare was not nervous then. Then why was he nervous now?

Walking up the Lake Trail, he paused opposite Cassenas's house-boat, the West Wind. It was moored to land and Workman boarded it. A sailor recognized him, and obsequiously wanted to know if he could be of assistance.

"No," said Workman. "I was wondering if anyone could have recovered the dagger lost from this boat some weeks ago."

The sailor spat over the rail into the lake. He shook his head.

"I was one of the boys that went overboard after the knife," he declared. "And the bottom ain't muddy here. But we couldn't find it. Funny, I was helping serve some drinks that day, and when Kildare bumped against Mr. Cassenas and the knife slipped from his fingers, I'd 'a' sworn it dropped on the deck. But it didn't, I guess. But I didn't hear it splash."

"Did you hear it drop on the deck?" The man shook his head. "I didn't hear nothing. That was funny, wasn't it?"

"Oh, well, you were engaged in your duties," said Workman.

But he wondered as he left the house-boat. Kildare was adept at sleight of hand . . .

CHAPTER XIX

AS HE moved slowly south along the Lake Trail, he began to put together facts and theories. He listed them in chronological order, tapping his right hand with the forefinger of the left as he checked off each item.

1. Fact: Cassenas was threatened, by implication at least, by Terry.

2. Fact: General Gary quarreled with Cassenas and threatened him.

3. Fact: Cassenas attacked Helen Ripley, and his speech was incoherent.

4. Fact: Cassenas called at Terry's house at 2.30 a. m.

5. Stated to be fact: Cassenas left Terry's house at 2.45 a. m.

6. Fact: Cassenas killed between 3.15 and 3.25 a. m.

7. Fact: Cassenas slain with Moorish dagger, one of six purchased by him in Spain.

8. Fact: Established that only knife lost in Lake Worth could have slain him.

9. Theory: Kildare, skilled at sleight of hand, pretended to drop knife overboard, but really retained it to kill his master.

10. Fact: Kildare lied about the fire on the hearth.

11. Amazing fact: He, Thaddeus Workman, had neglected to ascertain where Kildare was between the hours of three and four.

He dropped instantly his summary of facts and theories and retraced his steps to the mooring place of the West Wind. The same sailor with whom he had spoken a while ago greeted him.

"None of you boys on this boat heard any cries last night, did you?" he inquired.

The sailor looked surprised. "Gosh, we're more than a mile from where Mr. Cassenas's body was found," he replied.

"Of course," said Workman. "Besides, you were all asleep, I suppose, at quarter past three?"

"No, sir, not one of us," said the man emphatically. "After a party there's a lot of cleaning up to be done, and Mr. Cassenas was mighty strict. Nothing was ever put off until the next day. All of us was on the job, with Kildare bossing us, until nearly four o'clock."

"Oh, Kildare stayed here?" inquired Workman.

"Well, he was around most of the time," said the sailor. "Seems to me he didn't leave here until after four. Of course, he might have gone ashore, but I don't know about that."

The man was quite unsuspicious, and so were the other stewards and sailors whom Workman questioned. They all remembered that Kildare didn't leave the house-boat until around four o'clock. Then he had definitely said good night to two of them. But whether or not he could have slipped ashore, in the



Make up your set
from this list:

HAIR BRUSH
CLOTH BRUSH
HAT BRUSH
BONNET BRUSH
MILITARY BRUSH
COMB... MIRROR
NAIL POLISHER
NAIL FILE
CUTICLE KNIFE
SHOE HOOK
SCISSORS
SOAP BOX
CREAM BOX
PUFF BOX
HAIR RECEIVER
SHOE HORN
DRESSER TRAY
PIN TRAY
PICTURE FRAME
JEWEL BOX
CLOCK
PIN CUSHION
PERFUME BOTTLE
BUD VASE



Look for the name-
stamp on every piece
— your assurance of
life-long service.

Fashionable this Christmas and for years to come

PYRALIN Toileware is no mere remembrance of the moment. With its never-fading beauty and constant usefulness, it is a continual reminder of the giver for years to come. All women love it. And it is always in vogue.

Heavy, deep tooled material, beautifully finished in the rich, lustrous colors of Ivory, Amber or Shell, or in the fashion-

able combinations of Shell on Amber and Ivory on Amber — with exquisite decorations, if desired. A gift sure to be prized by any woman!

Give a set this Christmas. Or, if one has already been started, give additional pieces to match. They can always be obtained at the leading stores anywhere. Descriptive booklet on request.



E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC., Pyralin Dept., ARLINGTON, N. J.
Arlington Company of Canada, Montreal

A Merry Christmas for the Automobile

IT'S TIME to make up your Christmas list. Do it now, as the desk mottoes say, and get your holiday shopping finished before the mad buying rush of the last two weeks before Christmas Eve.

Of course Brother Charlie, Aunt Effie, Uncle Herbert, Cousin Ralph and all the regulars will be on that list. And you'll have the usual annual guessing contest with yourself in selecting suitable presents for them.

Here is a suggestion that will help you to solve some of your gift problems: "Give Something For The Car This Christmas."

People appreciate practical gifts. Gifts for the car are practical and the owner will welcome any thing that will add to its utility. Many accessories add to the car's appearance as well.

The dealers in your town will have a wide choice of automotive gifts on display this season—most of them appropriately wrapped in holiday packages. There is a wide range of prices and you can be just as economical or as extravagant as your pocketbook dictates.

So look over the cars of the relatives and friends on your list, and find out what sort of accessory will be most acceptable. Make it A Merry Christmas for the Automobile.

The following list will serve you as a good automotive shopping guide:

Auto Radio Set
Auto Skid Chains
Automatic Windshield Cleaner
Jumper
Cigar Lighter
Car Lock
Car Heater
Cigarette Holder
Clock
Can Anti-Freeze Mixture
Driving Gloves
Five Gallons of Oil
Initial Radiator Cap
Inner Tube
Inspection Lamp
Lunch Kit with Vacuum Bottles
Luggage Carrier
Motometer
Motor-driven Horn

Parking Side Lamps
Primer
Pressure Lubricator Rear
Rear View Mirror
Radiator Ornament
Radiator Shutter
Radiator Cover
Stop Signal
Slip Covers
Spare Tire
Spare Tire Lock
Spark Plug
Set of Tools
Spot Lamp
Shock Absorbers
Tire Cover
Tire Gauge
Visor

Now that cold weather is here, you'll need Booklet No. 1 listed below—*Cold Weather Motoring*. It contains much valuable advice, which, if followed, will enable you to avoid much of the annoyance that accompanies car operation during the winter months.

Send ten cents. Or why not order the whole set of twenty—it will cost only \$2.00. They are all fully illustrated, and are packed with information that every motorist needs. Fill out the coupon and send the proper amount in stamps.

- No. 1—Cold Weather Motoring.
- No. 2—The Tire Text Book.
- No. 3—A Guide to the Electrical System.
- No. 4—The Carbon Pest.
- No. 5—Does Your Insurance Really Protect You?
- No. 6—Storage Batteries and Spark Plugs.
- No. 7—Never Neglect Your Brakes.
- No. 8—A Longer Life for Your Car.
- No. 9—The Well Kept Car.
- No. 10—The Curse of Oil Pumping.
- No. 11—Vibration.
- No. 12—Valves.
- No. 13—The Feverish Engine.
- No. 14—Pleasant Touring.
- No. 15—Be a Better Driver.
- No. 16—The Misfiring Nuisance.

- No. 17—When the Fuel System Balks.
- No. 18—Advice for the Car Buyer.
- No. 19—The Power Transmission System.
- No. 20—When Your Car Needs Service.

Cosmopolitan Motoring Service
119 West 40th Street, New York City.

Enclosed is..... in stamps
for which send me Booklets Nos.....

My car is.....
Name.....
Address.....

midst of their work, and been absent half an hour, none could testify. At least, they didn't volunteer testimony either way, and Workman did not wish to ask them point blank questions as yet. Word of his questioning would reach Kildare, and he did not want to arouse the major-domo's suspicions.

So he walked ashore again, and resumed his examination of the facts. But he seemed to have reached the end of them. Unless something new turned up, he would be compelled to reason from the matters already established, or from elaboration of those matters. For the first time since yesterday morning, when, at Mrs. Wiswell's request, he had become the champion of Helen Ripley, his confidence deserted him. Suppose that nothing new came to light; suppose that the things he already knew were not amplified in any way; what then?

True, it was established that Kildare lied. But, as against that, there was the threat of Terry, the suspicious appointment he had made with Cassenas, and the too-ready testimony of Terry's servants. Really, it seemed to him, in this moment of depression, that he had accomplished nothing at all. But he cast this feeling from him. He had ascertained a good many things; surely he would ascertain more.

His assurance to himself that this was so was almost like a prayer, and as though in answer to a prayer, a telegraph messenger dismounted from a bicycle and accosted him, offering a yellow envelope.

"You're gettin' service, Doctor," he said. "Five boys is out scoutin' for you, with copies of this message, but I'm the lucky guy to find you. Sign here, please."

The revivalist signed the boy's message book, tipped him and opened the envelope. It was from Lieutenant Daly in New York.

"A E Gurney justice peace Paterson New Jersey claims have performed wedding ceremony Cassenas and Norah Murphy November 7 nineteen seventeen stop License bureau Paterson records show license for E L Cassenas and Norah Murphy granted week previous stop initials did not mean anything to license people apparently for newspapers never got story stop Gurney read late editions of yesterdays New York papers and remembered marriage stop identifies photo of Cassenas as groom stop only witness middle-aged man who said he was Thomas Murphy father of bride stop morning papers up here featuring murder and playing you up like a movie hero stop who would you rather be Sherlock Holmes or the Archbishop of Canterbury."

A reluctant smile curled Workman's lips as he read the friendly jibe at the end. But the smile was fleeting. This information might be of exceeding importance.

"Any answer, Doctor?" asked the boy thrilled at contact with the personage whose picture was in the morning papers. He offered a telegraph blank and a pencil. Workman accepted both and wrote an answer to Daly.

"Some people would find out where Mrs Cassenas is; don't suppose you thought of that. The archbishop of course."

He signed it, tipped the boy, thanked him for the extraordinary efforts made to deliver the telegram, and resumed his walk.

He could now add number twelve to the list which he had made awhile ago. Cassenas was a married man. Or perhaps he had been a widower. But that assumption was one to be accepted only by a man mentally lazy. Assuming that Cassenas was a widower immediately eliminated an outraged wife from the mystery.

For certainly that wife would have been outraged. Not merely had Cassenas kept her very existence secret from his world, but he had brazenly courted other women, made proposals of marriage to them.

Now, this last thought suggested other thoughts, which might permit him to accept the lazy man's assumption as a legitimate bit of reasoning.

Cassenas was a man of prominence; hi

doings were chronicled in the public prints. If he had a wife, he would know that his announced engagement to another woman would reach her notice, and that trouble would follow. Also, a scandal that would ruin him would accompany trouble.

So, then, Cassenas had nothing to fear from his wife. But did this argue her death? Not absolutely: there might have been a divorce. But, in that case, Cassenas would have paid heavily. For it did not seem reasonable that the Norah Murphy whom Cassenas had married was a woman of wealth or position which would make it unnecessary for her to accept support from her husband. Women of prominence rarely make secret marriages. An examination of Cassenas's check-books might disclose interesting things. He quickened his pace, and then slackened it, as another conclusion asserted itself.

The publication of the tragedy had brought quick information of Cassenas's marriage. A man who had not known the social prominence of the bridegroom whom he had married had promptly, upon publication of the groom's death, notified the police of the wedding. Now, Cassenas might have been granted a quiet divorce—or his wife might have obtained it—without thought that it would ever be publicly known; but this tragedy would jog the memories of court attendants, who would wonder if E. L. Cassenas were the notorious Gene Cassenas. Workman need not investigate the Cassenas checks. Quintard had examined his Palm Beach accounts already and found nothing of importance. If Cassenas had been divorced Daly would learn of it by tonight, and would inform Workman.

Now, suppose that Cassenas were merely separated from his wife: complaisant though she might be, he would not dare to risk bigamy. Therefore, Cassenas's wife was dead, and he had nothing to fear from her in the event of his marriage.

Thus, by devious paths, had he reached the lazy man's assumption. Ah, but had he? Helen Ripley had not been able to quote Cassenas as, baffled and raging, he talked to himself in his patio shortly before his death. But it had sounded to her as though Cassenas kept repeating, "I will marry."

Why should Cassenas, apparently a bachelor, speak in this fashion? Could it have been that Cassenas feared the interference of his wife? But, no, Workman had already answered that. Cassenas, planning to marry the daughter of General Gary, would never have been reckless enough to dream of placing Gladys in an anomalous position. For that would have meant ruin, or even death at the fiery old General's hands.

Cassenas's wife, then, was dead. But there was some other barrier to Cassenas's marriage. Or, perhaps, Cassenas had been saying, "I will marry Gladys."

Now that was reasonable, a fair interpretation to place on his wild words as, barred from a marriage to General Gary's daughter which might have served to rehabilitate fortunes which, according to Terry, were shattered, he fumed in the patio.

But Helen Ripley would have heard the name of Gladys had it been mentioned. And even if he could assume that she didn't hear it, this was a lazy man's assumption, the assumption of one anxious to take things for granted, in order to avoid strenuous mental exercise.

Let him take the harder course: let him assume that marriage was barred to Cassenas and that the man so soon to welter in his own blood was recklessly denying the barrier. What, then, was the nature of this strange impediment to marriage?

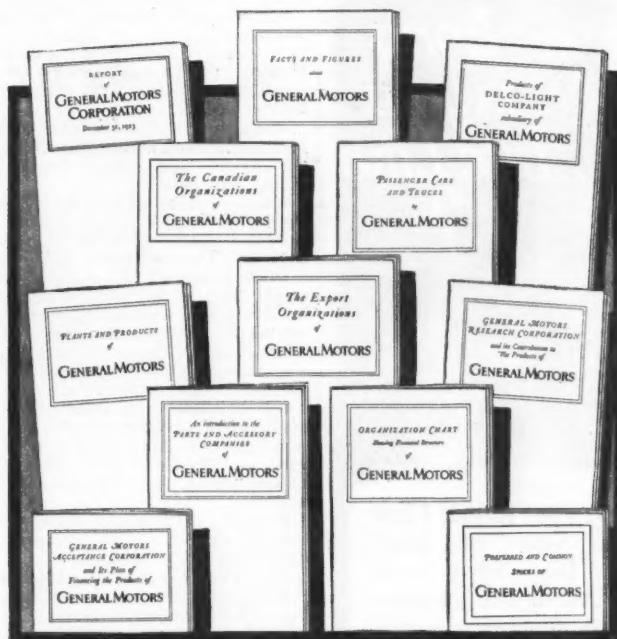
Did it lie in fear? But of whom, or of what?

"Boss, boss," an excited voice called to him.

He looked up, to see Alonzo Heddy, his chair man of yesterday, pedaling frantically after him. His chair held an occupant, a grinning colored youth.

Skidding perilously, Alonzo brought his vehicle to a stop.

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY



Send for one or all

For the past year you have been reading these "Facts about a Famous Family"; and you may be interested in learning more about General Motors and its products.

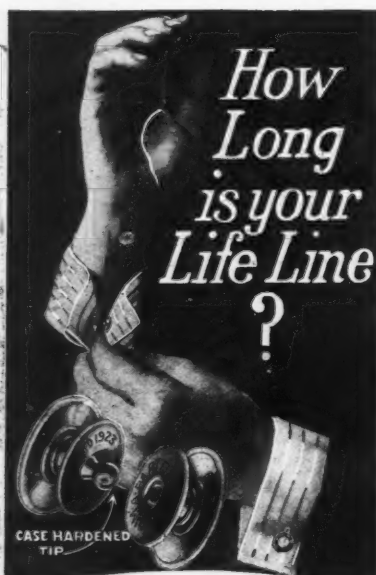
There has been printed a series of interesting booklets, dealing with the subjects listed below.

- FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT GENERAL MOTORS
- PASSENGER CARS AND TRUCKS
- PARTS AND ACCESSORY COMPANIES
- FINANCIAL STATEMENTS
- ORGANIZATION CHART
- PLANTS AND PRODUCTS
- STOCKS—DEBENTURES, PREFERRED AND COMMON
- GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION (GMAC PLAN)
- GENERAL MOTORS RESEARCH CORPORATION
- DELCO-LIGHT ELECTRIC PLANTS AND FRIGIDAIRE
- EXPORT ORGANIZATIONS
- CANADIAN ORGANIZATIONS

Any or all of these booklets will be mailed to you, if a request is addressed to Department of Financial Publicity, General Motors Corporation, 224 West 57th Street, New York.

GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET • OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE • GMC TRUCKS



How Long is your Life Line?
Look at your hand. How long is your life line? That's how long your cuff buttons are guaranteed to last—if they're stampt Kum-a-part. In fact the new, patented case-hardened tip will outlive you.

Already over 10 million men are Kum-a-part boosters. The smartness—the convenience, simplicity and positive grip of the click-open, snap-shut action have won them over.

Now with the new improvements and a life-time guarantee, why should anyone accept weak imitations or fuss with clumsy, old style buttons!

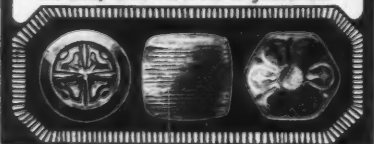
You'll make certain they are Kum-a-parts when you buy a pair for yourself and you'll be doubly sure when purchasing gifts for friends. The name on the back protects you—Look for it.

Priced up to \$25 the pair
Write for Correct Dress Chart "14"
The Baer & Wilde Company
Attleboro, Mass., U. S. A.

KUM-A-PART
CUFF BUTTON

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

the snap with the lifetime guarantee



"Come all the way from Nassau to work my legs off on a wheel-chair, boss, but sure never expected to push a nigger round. Drove this boy faster than I ever rode in my life, trying to catch up with you, and don't get paid for it, either."

The evangelist smiled. "You may have earned a tip, Alonzo," he said.

"I reckon I have, boss," said the negro, grinning. "When you hear what this boy has to tell you, you'll be mighty grateful to Alonzo Heddy, yes, sir."

Workman looked at the other colored man. Apparently about twenty years of age, he was tall and thin and as knock-kneed as the revivalist was bowlegged.

Alonzo dismounted from his bicycle seat at the rear of the chair. He reached out a capable hand and clutched the younger negro by the shoulder. Then he turned to Workman.

"This nigger's folk's is very respectable people; his father is a waiter at the Lanthia and his mother does washing. Honest, hard-working people. But this here nigger is a crap-shootin' rascal. The hardest work he ever done was caddyin' a bit on the links. Well, sir, I boards with this boy's parents, and this mornin' I hear him talkin' big about Mr. Cassenas's murder. Said he could tell a lot if he wanted to. And I grabbed him by the neck and made him want to. He didn't make no terms about trouble, either. Boy, talk like you talked to me."

He tightened his grip on the gangly negro's shoulder and the youth squirmed. "Lord, don't pinch so," he groaned.

"Don't hurt him, Alonzo," said Workman.

Reluctantly the chair man released his victim. "Talk," he ordered again.

"And remember," said Workman, sternly, "that if you tell me anything that isn't so—"

"I ain't goin' to tell no lies," whimpered the colored boy. "I told Alonzo here that I seen a woman on the Lake Trail night before last at half-past three, just north of where Mr. Cassenas's body was found, and it's true."

"What were you doing over here?" Workman demanded.

"That's where Old Man Trouble sticks his ugly nose into this crap-shootin' nigger's affairs," said Alonzo grimly. "He was over here lookin' for anything he could steal, wasn't you, boy?"

"Ain't no harm in a nigger's walkin' the trail looking for things he can find, is there?" countered the boy.

"Find? Huh!" sneered Alonzo. "Takin' and findin' all the same to you, Sam Bloppy, and you knows it. Anyway, niggers without no business here ain't allowed on the Lake Trail at night, or any other time, and you know it. You was plannin' a little high-class burglary and you know it."

"Well, I didn't do it," protested Sam.

Workman frowned at Alonzo.

"You were over here. How do you know the time?" he asked.

"I won't git in no trouble if I tell you," asked the boy.

"Not unless you did something wrong," said Workman.

"Well, I didn't. I meant to lift an old tire, or something like that, maybe some tools or something from one of the garages over here, but I didn't. I hung around the Wilkersons' place, but there was lights burning, and I didn't dare go into the garage, even though it was a long way from the house, over toward the County Road.

"Then I saw the Wilkersons come home with Alonzo pushing them in his chair, and I decided to sneak home myself. And about opposite a house further down the trail I saw someone coming along, in a hurry. A woman. So I hid behind a tree and watched her go by; a pretty good-sized woman she was, and all out of breath because she'd been running fast. She went into a house—"

"At half-past three," asked Workman.

"Yes, sir. You asked me how I knew the time. Well, I carry a 'lectric torch with me—"

"Just a low-down burglar," snorted Alonzo.

"And after she went by I looked at my watch, because I knew I had to hurry to git home before Alonzo did, and I judged he was headed for home after he left the Wilkersons, and I didn't want him to know I was out—he's been scoldin' me a lot lately. So I looked at my watch, and hustled home."

"Where did the woman go?" asked Workman.

"Into the house. Spray House it was, boss."

Spray House! Terry's house! And Terry had in his employ a rather buxom woman.

Workman entered the chair.

"Spray House," he said to Alonzo.

CHAPTER XX

PAST the West Wind, past Seminole Lodge, Alonzo Heddy pedaled the revivalist. Sam Bloppy walked alongside, and Doctor Workman questioned him repeatedly. But the colored boy stuck to his story. And so, for the last half of the ride, the Reverend Tad was silent. He was concentrating on this thirteenth item in the list of facts, alleged facts, and theories which he had compiled.

"A pretty good-sized woman," according to Sam Bloppy, had hurriedly entered Spray House at half-past three in the morning of the murder. Spray House was about five minutes—perhaps slightly more—fast walking-distance from the spot where Cassenas's body had been found. The woman, then, could have killed Cassenas between three-fifteen and three-twenty-five—the established time of the murder, unless all Workman's theorizing must go for naught—and reached Spray House at the time stated by Sam Bloppy.

But Alonzo Heddy, passing south along this very trail, had not seen the woman. But there was a reason for this. Wheel-chairs—and Alonzo had been driving one—carry lights. A murderess, no matter how excited, would have sense enough, upon seeing the approaching lantern of the chair, to slip behind one of the palms or—better—into the shade of the great banyans, and remain there until Alonzo had passed. It meant nothing that Alonzo had not seen the woman.

And the woman had entered the house of Terry, the man who admitted that Cassenas had left his house at a quarter to three, the man who admitted unrelenting enmity toward Cassenas, who openly stated that he had hoped Cassenas would kill himself in view of the ruin ahead of him, a ruin made possible by Cassenas's own evil deeds, but engineered by Terry.

If only Sam Bloppy could identify as the breathless woman of the Lake Trail the woman who worked, as a servant, in the Terry household! Such an identification would just about solve the mystery, thought Workman.

At Spray House he alighted from the chair, ordered Alonzo to await him, and, accompanied by Sam Bloppy, walked into the patio. Terry was seated there, the remains of breakfast still upon a table, reading a morning paper.

"Doctor, I didn't know what a great man you were," he cried.

The Reverend Thaddeus pursed his lips. "I would rather be least in the Kingdom of Heaven, than great in the kingdom of man."

"Still," laughed Terry, "it's rather pleasant being hailed as a genius. And according to the newspaper, you never failed on a case in all your career as a detective, but you don't seem cheerful, Doctor."

"Bringing sinners to earthly punishment is not cheerful work," replied Workman.

His voice was whinnying unctuous, but the blue eyes, rolled upward sanctimoniously, missed nothing of Terry's surroundings.

"What can I do for you today, Doctor?" Terry asked abruptly.

"You have a maid employed here, Mr. Terry," stated Workman.

Terry nodded. "My cook, you mean. Mrs. Sinnott?"

Workman accepted the correction. "May I speak with her?"



All outdoors invites your

Christmas Kodak

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

What's on The Air To-night?

PICK up the program and you'll find an unlimited range of entertainment—available at the turn of a dial.

Perhaps a dance orchestra from one of the great hotels is being broadcast

—or a famous violinist is playing at one of the studios—or some event of general news interest is happening to which you can listen in.

The ideal condition in radio reception is an equipment easy to operate—of range sufficient to permit a wide selection from stations near or far, and, most important, enough knowledge to enable you to get out of your set all that it is capable of producing.

You must realize that the finest set will fail if batteries are neglected or if tubes are not properly seated in their sockets or if loud-speakers or 'phone terminals have slipped out of place, or if some other connection has been shaken loose.

There is no excuse for anything short of perfect performance in the modern radio set of good manufacture. Except for occasional atmospheric disturbance, radio reception should be always clear, undistorted and of adequate volume. It will be if you have the right equipment and understand how to maintain it at its best.

Perhaps you want a better, newer, or more advanced set than you now have—if so, Edgar H. Felix's brief outline of receiving sets will help you.

Certainly you should have his trouble finding booklet and radio chart.

Every owner—or prospective owner—of a radio set should have this reference pamphlet. Mr. Felix, Associate of the Institute of Radio Engineers is a leading authority on Radio maintenance and operation. The complete set will be mailed to you for only ten cents. **Use this coupon.**

On Thursday and Saturday nights, between ten and eleven, Vincent Lopez and his famous dance orchestra may be heard on the air. They play at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York, and are broadcast by W. E. A. F., A. T. and T. Station. Stand by to hear Vincent Lopez.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRIS ROSENFELD.

Cosmopolitan

119 West 40th Street

Enclosed find 10c for which send Radio Chart and Booklet and "Selecting a Radio Set for Your Home."

Name.....

Address.....

Terry's eyebrows raised. "Why, certainly." His gray eyes twinkled. "Is it as savor of souls or seizer of bodies that you wish to interview her?" There was a twinkle in his gray eyes. Certainly, thought Workman, the man was amazingly cool for one who had planned—or executed—murder less than thirty-six hours gone.

"Perhaps," retorted the Reverend Tad, "the two are not as far apart as you think." "I will not split religious hairs with you," laughed Terry. He rang a bell and Tierney appeared in a doorway. If he felt any uneasy surprise at sight of Workman, his features did not disclose it.

"You rang, Captain?"

"Ask Mrs. Sinnott to come here a moment, Tierney," said Terry.

The soldierly-seeming valet inclined his head and re-entered the house. Mrs. Sinnott appeared in the doorway. Workman looked at Sam Blobby. "Is that the woman you saw night before last?" he asked.

Sam Blobby shook his head. "She got the same build, kinda, boss," he said, "but I dunno that she's the same woman."

"Would you swear that she was *not* the same woman?" demanded Workman.

Again the negro shook his head. "I wouldn't swear nothin', boss," he said. "Is she, or ain't she, I dunno. That's the point, boss. You make me kiss the Book and I couldn't say no more than I done told you now. I ain't sayin' she ain't, but you don't hear me sayin' she is."

"All right, Sam. Wait for me outside," said Workman. Blobby, wiping his forehead—the mental strain of trying to recognize Mrs. Sinnott was too much for his limited mentality to endure without perspiration—obeyed.

"What's it all about, Doctor?" demanded Terry as Mrs. Sinnott left the room.

Workman, uninvited, sat down.

"Why ask questions to which you know the answer?" he retorted. "You know why the negro boy looked at Mrs. Sinnott."

"I know," said Terry, his voice suddenly harsh, "that I have told you that I am innocent of Cassenas's death, and that you doubt me. You give me the lie in action, if not in word. Well, then, I have two courses open to me: one is to resent by speech and deed your insinuations; the other is to be good-humored about it. I have chosen the second course."

"Out of the goodness and kindness of your heart," scoffed Workman, "with no thought at all of the fact that if you offer me obstruction I can have you arrested."

"Perhaps," said Terry. "But not certainly. There are such things as writs of habeas corpus; there are such things as suits for false arrest. But, my dear Doctor, you know perfectly well that you haven't a jot of evidence against me."

"That colored boy might have provided something more than a jot against your servant," observed Workman.

"But he didn't," jeered Terry. "Now, listen, Doctor. I have no objection to your suspecting me. Objections would do me little good, anyway. But I don't want you to threaten me. You have absolutely no case against me. Legally, you have no standing whatsoever."

"An officer of the law—and I am acting with authority—has a right to question people with regard to a crime," countered Workman.

"Unless they refuse to talk," retorted Terry.

"I am sorry, Mr. Terry," he said mildly, "that you have misunderstood my actions; they are inspired by nothing more than the desire to see justice done to a murderer. I have been performing my duty. That is all."

He rose, bowed awkwardly, and strode from the patio.

In the wheel-chair again, he pondered this attitude of Terry. It was not compatible with the character of a man cool enough to treat Cassenas as Terry admitted treating the murdered man. There was a purpose, then, behind Terry's assumption of offense. But what?

At the gate leading to Seminole Lodge, Quintard was standing. He greeted Workman enthusiastically.



Thrill With the Big Crowd

FOR real thrills, tense moments and dramatic situations, what can compare with a football game between two great American colleges?

A crisp fall day, stands jammed to the bursting point, bands playing, college songs and cheers, stirring the very soul of spectator and player alike—what could present a more inspiring, colorful picture?

You may not see the game, but with MUSIC MASTER attached to your radio set you can, in the comfort of your home, follow your favorite team up and down the field. The vivid word-picture of the announcer, play by play, will reach you with bell-like clarity through this wonder instrument of radio.

Until you hear the voice of MUSIC MASTER you have not heard radio at its best. Your dealer will send one to your home to prove with your own set.

Get a MUSIC MASTER and have it ready for the next game.

Dealers Everywhere

Music Master Corporation

Makers and Distributors of High-Grade Radio Apparatus

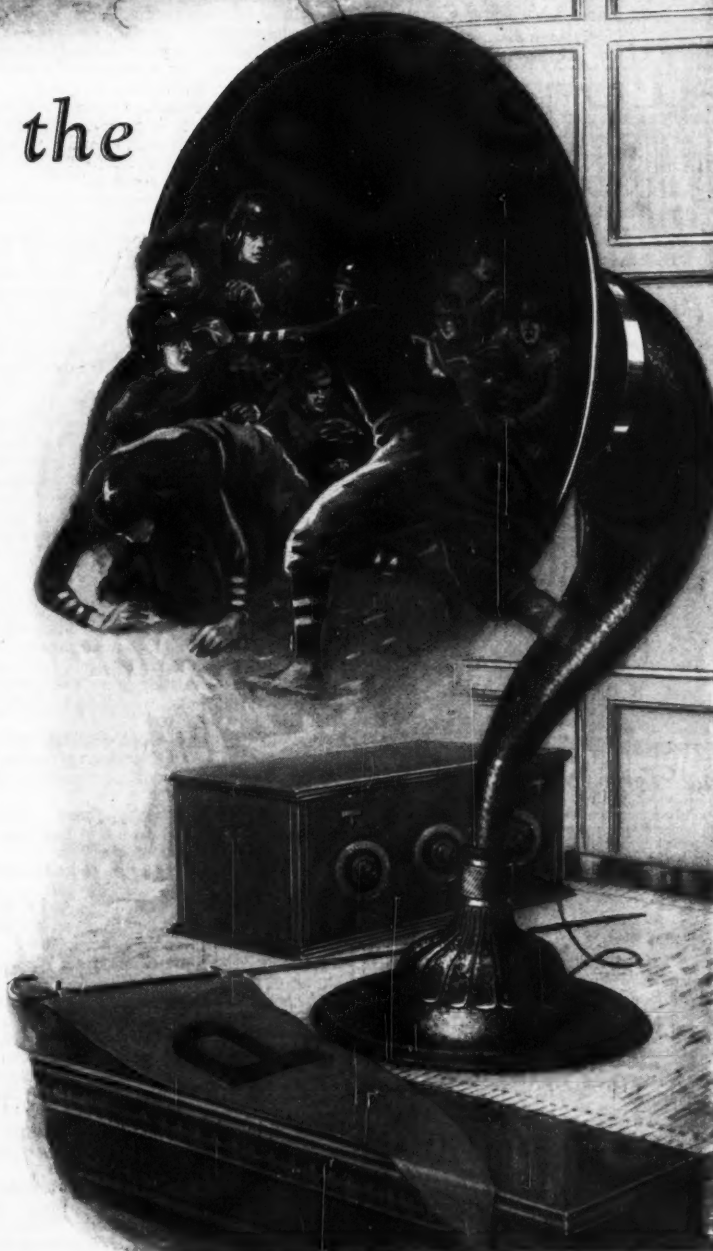
10th and Cherry Streets

Chicago

PHILADELPHIA

Pittsburgh

Music Master
RADIO REPRODUCER



Connect MUSIC MASTER
in place of headphones.

No batteries required.
No adjustments.

14-inch Model, for \$30
the Home

21-inch Model, for \$35
Concerts and
Dancing

BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE CO.
JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

Philadelphia
**PEARLS
DIAMONDS**
of superlative quality
Correspondence invited

Christmas and Wedding Gifts
illustrated in the
GIFT SUGGESTION BOOK
Mailed upon request

Bailey Text and Colonial Script
the most fashionable engraving for
**WEDDING INVITATIONS AND
ANNOUNCEMENTS**

Samples together with
Etiquette of Wedding Stationery—
a book showing the correct use of
Wedding Stationery and Visiting Cards

"Getting on" Socially



BUESCHER

True Tone Saxophone

Don't be a man wall-flower—be able to do something to earn your welcome.

It's a big help socially to any young man to be able to play a Buescher Saxophone.

It's so easy to play—no tiresome "practicing" required as with most other instruments. You don't even need to be musically inclined. A few minutes a day will soon enable you to play the popular airs.

6 days' trial—easy terms. Write today for free Saxophone Book. (121)

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.

Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
253 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of your invention for our Examination and Instructions. No Charge for the above information.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO.

753 Ninth St. Washington, D. C.

MISS TAKECHANCE:

(who uses inflammable cleaning fluid)

"Nothing has ever happened to me yet."

MISS PRUDENCE:

"But when it does happen you may be disgraced for life or killed outright, then it's too late for advice."

For Safety's Sake—demand

CARBONA

UNBURNABLE

Cleaning Fluid

REMOVES GREASE SPOTS

Without Injury to Fabric or Color

This absolute guarantee is printed on the label:

Guaranteed not to contain Benzene,
Naphtha, Gasoline, and to be Non-
Combustible and Non-Inflammable

20¢ 30¢ 60¢ & \$1 Size Bottles at all Drug Stores



"Was just going after you, Doctor," he said. "Learned from one of my men that you'd headed for Terry's. Well, I got some news for you. Nailed that pal of Tierney's, Doctor. Located him this morning just after breakfast—I'll give you five chances to guess what Tierney's regular trade is—or used to be."

"What was it?"

"An actor," said Quintard.

Workman's head dropped on his chest. "I have eyes and they do not see," he reproached himself. "Of course. They all look alike; all actors, and even actresses. That's why Terry's servants all seemed akin, why the man who played checkers with Tierney resembled him. My wits are dulling in mine age."

"Gosh, you don't expect to look at a man and tell what his job is do you?" asked Quintard.

"Not one man; but a half-dozen together—four together, as I saw them at Spray—and a woman, too. Of course. One can tell physicians, lawyers—there is a mobility about the faces of actors or actresses, a jaunty youthfulness, that makes them all akin. And I did not guess it. Well, tell me about it."

"We located this man—Randall is his name. I leaped right on him, told him that Tierney was a shady character, and made him come through. Well, Randall is a vaudeville actor. Doing a turn over in West Palm. Used to know Tierney and, running into him, made a date to talk old times over. Found out that all the servants at Terry's used to be on the stage. All of them, except Tierney, have been on the stage within a few months. Tierney went to the war, met Terry, was his orderly, and has stuck with him since. But the others were engaged through an agency—the Hannan agency, in New York. Randall asked Tierney why his boss had engaged stage people as servants, and Tierney shut up. Then he seemed to realize that he'd talked too much, and tried to pretend that he'd been kidding Randall. That's Randall's tale. But what do you make of it?" concluded Quintard. "It sounds crazy to me."

"All revenge is crazy," said Workman. "Why did Terry engage theatrical folk? Well, we have Terry's tale to Cassenas in Miss Ripley's presence. All these old acquaintances—"

"But Cassenas wouldn't be fooled by actors into thinking that they were old friends, a sweetheart, partners, would he?" demanded Quintard.

"At night, overwrought—who can tell? But come with me to the telegraph office."

"Why not here from Cassenas's house?" asked Quintard.

Doctor Workman shook his head. "Kildare might overhear. And if we sent him away, he might think we suspected him."

"But, gosh, doesn't it begin to look to you as though Terry—"

"It has looked like almost anyone," Workman rebuked him. "Let's not be certain of anyone's guilt or innocence, yet awhile."

"Except Miss Ripley's innocence," suggested Quintard slyly.

"A point that is well taken," said Workman. "However, the heart doesn't lie, and my heart tells me she's innocent. Moreover, our brains have fairly well established it. Get in."

Quintard entered the chair, and they rode to the telegraph office, where there was a private telephone booth.

The wires were cleared for Workman, and he was connected with Lieutenant Daly in less than ten minutes.

"Ralph Terry engaged three actors and one actress through the Hannan agency, Lieutenant," said Doctor Workman. "Get me all you can on them, and I'll ring you up within two hours. Anything new?"

"I'll say there is," said Daly. "A florist has come through. Saw the papers. Says that he has a standing order to send flowers every year, on March 15, to the grave of Norah Murphy, in Glendale, New York. Also, an undertaker has come forward. They both read about Cassenas's marriage. The undertaker buried her on March 15, 1918. Now, it may not be the same woman that married Cassenas, but it

seems kinda funny that she'd be buried in Glendale, where Cassenas had a farm, unless she was. A coincidence worth looking up, eh?"

"But who paid the undertaker? Who pays for the flowers?" almost shrieked the revivalist.

"The undertaker was paid in cash. He's forgotten the appearance of the man, but he called himself Thomas Murphy, and said he was the woman's father. Same name as the man who called himself the bride's father when Cassenas was married. Kinda leads you to believe that they're the same, eh? And that the woman was Cassenas's wife, eh? Now about the flowers. Only a clerk is handling the shop. The boss is in Lakeworth. Name is Kennedy. Has a winter home there. You see him—"

"I will," cried Workman. "Lieutenant, you're a wonder."

"Yeah, and I do my work all by myself. I don't put on a black suit and ask the angels from Heaven to come down and help me," laughed Daly.

"You're an irreverent scoffer," said Holy Tad.

Exultantly he hung up the telephone. It seemed to him that he was coming close to the murderer. For it might be that the father of Norah Murphy might bear resentment toward the man who had married her, but had not given her his name, even in death.

CHAPTER XXI

MRS. WELLINGTON WISWELL eyed her guest. She had slept late, bathed and dressed leisurely, and looked this morning the assured, well-placed woman that she was.

"Each time I see you, my dear," she said, "you are prettier than the time before. What I want to know is: how many hearts did you wreck last night, and did you have a good time?"

"It is wicked of me to have felt so, but—I loved it," said Helen.

"Why wicked? Because Gene Cassenas is no longer alive to insult you, to try to cover you with the slime of his own reputation? My dear, save your self-reproaches for the time when one of the good people of the world—and there are plenty of them—dies. Meet anyone you liked?" she asked.

"Everyone was nice. They didn't seem to shun me because—"

"Because Gene Cassenas was what he was and did what he did? Why should they? Haven't I guaranteed you? I hope that will be sufficient. Anyone in especial that you fancied, that you'd like to have me ask to dinner, the dinner I'm to give for you?"

The girl's eyes were suddenly shy. "Mr. Terry," she said.

Mrs. Wiswell looked surprised. "But, you hardly know—"

"I talked with him last night," said Helen.

"At the ball? But I'm sure that he wasn't invited."

Helen smiled. "So am I. But he came—to talk with me," she said.

"And recognized you—mask and all. Well, the eyes of—is it love, my dear? Love's eyes are said to pierce disguise?" Mrs. Wiswell was gently mocking.

"That is absurd," retorted Helen. "We've only met once before."

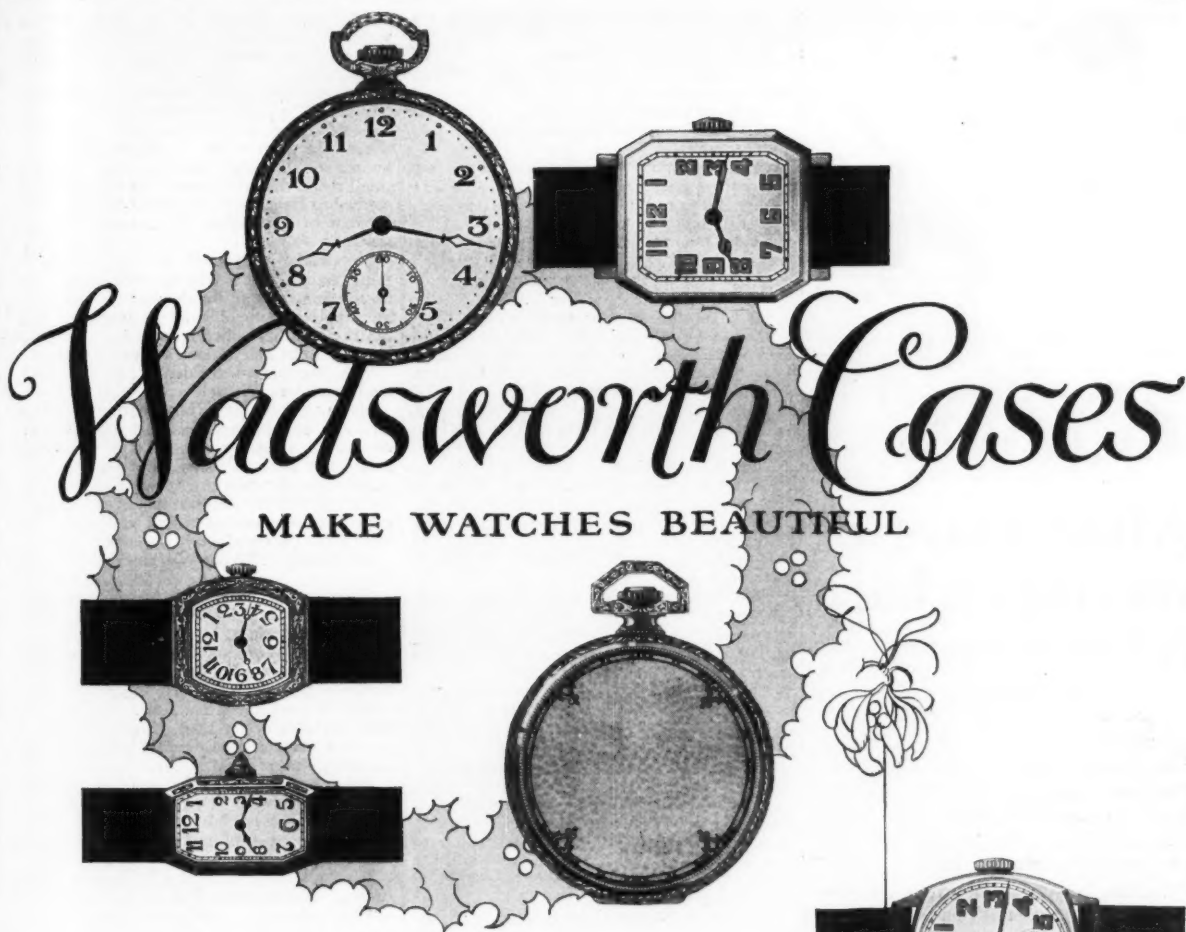
"You could do a lot of damage in one meeting, if you felt like it. Or even if you weren't making an effort," Mrs. Wiswell told her. "But why on earth did Terry risk possible rebuff by coming to an affair to which he was not asked? Not merely to make love to you, my dear?"

Helen colored. "Why, he wanted me to—"

She paused. "Wanted you to amend your story of what he told Gene Cassenas, eh?" Mrs. Wiswell's native shrewdness supplied her own answer.

Helen, stunned at her hostess's ability to guess the obvious, made no answer.

"Not a very chivalrous thing for him to do," suggested Mrs. Wiswell. "He knows that witnesses who revamp their stories put themselves in ticklish positions."



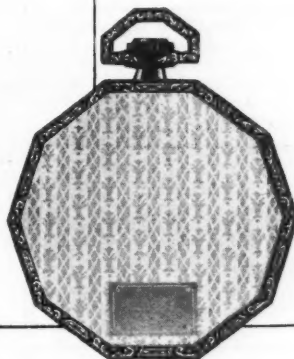
ON the day which Christmas celebrates, three wise men established a custom of generous giving. Their example lives today among people of good taste who find in a beautiful watch a Christmas gift of exceptional fitness.

The watch you give will be a dependable timekeeper, of course—but do not forget that it is the case, after all, which determines the degree of pride and satisfaction with which it will be worn.

And while a Wadsworth Case will enrich your gift with designs of unusual beauty, it need not add to the cost. Moreover, with that exacting fit so essential to the protection of the watch movement, it will help to make your gift a source of lasting pleasure.

See your jeweler's Christmas selection of watches. Many of them will probably be dressed in Wadsworth Cases. For more than thirty years Wadsworth Cases have protected the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers.

It will be worth your while, however, to see that the Wadsworth name is stamped in the case of the watch you choose. For in Wadsworth quality is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.



THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY, DAYTON, KY.
SUBURB OF CINCINNATI, OHIO
Case makers for the leading watch movements



After years of waving—what?

BRITTLE, broken hair? Short ends, parched and lifeless? Scalp dry, hair thin and fading? Are these the aftermath of the frequent marcel or the permanent wave?

The many evils of the hot iron may be counteracted easily with the correct hair tonic.

The Jane Curran tonic for Falling Hair and Dry Scalp supplies the necessary oil to replace the oil which the heat has dissipated and it actually grows new hair!

Then, too, it preserves the wave and gives it that coveted "natural" coil.

JANE CURRAN HAIR TONICS



Among the many prominent women who gratefully endorse the Jane Curran Hair Tonics are:

Mrs. Cornelius Bliss	Mrs. Whitney Warren
Mrs. James A. Burden	Mrs. George Harvey
Miss Clara Cudahy	Mrs. H. H. Rogers
Mrs. R. Van Rensselaer Kennedy	
Marquise de Pia del Rio	

The Jane Curran Hair Tonics—for Falling Hair and Dry Scalp; for Dandruff and Scalp Irritation; for Excessive Oil, \$2.50 the 8-ounce, \$1.50 the 4-ounce bottle; or Pomade for acute dry scalp, \$1.00 the jar—are offered at leading department stores. Ask also for Home Treatment Book. If you have difficulty in procuring tonics, fill in coupon.

JANE E. CURRAN, INC.
Dept. B, 30 Church Street, New York

Enclosed is \$1.50 for 4-ounce bottle of tonic checked.

<input type="checkbox"/> Tonic for Falling Hair and Dry Scalp (Excellent to counteract waving)	<input type="checkbox"/> Tonic for excessively Oily Hair
<input type="checkbox"/> Tonic for Dandruff and Scalp Irritation	<input type="checkbox"/> Free booklet, "The Secret of Beautiful Hair"

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

"But he didn't—at least, he changed his mind—he—"

Helen stopped in confusion. Mrs. Wiswell looked at her kindly. "You trust me, don't you?"

"Why, of course," cried Helen. "Then tell me what happened between you and Terry."

"You were right. He assured me that he was innocent of Cassenas's murder, but said that Doctor Workman might make matters dangerous for him. He asked me to state that I'd misunderstood what he said to Cassenas, about the guests he had at his cottage. But, a moment later, he told me that it didn't matter whether I withdrew my story or not."

"Why the sudden volte-face?"

"Why—why—?" The girl's embarrassment was painful. But Mrs. Wiswell continued to stare compellingly. "Well, I told him that I believed him innocent, and when I said that he told me that so long as I believed in him, he didn't care what tale I told the police."

Mrs. Wiswell whistled softly. "If I were a modern flapper, I would remark that the boy is a fast worker, Helen," she said. "And as for you, yourself—speed seems to be one of your assets."

"That's ridiculous," cried Helen. "I barely know him—"

"And he barely knows you, yet you believe him innocent of a murder despite all evidence against him, and he is so overwhelmed by your faith that he withdraws a request that you commit a mere trifle like perjury."

"But he is innocent," said Helen desperately.

Mrs. Wiswell patted the girl's hand. "My dear, I believe it, too. From all you tell me, he's a cool sort of person, though he has evidently a warm heart." She smiled faintly. "But I don't think he'd have been fool enough to try to kill Gene Cassenas after the scene in Bradley's. He'd have known that you would inevitably be compelled to relate his words to Cassenas. No, common sense assures me that he didn't do the killing. What is it that gives you the same assurance?"

She patted the girl's hand again. "There, there, my dear; I won't tease you. And I'll ask him to dinner. Certainly, having made myself responsible for you thus far, I'm going to look at the man who enlists your faith so easily."

She rose abruptly from the chair in which she had been seated.

"Do you suppose, if we went to Bradley's for luncheon, that any bold bad men, seeing us unescorted, would force their brutal masculine society upon us? Do you think that they'd dare walk up to our table, pull out chairs, sit down, and make passionate love to us? Helen, I yearn for temptation, in order that I may show my sterling character. Do we lunch at Bradley's?"

Helen acquiesced in her patroness's mood. "I'm sure that it's your duty to do so."

Bradley's, at the luncheon hour when the season is at its height, is the most sophisticated spot in Palm Beach, perhaps in America. It lacks the cosmopolitanism of the Café de Paris or Ciro's in Monte Carlo, because Palm Beach does not select its visitors from the world, but merely, for the most part, from the United States. But there is a smooth *savoir-faire*, an easy gaiety not to be found at any restaurant in New York. For here—as on the Riviera—people are gathered for pleasure, and the overtones of business are missing from the gathering. Here is a genuine mirth, all too rare in America, that matches the facile gaiety of the Latin resorts.

Last night had assured Helen that her connection with Cassenas had not damned her in the eyes of Palm Beach, and it was with no trepidation that she entered the dining-room. A dozen people called Mrs. Wiswell, offered her and her companion seats at their table.

But the matron declined all invitations. They followed the head waiter to a small table, by a window, reserved for them. Here, while her hostess ordered, Helen glanced out over

green lawns and white fences, to the dancing waters of Lake Worth. It seemed incredible that into this paradise on earth any tragedy could enter.

Mrs. Wiswell pointed out to her the various celebrities. People who had been nothing but names to Helen, people who lived in a different world, the great world of art, or fashion, or finance, or statecraft, were present. It was a small room, this restaurant at Bradley's, but it seemed to Helen that its walls must be elastic, capable of expanding to contain so many famous persons.

She made no answer to Mrs. Wiswell's rambling statements, and was rather glad that no one joined them, for she was drinking it all in. She was no snob, but she possessed that healthy curiosity which is normal, which made her glad to be able to look at these people.

"Ah, our Adam-less Eden is invaded," suddenly said Mrs. Wiswell.

Helen, looking at a bizarre beauty whose domestic unhappiness was the gossip of two continents, suddenly came out of the trance into which she had fallen. For she had been wondering why this girl, to whom everything including wealth, wit and beauty, had been given, had been unable to find happiness. She looked up. Terry stood before her.

He bowed. "Seeing you here, I wondered if—"

"You might intrude," interrupted Mrs. Wiswell. "But the lack of an invitation did not deter you last night, Mr. Terry."

Her words were cool, but the smile that went with them was cordial enough.

"Do you know Mr. Terry?" asked Helen.

Mrs. Wiswell shook her head. "I know that your acquaintance is small. Anyone outside of my own acquaintance, but in yours, almost necessarily must be Mr. Terry."

"May I consider myself of your acquaintance now, Mrs. Wiswell?" he asked.

She gave him her hand. "If you will ask no reckless perjuries of my protégée," she told him.

His eyes flickered. "I will fight my own battles, Mrs. Wiswell. The rebuke is merited."

"The rebuke is withdrawn. You will win your battles. Will you sit down?"

He shook his head. "I'm leaving now. But I lunched here hoping to see you, Miss Ripley. I wondered if you would go motoring with me this afternoon, perhaps dance at Coconut Grove?"

"I prescribe it," said Mrs. Wiswell.

"Then I'll call for you at three, Miss Ripley?" he asked.

Helen nodded assent. After a word or two to Mrs. Wiswell, he left.

"Why didn't you tell me that he was handsome?" asked Mrs. Wiswell.

Helen, blushing, was silent.

"Well," smiled Mrs. Wiswell. "I think that I shall go into the room and see if fortune favors me there. Unlucky at love, lucky at roulette. Will you take the chair home? Unless you'd rather play?"

"I think not," said Helen.

"Then *au revoir* until dinner," said Mrs. Wiswell. "I approve of that young man."

She cut short a protestation of gratitude, paid the waiter, and they left. They parted in the cloak-room. Helen, stepping into her chair, was greeted by Workman.

"News for you," he said. "We've discovered that Cassenas was a widower," he told her, "and that there was secrecy about his marriage and the death of his wife. He sent flowers to her grave—the florist is in Florida and identifies Cassenas's picture as the man who ordered the flowers. But the wife had a father; we think that maybe he—"

"Who is he?" she asked.

"We don't know that yet, but we hope to learn."

"That isn't much news," she reproached him. "Every little leads to something else. An irate father, indignant at Cassenas's treatment of his daughter—well, we shall see."

He beckoned to Quintard, standing in the near distance, bowed and left her.



The dance she sat out

THE man was an attractive fellow and a good dancer. But she didn't want to dance with him again.

By a clever excuse, she slipped away and "sat it out" on the balcony.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: Rub a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.



Listerine is made only by the Lambert Pharmacal Company. To avoid possible fraudulent substitution, insist upon obtaining this antiseptic in the original brown package—14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce.

*"Don't let your face touch
its pillow until your skin has been
thoroughly cleansed"*



.... I wipe away the blur
of each day in "three golden
minutes"

Night comes again...and bed time.
And in "three golden minutes" I
wipe away the blur of the day just
ended. Then my skin is ready for
real beauty-giving rest.

For in this fragment of time I re-
move the day's dirt with a cold
cream that cleanses and revives the
skin, and smooths out tired lines
all at the same time: one that's so
pure, doctors prescribe it—Daggett
& Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.

If you, too, make it a rule never to
let your face touch its pillow at
night until your skin has been thor-
oughly cleansed with this perfect
cold cream—you'll soon notice new
clearness and beauty.

For sale at department and drug stores—the
white package with the red bands. Tubes 10c.
25c. 50c. Jars, 35c. 50c. 85c. and \$1.50.

There's a "Try-It-Yourself" trial tube for you—
Free. Just send the coupon below.

**How to use those
"Three Golden Minutes"**

I—Smooth a coat of this perfect cold
cream over your face and neck.

II—Leave it on a minute to sink in.

III—Wipe off the cleansing cold cream
with a smooth cloth and finish with
a dash of cold water.

**Daggett &
Ramsdell's**
PERFECT
COLD CREAM



Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 2014,
214 W. 14th Street, New York

Please send me the free trial tube of the
Perfect Cold Cream you offer above.

Name

Address

City State

In Canada: Daggett & Ramsdell, 165 Duferin St., Toronto.

"You say that General Gary wishes to see
us?" he said.

Quintard nodded. "Phoned me just after
you left for Lakeworth. Important. Wants
to see us both. You didn't learn much at
Lakeworth from the Kennedy person, did
you?"

"Verification of the fact that Cassenas was
married. Also that he never gave his name to
the florist. Seemed to be keeping a death as
secret as a wedding. A mysterious thing. The
more mystery the greater light in the end.
Let's see the General."

(To be continued)

*What new information has the irritable old General
to impart? Will it simplify Workman's task, or
will it merely plunge him into greater confusion?*

The Pigskin He Loved to Touch

(Continued from page 71)

guests seemed to find me no eyesor. and
really, I was swamped with attention all eve-
ning which odd coincidence got the jealous Ben
all steamed up.

Among the interesting tête-à-têtes I took
part in was one with a studious-looking, be-
spectacled gentleman with a very distinguished
manner. He gave me the lowdown on Bernie
Shaw, Gene O'Neill, Joe Conrad and Bill
Shakespeare, the opera, Monte Carlo, Christian
Science and Spiritualism, till I was satisfied he
must be a college president, at least. Probably
Alma Mater's husband, I thought in awe! He
handed me a card on which was engraved his
name and this quotation: "Use a little
wine for thy stomach's sake."

"You'll find my phone number on the back,"
grins this scowling, and the culture fell off him
like a cloak. "Send any of your friends to me
and I'll treat 'em right, girlie—I handle
nothing but bonded stuff!"

Another guest at this indoor gymkhana was
Knockout Reed, the heavy-weight boxer whose
victory over one Kid Fleming had added many
pieces-of-eight to the corpulent bankroll of
Van Raensaller Jones. Resplendent in a form-
fitting tux that failed to hide his bulging mus-
cles and made his badly dented nose and spongy
ears stand out like mud on a white sweater,
Mr. Reed attracted a great deal of notice which
by no means nauseated him.

Really, he hovered around me like a hawk
most of the night, trying nobly to promote
himself, but the watchful Ben managed to butt
into the conversation whenever it was about to
take a serious turn. This interference and re-
peated doses of potent Scotch soon roused
Knockout Reed to his normal nastiness.

"At football thing's a cake-eater's game!"
sneers Knockout Reed.

"Have you ever played football?" asks Ben.
"In the kindergarden, yes!" grunts Reed,
with a wink at those standing around; "but I
grewed out of them pettin' parties! I'm in a
tougher racket, now. Football's a nursery
pastime alongside of boxin'!"

"You told it, Kayo!" chimes in Jones, clap-
ping him on the back.

"Oh, stop yessing each other!" I broke in,
coming to a boil at this razzing of Ben. "Fight-
ing is a brutal, disgusting exhibition, and foot-
ball is a fine, red-blooded, gentlemen's sport!"

"You figure I'm a mug, hey?" he snarls.
"Well, maybe I ain't been through college, but
I been through everything else! Does this
school boy of yours think he can go? I'd just
as soon fatten my kayo record tonight as not!"

"I'm not much of a boxer, myself," says
Ben, in even tones, "but in the course of a big
college football game I've seen the players take
and assimilate punishment that would make
the average boxer jump out of the ring!"

"At's a lot of hoo!" pronounces Knockout
Reed. "I could get up a football team with
nothin' but leather pushers on it which would
take Hale and Yarnard in the same afternoon!"

"And I'll lay two to one he's right!" says
Jones, shouldering his way through the jam to
face Ben. "Now, Mister Football Hero, if you
got any gu—eh—any sand, I'll tell you how
we can settle this. I'll organize an eleven
made up of boxers to play a team composed
of any college stars you can get! I'll pay—"

"You needn't pay anything!" interrupts

Fen, scornfully. "In the first place, I'm not
in a position to play professional football, if I
had any desire to do so. And in—"

"And in the next place, you're yellah!"
Knockout Reed cuts him off.

Instantly there was a dead silence—honestly,
it was so quiet that the beating of my heart
would have drowned out the dropping of a pin.
Hazel pulled Jones aside and whispered vigor-
ously to him, as Ben's face grew whiter than
it'll be when he's deceased.

"This is hardly the place to argue that
remark, Reed," he says, softly, "but if you'll
join me outside, I'll be glad to take the matter
of my color up with you!"

"Just for gettin' rosey, I'm goin' to knock
you off!" hisses Reed, and instantly drove his
left fist with a sickening crunch to Ben's mouth.

Ben went down flat on his back, while some
of the girls screamed and others pushed men
aside so they could view the expected holo-
caust. Jones and Knockout Reed's manager
grabbed their big brute, and I rushed over to
Ben who was slowly getting up, wiping the
blood off his split lips. Right then and there I
got a lasting tip-off on Benjamin's courage—
and no matter what any one says, that's the
one thing a woman does admire in a man!

Swaying unsteadily on his feet, he fumbled
at his mouth and his finger came out with a
tooth, broken off by Knockout Reed's fist.
After one brief, enraged glare at it, Ben hurled
the useless molar straight at the grinning
boxer's face—a thing that would have been
a laugh if matters weren't so serious—and fol-
lowed this rather unusual missile with a wild
lunge of his body in Reed's direction.

However, while I was thrilled by my boy
friend's bravery, I didn't want him all bruised
up by this leering ape Reed, so I threw myself
on Ben and dragged him away. Some of the
men came to my assistance and we got out
safely.

Ben started the big Bolls-Joyce in gloomy
silence—he seemed to feel very low. But be-
fore we'd rolled fifty feet, he began to talk.

"You should have let me fight that fellow!"
he blurted out. "After him knocking me down
and—"

"Never mind!" I interrupted soothingly, "I
know you're not what he called you and I know
you could have whipped him!"

"No—he'd undoubtedly have beaten me to
a pulp!" corrects Ben. "He's too big and he
hits too hard for me. But I would at least
have had the satisfaction of trying to thrash
him after he called me yellow! Throwing that
tooth at him was rather childish, wasn't it?"

"Why, no!" I says, warmly. "I thought that
a perfectly wonderful gesture, Ben, really! It
showed that even though you'd been
knocked down your spirit was—was—"

"It's darn nice of you to say that, but I can't
allow you to have any glorified impression of
me!" he shuts me off. "I'm going to reveal
some naked truths about myself, Gladys, and
then—well, then I guess we're through!"

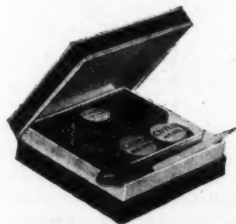
"Through?" I repeated. "You mean you
don't care for my company?"

Ben squeezes my hand fervently.
"I wish I could have you for the rest of my
life!" he says. "But wait—to begin with, I'm
Ben Warren all right, but not the Warren who's
the Hale football star. His name's Bob!"



New this season—
Cutex Marquise Set
in beautiful metal case.
Description below

A charming new Gift for her personal use—



CUTEX COMPACT SET—for the week-end, the one night visit or the office toilet kit. Nail file, emery board, orange stick, cotton and half sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cake Polish, Paste Polish and Nail White, 60c.



CUTEX FIVE MINUTE SET—trim and complete. Emery boards, orange stick, absorbent cotton, Cuticle Remover, and both the wonderful new polishes, Cutex Powder Polish, and Liquid Polish, \$1.00.

THE very latest aid to personal loveliness is the charming new Cutex Marquise Set. The case is of metal—beautifully decorated, rich and substantial. It contains everything for the most luxurious Cutex manicure—and everyone knows how women appreciate the Cutex manicure above all others.

This handsome gift contains the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover that gives smooth shapely cuticle, Nail White for spotless finger tips, the new Liquid Polish, Cake Polish and a beautiful buffer, sterile absorbent cotton, orange stick, steel nail file and fine emery boards.

The price is moderate—only \$2.50 in the United States—\$3.00 in Canada.

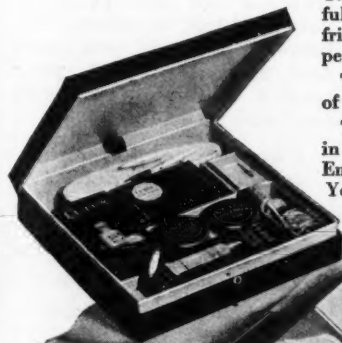
The various Cutex Manicure Sets offer a delightful selection of gifts ranging in suitability from the friendly inexpensive greeting to the substantial gift of permanence.

The colorful Christmas wrappers breathe the spirit of this friendly season.

They are on sale at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada, and chemist shops in England. Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City, or 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.



CUTEX TRAVELING SET—arranged so its contents cannot become messy in the traveling case. Nail file, emery board, orange stick, cotton, Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Cake and Paste Polishes, \$1.50.



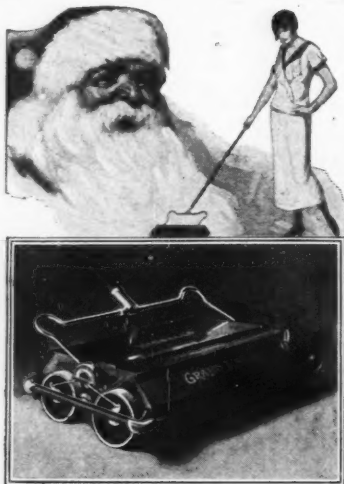
CUTEX BOUDOIR SET—a substantial gift. Nail file, emery boards, orange stick, cotton, buffer, Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Cuticle Cream, Cake, Paste and Liquid Polishes, \$3.00. The De Luxe Set \$5.00.

Each Set in this
charming Christmas
wrapper



CUTEX Gift Sets

in Special
Holiday Wrappers



An appropriate gift for the housewife

THE Bissell sweeper makes a welcome gift to wife or mother—to that busy woman who likes to keep her carpets immaculately clean at all times and yet have a little time and strength left for the things she would like to do.

It is always ready for instant use. Very easy to handle. Sweeps thoroughly and without tiring back or hands. And serves long. Ordinarily a Bissell lasts ten or fifteen years—many longer.

That makes it an extraordinary Christmas gift—one that will be a daily reminder of your thoughtfulness.

No matter what other cleaning device is in the home now, a Bissell is a necessity and comfort because it is needed every day. Housewives like one for upstairs and one down.

"Cyco" Ball Bearing Bissells at around \$5 or \$6, other grades for less, also patterns especially handsome in design, finish and fittings. Play size (Toy) Bissells for a few dimes. At furniture, hardware, housefurnishing and department stores. Booklet on request.

BISSELL

CARPET SWEEPER CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Carpet Sweeper

What 15 Cents
Will bring You

The little matter of 15 cents in stamps or coin will bring you on trial the PATHFINDER, an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's capital, for the Nation; a magazine that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth and only the truth. If you want to keep posted this is your means. If you want a magazine in your home which is entertaining and wholesome, the PATHFINDER is yours. If you appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, briefly—here it is. Send 15 cents to show that you might like such a magazine and we will send the PATHFINDER on probation 13 weeks—13 big issues. The 15 cents does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. THE PATHFINDER, 639 Langdon St., Washington, D. C.

TYPEWRITER

PRICES CUT

Your choice of the World's best typewriters—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—full size, late model, completely rebuilt, and refinished brand new. Prices smashed down to half. Act quick.

\$2 and it's yours

Just send your name and address and we will mail you our complete FREE CATALOG, prepaid, fully describing and showing actual photographs of each beautiful machine in full colors. Tells every detail of our direct-to-you small-payment plan. Write now for tremendous saving. No obligation whatever. Still time if you act now.

International Typewriter Exchange
186-188 W. Lake Street. Department 316 Chicago, Ill.



"I know it," I says quietly. "I saw his picture in last Sunday's paper."

"You—why didn't you tell me?"
"You knew you weren't Bob Warren, didn't you—why should I tell you?" I asked him calmly. "What was the big idea of giving me a run around, Ben?"

"God knows!" he says, bitterly. "When you didn't comment on the difference in first names, I—well, I kept right on with the deception. I meant it as a joke at first and then I found I couldn't stop. Gladys, far from being wealthy, my people haven't a dime and neither have I! I had to hire this tuxedo and the Bolls-Joyce belongs to my employer! Did you know all that, too?"

"No, Ben, I must admit that part of it comes under the head of news!" I says truthfully, "although I half suspected something of the kind. If you're not going to Hale, just what is your trick at present?"

"Oh, I'm attending Hale, all right, but I'm working my way through," says Ben. "Right now I'm a chauffeur. I'm taking a sort of elective course at the college that gives me a couple of days a week free, and, of course, I have my nights. I'm a substitute on the football team, too, but as yet I haven't taken part in a big game. I've been hoping to play against Harvard and the head coach says I've got a good chance. I love you, Gladys, and that's why I've made a clean breast of everything! I lied at first, because—well, meeting you again overwhelmed me. You are so beautiful and I am so penniless, I didn't want you to know right away that I hadn't arrived yet. Now, I'd like to start again with a clean slate! I can make good for you, dear, I'll—"

"Hold everything!" I interrupted. "Hang up for a minute and let me think!"

All the rest of the glum voyage home I meditated silently, while Ben stole many unhappy glances at me. His confession cleared up much in his actions that had puzzled me! The tuxedo that made no attempt at fitting him, his unreasonable yen for walking instead of taxis, his inability to be a two-handed spender. Still I found I couldn't just dismiss him out of my life with a wave of the hand, as many a girl would have done.

By the time we reached the trap I shared with Hazel, I'd sold myself the decision that I liked Ben Warren well enough to give him a chance to show me some stuff, now that he'd ceased waving the Hale pennant in front of me and was waiving immunity instead. So in the hall I talked cold turkey to him, while he listened eagerly. I told him he must stop four-flushing and be himself at once and for all time; he must actually win a place on the football team he'd claimed to be a member of, and he must better his present portfolio as a chauffeur. When he'd accomplished those trifles—well, I'd consider his application!

This was K. O. with Ben. He kissed my hand like a costume-play leading man and dashed away to conquer the world. I had presence of mind enough not to tell Hazel any of this when she trailed in later, because had Hazel learned that Ben wasn't the real McCoy she'd have guffawed our friendship away!

Still smarting from his encounter with Knockout Reed, Ben rounded up a football team of undergraduates—scrubs and substitutes, he told me—and one chill afternoon they played Van Raenssaler Jones's eleven of box fighters up at Van Cortlandt Park. Great pains were taken by all concerned not to advertise this gridiron battle of the century and only a small crowd was on hand, principally passers-by. Me, Hazel, Jones and Knockout Reed, who was now earnestly trying to take my delightful roommate away from the rich bookmaker, were together. When I expressed some icy surprise that the noble ring warrior wasn't out on the field in football togs, he told me haughtily he was to fight No-Clinch McHook the following night, and he didn't wish "to break his hands on no college boy."

They say a race riot is rough, but, honestly, alongside of this pungent football set-to a race riot would have looked like Mah Jong! The

Earn Money in your Spare Time



Mrs. Paul Green of Illinois
Successful Spare-Time Worker

Devote your leisure to looking after our interests and build up an income which will not only be sufficient for your necessary expenses but will enable you also to include many of the little extravagances which you cannot now permit yourself.

This is Your Opportunity to Enter a Money-Making Business

You need no business training for it. It costs you nothing to start. We furnish you all you need and are always at your service to make your work easy and profitable.

Clip the coupon and mail to-day for details

Dept. CP-1224

International Magazine Co., Inc.
119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

I am interested in your practical spare-time, money-making plan. Please send me details without obligation to me.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

genial pugilists, so clumsy they made the ball look clever, thought a punt was a punch in the nose and a drop kick meant a right hook to the head. Their idea of scoring a goal was to knock the opposing player for one, and a touchdown meant to jump on him. Tackles and interference came under the head of uppercuts and swings. The forward pass was a pass at somebody's face, etc., etc., and so forth. The football itself was merely an annoyance to be kicked out of bounds whenever possible, so the important business of the meeting—assault and battery—might be properly attended to. Really, they did everything but remove the collegians' tonsils, still Ben's boys not only carried on smartly, but they ran those prize fighters bowlegged!

When Ben and his playmates had chalked up sixty-nine points to the ring gladiators' seven, the prizefighters had learned about football from them and called it a day, withdrawing to care for their wounded.

Honestly, the players were not the only ones to get a thrill out of that particular football game! Mr. Van Raensaller Jones paid off enough two-to-one bets on Ben's team to put a serious dent in his bankroll, though half his losses were shared by Knockout Reed, who had declared himself in on what he thought was a cinch. Hazel, Jerry and Pete also went broke on this thomasfoolery, while I, risking my last dime on the game and Ben, won two thousand dollars! My net winnings were actually one thousand, as Hazel's tears caused me to go crazy and split the loot with her.

Well, a few days after this gridiron Armageddon, Van Raensaller Jones had a slight attack of insanity. Still thinking Ben was the famous Warren of the Hale 'varsity eleven, the book-maker approached him with an offer of five thousand dollars to fumble at critical moments in the coming game with Yavard!

"I should have beaten that sleek, fat hound to within an inch of his life!" declared Ben. "Absolutely!" I agreed heartily, "and if you'd gone past the inch, it would have been jake with me!"

"I wish there was some other way to bear down on him," thoughtfully remarks Benjamin.

"Well, let Jones send you through college!" I butt in. "He's a naughty boy and should be spanked right on the bankroll! As long as he doesn't know you won't play against Yavard, I think it would be nobby to take his money and laugh at him. You can't throw the game from the grandstand, that's positive!"

"Say, that's a bright thought! I wonder if I could—" began Ben eagerly. Then he stopped and shook his head. "No, Gladys, that's out!" he says. "That would be double-crossing Jones and would put me right on his own level."

"Spoken like a hero—or a boob!" I says. "Let's have him arrested, then! Pretend to accept his offer and make a date with him. We'll bring Jerry Murphy along—he's enough cop for our purposes. When Jones passes you the money, Jerry will pinch him! O. K.?"

It was!

The day of the Hale-Yavard football quarrel, however, a fresh complication arose that threatened to gum up our plans for the chastisement of Van Raensaller Jones. Honestly, in view of what happened to Ben I certainly wish it had gummed 'em up—though at that, I put him over! A couple of the Hale players were enjoying heavy colds and the coach told Ben he had a good chance to appear against Yavard, and thus fulfill his greatest ambition. This made it quite a feat for Ben to sneak away from New Haven, but he did it!

Ben and eight o'clock arrived together in the morning at my apartment, where me and Jerry Murphy awaited him anxiously. With every minute meaning something, as Ben was to dash right back to New Haven, the three of us immediately boarded a taxi and skidded away to meet Jones as already arranged. The address Jones had given Ben turned out to be an office building, and we found on the office directory that the room number was the same

How You Can Have Beautiful Floors and Linoleum



JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

JOHNSON'S Liquid Wax is the ideal polish for *all* of your floors. It will make them beautiful—easy to care for—they won't be slippery—and will not heel print.

And your linoleum will last longer, look better and clean easier if you polish it occasionally with Johnson's Liquid Wax. It brings out the pattern and color—protects linoleum from wear—and imparts a beautiful, dry, dirt-repellent surface which washes off like a piece of glass. Johnson's Polishing Wax is endorsed by all the leading manufacturers of linoleum.

\$4.90 Floor Polishing Outfit—\$3.50

This Offer Consists of

1—Johnson Weighted Polishing Brush.....	\$3.50
(with Wax Applying Attachment)	
1—Pint Johnson's Liquid Wax.....	.75
for polishing linoleum, floors and furniture	
1—Pint Johnson's Kleen Floor.....	.40
for cleaning floors before waxing	
1—Johnson Book on Home Beautifying.....	.25
	\$4.90

A Saving of \$1.40

This Offer is Good at All Stores

This offer is good at department, drug, grocery, hardware and paint stores. If your dealer cannot furnish it, mail your order and \$3.50 direct to us and we will send you the \$4.90 Outfit immediately—Postpaid.

Let us send you Free and Postpaid a sample of Johnson's Liquid Wax large enough for polishing a small floor—also our beautiful new 28 page illustrated color book on Home Beautifying. Use coupon below.



S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. Cos. 12, Racine, Wis.
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"
(Canadian Factory—Brantford)

Please send me Free and Postpaid a generous sample of Johnson's Liquid Wax and your 28 page book on Home Beautifying and Wood Finishing.

My Dealer is.....

My Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....



Old Hampshire Stationery

THERE is a suggestion of quiet elegance about the fair linen finish of Old Hampshire Lawn that has earned for it the term "distinctively different."

For the woman of discernment, whose stationery conveys to her correspondent a reflection of her own good taste, Old Hampshire Lawn is the preferred personal writing paper. Made in five popular sizes.

A usable packet of Specimen Sheets and Envelopes will be sent you on receipt of 10c

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY

Fine Stationery Department 4, South Hadley Falls, Mass.

LUDEN'S Menthol COUGH DROPS

Makes Breathing Easier

THE famous LUDEN Menthol Formula gives quick relief to the Trouble Zone—your nose and throat.



We Teach COMMERCIAL ART

Meyer Both Company the largest Commercial Art Organization in the World offers you a practical training, based upon twenty-five years of success. This nationally known organization each year produces and sells to advertisers over 15,000 commercial drawings. This well paid profession equally open to men and women. Home study instruction.

Get Facts Before You Enroll in Any School

Ask the Advertising Manager of the leading newspapers in your city, about Meyer Both Company—let them tell you about us. Send four cents in stamps for illustrated book telling of the success of our students.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY

Michigan Ave. at 29th St., Dept. 22
CHICAGO, ILL.

Note—To Art and Engraving Firms: Secure artists among our graduates. Write us.

as that occupied by Red Burns, Knockout Reed's manager.

"Not so good!" growled Jerry. "It looks phoney to me, what I mean!"

"Me and you both!" I says, a bit nervously. "Oh, I can take care of myself—I'm no baby!" speaks up Ben impatiently. "Come on, let's get this over with."

Well we went up in the elevator and me and Jerry waited in the corridor for Ben's signal. Ben hadn't been inside the office three minutes when sounds of angry voices and a scuffle came to our waiting ears. I had an instant hunch that there was dirty work at the crossroads! With Ben's big chance to play in the game that day in mind, I dragged Jerry over to the door and pushed him inside.

Really, the tableau that met our eyes was just about what I expected, but that didn't make it any pleasanter. Knockout Reed had the wildly squirming Ben by the throat and was drawing back his huge fist with the evident intention of burying it in my contemporary's face! Van Raensaller Jones, with one hand over a rapidly swelling eye, was picking up an overturned chair with the other hand and muttering, "Let him have it, Kayo!"

"Stop!" I yelled, in first-class melodramatic style. "Take your hands off that boy, you big brute!"

Surprise more than anything else made Knockout Reed release Ben and turn to stare with Jonesy at me in astonishment.

"A frame-up!" hisses Knockout Reed, pointing to Jerry. "'At tomato's a bull!"

Ben felt his throat gingerly and straightened his clothes.

"Our friend Jones set a trap for me—or for the other Warren, as *he* thought!" he explains. "With the idea of disabling me and thus preventing me from playing, he and his professional bruiser here jumped me. I had the great pleasure of knocking Jones down and—"

"And now, I'm goin' to smack *you* down!" Knockout Reed interrupted viciously, taking a step toward Ben.

"Jerry—stop him!" I screamed. But Ben shoved the slow-moving Jerry against the wall.

"Oh, I'm sick of this fellow's insults!" rasped my previously mild gentleman friend. "I'm not afraid of him, or a dozen like him."

Knockout Reed smiled a smile so savagely cruel it sent a shudder through me!

"Sucker!" he says to the white-faced Ben, "I'll ruin you. C'mon, *like* it!"

The maddened Ben, younger and a cleaner liver than Reed, was in splendid condition—and, really, he needed to be! For the next few minutes he spent most of his time hitting the floor and getting up again. The pugilist made a chopping-block of him, and, honestly, he must have been knocked down a half dozen times! But Ben kept *getting* up, and, after a while, that important fact began to make the overconfident Knockout Reed serious.

The fight proceeded with terrific, silent fury—no gloves, seconds, referee, shrieking gallery or rounds. I observed with joy that Knockout Reed's thick lips were bleeding and one of his eyes was closed tight, but that joy was dampened when I got occasional flashes of poor Ben's features. Honestly, his face was just a sickening, red pulp. It was

terrible! Both were tired and gasping from their fearful efforts and Knockout Reed gave ground for the first time, with Ben staggering grimly after him, wiping blood from his battered nose.

"Back him against 'at wall so's his head will hit it when you sock him, Ben!" howled Jerry. "He don't like it—the big tramp's doggin' it!"

At Jerry's shouted advice, Ben maneuvered Reed into a corner and drove his head back against the wall with a powerful blow. Reed's knees wavered and he slid to the floor.

In the midst of his trip downwards, Knockout Reed suddenly straightened up and took a wicked swing at Ben that missed simply because Ben, tottering back and forth dizzily, happened to sway away from it. Ben steadied himself, took careful, accurate aim and let fly his right fist. It cracked against Reed's chin and Reed's head cracked against the wall! The prize fighter went down like an anvil in a lake and a second later Ben fell across his motionless carcass. A door slammed and Jerry was too late to catch Van Raensaller Jones!

For all I know, Knockout Reed is laying there yet. I hope he is, the big orange-ut! Anyhow, we rushed Ben to a startled doctor who had his work cut out for him fixing up Benjamin. With a broken hand, a fractured nose, a set of black eyes and forty cuts and bruises, Ben had lost whatever chance he'd had to play against Yarvard and win his letter! He insisted upon going to the game, however.

Really, poor Ben was a wreck in both body and spirit. But when he found out from a discarded score card that nearly every Hale substitute had been sent into the game at one stage or another, he collapsed, moaning, "I might have won my H!"

However, I wasn't going to let him be a flop. I had different plans for him entirely! I dragged Ben protestingly to the Hale coach and told that worthy a story that interested him strangely. Briefly, it was that Ben had heard of a scheme by gamblers to disable the other Warren so Hale would lose. Ben had therefore impersonated the star, took a terrible beating intended for their fullback, and thereby missed his own chance to play against Yarvard and win his letter! What was dear old Hale going to do about *that*?

The jubilant coach put it up to the equally jubilant team, pointing out that Ben's posing as the other Warren had saved their crack from serious injury and enabled them to down their ancient enemy on the gridiron. They all took long, lingering looks at the battered and downcast Ben and split the air with cheers for him, while his husky namesake ran over and actually embraced him. The coach then vowed that he'd put Ben in the line-up the following year, so the dear old "H" was as good as sewed on.

That pleased everybody—but Hazel! "You're sure poison to me!" she says petulantly. "Jonesy was going to force a limousine on me, but you and this New Haven cut-up crabbied it! I wish you'd let them male friends of yours work out their own puzzles. Your taking charge of Ben's fate cost *me* a pip of a John!"

Well, I'm signing off. I'll be on the air again, sooner or later!

A Hand-to-Hand Fight with Desert Fanatics

(Continued from page 95)

seen supporting the outpost line, and still further inland the gray and chocolate columns of the Camel Corps completed the spacious panorama.

Having breathed my horse, for I did not wish to arrive in a flurry, I rode toward the center of the infantry masses. Soon I saw at their head a considerable cavalcade following a bright red banner. Drawing nearer I saw the Union Jack by the side of the Egyptian flag. Here, evidently, was the personage I sought. Kitchener was riding alone two or three

horses' lengths in front of his Headquarters Staff.

I approached at an angle, made a half circle, drew my horse alongside and slightly in rear of him and saluted. It was the first time I had ever looked upon that remarkable countenance, already well known, afterwards and probably for generations to be familiar to the whole world. He turned his grave face upon me. The heavy mustaches, the queer rolling look of the eyes, the sunburned and almost purple cheeks and jawl made a vivid impression upon.

"Sir," I said, "I have come from the Twenty-First Lancers with a report." He nodded slightly. I described the situation in terms as compendious as possible.

He listened in absolute silence, our horses crunching the sand as they rode forward side by side. Then, after a considerable pause, he said: "You say the Dervish army is advancing. How long do you think I have got?"

My answer came in a flash: "You have got at least an hour—probably an hour and a half, sir, even if they come on at their present rate."

He tossed his head in a way that left me in doubt whether he accepted or rejected this estimate, and then with a slight bow signified that my mission was discharged. I saluted, reined my horse in, and let his retinue flow past.

However, there was to be no battle that day. I had scarcely rejoined my squadron in the outpost line when the Dervish army came to a standstill and seemed to settle down for the night. All afternoon and evening our patrols skirmished and scampered about with theirs. It was not until the light faded that we returned to the Nile and were ordered to tuck away our men and horses within a zareba, or thorn stockade.

In this sheltered but helpless posture we were informed that the enemy would attack by night. The most severe penalties were declared against anyone who in any circumstances whatever—even to save his life—fired a shot from pistol or carbine inside the perimeter of the thorn fence. If the Dervishes broke the line and penetrated the camp, we were to defend ourselves by fighting on foot with our lances or swords.

Early on the night of September second, the whole of the Kalipha's army, over 50,000 strong, advanced in battle array to attack us. Great masses of men, bright with thousands of flags and sparkling with steel points, marched forward from their encampment of the night before, topped the swell of ground which hid the two armies from one another and then rolled down the gently sloping amphitheater in the arena of which, backed upon the Nile, Kitchener's 20,000 troops were drawn up shoulder to shoulder to receive them.

Ancient and modern confronted one another. The weapons, the methods and the fanaticism of Crusading times were brought by an extraordinary anachronism into dire collision with the inventions of the nineteenth century.

As the successors of the Saracens descended the long smooth slopes which led to the river and their enemy, they encountered the rifle fire of two and a half divisions of trained infantry, drawn up two deep in close order and supported by at least seventy guns on the river bank and in the gunboats, all firing with undisturbed efficiency. Under this blast of death the whole attack withered and came to a standstill, with a loss of perhaps 6,000 or 7,000 men, at least 700 yards away from our lines.

The Dervish army, however, possessed nearly 20,000 rifles of various kinds from the most antiquated to the most modern, and, when the spearmen could get no farther, these riflemen lay down on the plain and began a ragged, unaimed but considerable fusillade at the dark line of the thorn fence zareba. Now for the first time they began to inflict losses, and in the short space that this lasted perhaps two or three hundred casualties occurred among the British and Egyptian troops.

Seeing that the attack had been repulsed with great slaughter and that he was nearer to the city of Omdurman than the Dervish army, Kitchener immediately wheeled his five brigades into his usual echelon formation, and with his left flank on the river proceeded to march south towards the city, intending thereby to cut what he considered to be the remnants of the Dervish army from their capital, their base, their food, their water, their home, and to drive them out into the vast deserts which stared on every side.

But the Dervishes were by no means defeated. The whole of their left had not even been under fire. The Kalipha's reserves of



Try this delicious whole wheat breakfast dish!

Golden Wheatena is bringing the nation to health-giving whole-wheat through its irresistible flavor.

With its vital, body-building, easily-digested nutriment, each spoonful helps to add golden years to your life. The healthful vitamins; tissue-building proteins; bone-making mineral salts; bran, the natural regulator; and even the little golden heart of the wheat, with its energy-giving carbohydrates—all are retained from choicest winter wheat by the exclusive Wheatena method of roasting.

Golden wheat fields! Golden Wheatena! Golden years added to the lives of the nation!

Your grocer has Wheatena, or will get it for you. Get the yellow-and-blue package today—for a delicious whole-wheat breakfast tomorrow.

The Wheatena Company

Wheatenaville,

Rahway, N. J.



Free Sample Package
and book of recipes showing many dairy and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today!

Wheatena

Out of the wheat field cometh strength!



Pauline Garon, wearing her Navarre Rope

Navarre Pearls

—The Gift of Gifts
for Christmas!

THE most cherished of all Christmas gifts is a Navarre Necklace. Exquisitely lustrous and colorful, it is appropriate for every occasion. Each pearl is an exact replica of costly Oriental pearls—the same rose-tints—the same satiny finish.

Navarre Pearls

Bring Lifelong Satisfaction

Navarre Pearls are guaranteed to retain their original lustre forever. The beauty you give on Christmas Day grows more precious every year.

Priced from \$7.50 to \$300

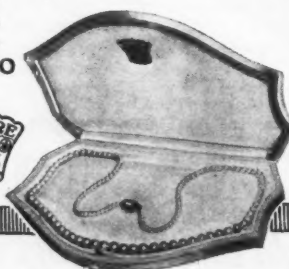
Navarre Pearls come in all lengths and styles, each strand in a dainty jade velvet jewel case. They are shown only by the leading jewelers everywhere.

Send for "Milady Fastidious"

—free illustrated brochure, describing the correct jewelry for every event, formal and informal. Please address:

BLAUER-GOLDSTONE CO., Inc.

5 North
Wabash
Avenue
CHICAGO



perhaps 15,000 men were still intact. All these swarms now advanced with undaunted courage to attack the British and Egyptian forces, which were no longer drawn up in a prepared position, but marching freely over the desert.

This second shock was far more critical than the first. The charging Dervishes succeeded everywhere in coming to within a hundred or two hundred yards of the troops, and the rear brigade of Soudanese, attacked from two directions, was only saved from destruction by the skill and firmness of its commander, General Hector Macdonald. However, discipline and machinery triumphed over the most desperate valor and, after an enormous carnage, certainly exceeding 20,000 men, who strewn the ground in heaps and swathes, "like snowdrifts," the whole mass of the Dervishes dissolved into fragments and streamed away into the fantastic mirages of the desert.

The Egyptian cavalry and the Camel Corps had been protecting the right flank of the zareba when it was attacked, and the Twenty-First Lancers were the only horsemen on the left flank. Immediately after the first attack had been repulsed we were ordered to leave the zareba, ascertain what enemy forces, if any, stood between Kitchener and the city and, if possible, drive these forces back and clear the way for the advancing army.

In two minutes the four squadrons were mounted and trotting out of the zareba in a southerly direction. We ascended the slopes of the rocky hill (Jebel Surgham), which had played its part in the first stages of the action, and from its ridges soon saw before us the whole plain of Omdurman with the vast mud city, its minarets and domes, spread before us six or seven miles away. After various halts and reconnoiterings we found ourselves walking forward in what is called "column of troops." There are four troops in each squadron and four squadrons in a regiment. Each of these troops now followed the other. I commanded the third troop from the rear, comprising between twenty and twenty-five lancers.

Presently I noticed four hundred yards away and parallel to the line on which we were advancing, a long row of blue-black objects, two or three yards apart. I thought there were about a hundred. Then I became sure that these were men—enemy men—squatting on the ground. Almost at the same moment the trumpet sounded "Trot" and the whole long column of cavalry began to jingle and clatter across the front of these crouching figures. We were in the lull of the battle and there was perfect silence. Forthwith from every blue-black blob came a white puff of smoke and a loud volley of musketry broke the odd stillness. Such a target at such a distance could scarcely be missed and all along the column here and there horses bounded and a few men fell.

Our Colonel had no doubt intended to move round the flank of the body of Dervishes he had now located, and who, concealed in a fold of the ground behind their riflemen, were invisible to us, and attack them from a more advantageous quarter; but once the fire was opened and losses began to grow he must have judged it inexpedient to prolong his procession across the open plain. The trumpet sounded "Right wheel into line"; all the sixteen troops swung round towards the blue-black riflemen. Almost immediately the regiment broke into a gallop and the Twenty-First Lancers were committed to their first charge in war!

The troop I commanded was the third from the right of the regiment. I was riding a handy, sure footed, gray Arab polo pony. Before we wheeled and began to gallop the officers had been marching with drawn swords. My right shoulder, as the result of an accident some years before, is liable to become dislocated on the slightest provocation. I had therefore always decided that if I were involved in hand to hand fighting, I must use a pistol and not a sword. I had first of all to return my sword into its scabbard, which is not the easiest thing to do at a gallop. I had then to draw my Mauser pistol from its wooden holster

and bring it to full cock. This dual operation took an appreciable time, and until it was finished I did not look up at the general scene.

Then I saw immediately before me, and now only half the length of a polo ground away, the row of crouching blue figures firing frantically, wreathed in white smoke. On my right and left my neighboring troop leaders made a good line. Immediately behind was a long dashing row of lances couched for the charge. We were going at a fast but steady gallop. There was too much trampling and rifle fire to hear any bullets.

After this glance to the right and left and at my troop, I looked again towards the enemy. The scene appeared to be suddenly transformed. The blue men were still firing, but behind them there now came into view a depression like a shallow sunken road. This was crowded and crammed with men rising up from the ground where they had hidden. Bright flags appeared as if by magic, and I saw arriving from nowhere Emirs on horseback among and around the mass of the enemy. The Dervishes appeared to be seven or eight deep, a great gray mass gleaming with steel.

In the same twinkling of an eye I saw also that our right overlapped their left, that my troop would just strike the edge of their array, and that the two troops on my right would charge into air. Both my two subaltern comrades on the right saw the situation too; and we all increased our speed to the very fastest gallop and curved inwards like the horns of the moon. One really had not time to be frightened, or to think of anything else but these particular necessary actions which I have described. They completely occupied mind and senses.

The collision was now very near. I saw immediately behind me, not ten yards away, the two blue men who lay particularly in my path—a couple of yards apart. As I rode at the interval between them, they both fired. I passed through the smoke conscious that I was unhurt. The trooper immediately behind me was killed, whether by these shots or not I do not know. I checked my pony as the ground began to fall away beneath his feet. The clever animal dropped like a cat four or five feet down on the sandy bed of the water-course, and I found myself surrounded by what seemed to be dozens of men. They were not thickly enough packed at this point for me to experience any actual collision with them. Whereas the troop next but one on my left was brought to a complete standstill and suffered very heavy losses, we seemed to push our way through as one has sometimes seen policemen regulate a crowd. In less time than it takes to relate, my pony had scrambled up the other side of the ditch. I looked round.

Once again I was on the hard, crisp desert, my horse at the slowest of canters. I had the impression of scattered Dervishes running to and fro in all directions. Straight before me a man threw himself on the ground. The reader must remember that I had been trained as a cavalry soldier to believe that if ever cavalry broke into a mass of infantry, the latter would be at their mercy. My first idea therefore was that the man was terrified. But simultaneously I saw the gleam of his curved sword as he drew it back for a ham-stringing cut. I had room and time enough to turn my pony out of his reach, and leaning over on the off side I fired two shots into him at about three yards.

As I straightened myself in the saddle, I saw before me another figure with uplifted sword. I raised my pistol and fired. So close were we that the pistol itself actually struck him. Man and sword disappeared below and behind me. On my left, ten yards away, was an Arab horseman in a bright colored tunic and steel helmet, with chain hangings. I fired at him. He turned aside. I pulled my horse into a walk and looked around again.

In one respect a cavalry charge is very like ordinary life. As long as you are all right, firmly in your saddle, your horse in hand, and well armed, lots of enemies will give you a wide berth. But as soon as you have lost

a stirrup, have a rein cut, have dropped your weapon, are wounded, or your horse is wounded, then is the moment that from all sides enemies rush upon you. Such was the fate of not a few of my comrades in the troops immediately on my left. Brought to an actual standstill in the enemy's mass, clutched at from every side, stabbed at and hacked at by spear and sword, they were dragged from their horses and cut to pieces by the infuriated foe. But this I did not at the time see or understand. My impressions continued to be sanguine. I thought we were masters of the situation, riding the enemy down, scattering them and killing them.

I pulled my horse up and looked about me. A mass of Dervishes was about forty or fifty yards away on my left. They were huddling and clumping themselves together rallying for mutual protection. They seemed wild with excitement, dancing about on their feet, shaking their spears up and down.

Where was my troop? Where were the other troops of the squadron? I looked back at the Dervish mass. I saw two or three riflemen crouching and aiming their rifles at me from the fringe of it. Then for the first time that morning I experienced a sudden sensation of fear. I felt myself absolutely a one. I thought these riflemen would hit me and the rest devour me like wolves. What a fool I was to loiter like this in the midst of the enemy! I crouched over the saddle, spurred my horse into a gallop and drew clear of the *melé*. Two or three hundred yards away I found my troop all ready, faced about and formed up. The other three troops were reforming close by.

I was still prepossessed with the idea that we had inflicted great slaughter on the enemy and had scarcely suffered ourselves. We all expected to be ordered immediately to charge back.

But now from the direction of the enemy there came a succession of grisly apparitions, horses spouting blood, struggling on three legs, men staggering on foot, men bleeding from terrible wounds, fish hook spears stuck right through them, arms and faces cut to pieces, bowels protruding, men gasping, crying, collapsing, expiring. Our first task was to succor these; and meanwhile the blood of our leaders cooled. They remembered for the first time that we had carbines.

Everything was still in great confusion. But trumpets were sounded and orders shouted, and we all moved off at a trot towards the flank of the enemy. Arrived at a position from which we could enfilade and rake the watercourse, two squadrons were dismounted and in a few minutes with their fire at three hundred yards compelled the Dervishes to retreat. We therefore remained in possession of the field.

Within twenty minutes of the time when we had first wheeled into line and begun our charge we were halting and breakfasting in the very watercourse that had so nearly proved our undoing. The Dervishes had carried off their wounded, and the corpses of thirty or forty enemy were all that could be counted on the ground. Among these lay the bodies of over twenty lancers, so hacked and mutilated as to be mostly unrecognizable. In all, the regiment had lost in the space of about two minutes six officers and seventy-three men killed and wounded and one hundred and twenty horses—nearly a quarter of its strength.

A white gunboat seeing our first advance had hurried up the river in the hopes of being of assistance. From the crow's nest of this gunboat a young naval commander named Beatty watched the whole event with breathless interest. Many years passed before I met this officer or knew that he had witnessed our gallop. When we met, I was First Lord of the Admiralty and he the youngest Admiral in the Royal Navy.

"What did it look like?" I asked him. "What was your prevailing impression?" "It looked," said Admiral Beatty, "like plum duff: brown currants scattered about in a great deal of suet."



ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN

With a Christmas List

THE turmoil of last minute Christmas shopping! The frantic selection of presents—then the doubts—wonder if you selected the right thing for the right person. * * *

Not so the wise young man whose unerring judgment and good taste

prompt him to send Johnstone's. His Christmas shopping is simple. And his is the satisfaction of knowing that besides appreciating his gift, each of the recipients is impressed by his thoughtfulness in selecting candy that they prefer. * * *

Johnstone's
CHOCOLATES

You will find a special agency for Johnstone's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY · MILWAUKEE



W.L. Douglas

\$5, \$6, \$7 & \$8 SHOES

BOYS AT \$4.50 & \$5.00

Women of fashion should know that our women's shoes are high-class, made in the most distinctive, up-to-date and exclusive styles, which appeal to those who desire stylish, comfortable and serviceable shoes at reasonable prices.



New Tan Oxford for Women

Attractive pattern in light Russia calf with Storm Welt, \$6.50



W. L. DOUGLAS PEGGING

SHOES AT 7 YEARS OF AGE



New French Toe for Men

Smart style in light Russia calf at a popular price, \$6.00

WEAR W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES AND SAVE MONEY

FOR 38 YEARS, W. L. Douglas' name and portrait have stood for quality, for economy and for satisfactory service. W. L. Douglas shoes are exceptionally good values. Only by wearing them can you appreciate their superior qualities. The exclusive, smart models, designed especially for young men and women, are leaders everywhere.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$7.00 SHOES are remarkably good value. Seldom have you had the opportunity to buy such high-grade shoes at this popular price. Shoes of equal quality, comfort and service are rarely found in other makes at our prices.

WHEREVER YOU LIVE, demand W. L. Douglas shoes. They are sold in 120 of our stores in the principal cities and by over 5,000 shoe dealers. For economy and dependable value, wear shoes that have W. L. Douglas' name and the retail price stamped on the soles. The stamped price guarantees the value. If not for sale in your vicinity, write for catalog.

W. L. Douglas Shoe Company, 146 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

Choosing a school for your son or daughter may seem a difficult problem. We are glad to offer advice based on personal knowledge and investigation of schools in all parts of the country. Use of our service does not obligate you in any way.

COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT, 119 WEST FORTIETH STREET, NEW YORK CITY



After every meal
Beeman's
Pepsin Gum
is an aid to
digestion—
healthy folks
find its use

"a sensible
habit"

BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum



AMERICAN CHICLE CO.



THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT
THIS SCHOOL SET contains a red and blue pen and four black lead pencils, also the wonderful Sheffield Steel Penell Sharpener with pocket clip (just patented). All in real leather case with the Child's Full Name engraved in 18kt. Gold Letters on pencils and case, postpaid. .90c
Six-Inch Celluloid Ruler Given Free With Every Set Without Case—12 pencils, any one full name engraved. 75c
Send Money Order—No Stamps—No Check
CHAS. E. RITTER & CO., Dep. A.R. 101 W. 42d St., New York

Pohlson's Thoughtful Gifts

WHAT'S TRUMPS? You no longer need ask, if you use this clever Pohlson Indicator. Simply place pencil in opening beneath the suit design which indicates the trump card. Has space in each side for pack of cards. Suitable prize, most acceptable gift for that bridge friend.

The Useful Made Attractive

A beautiful hand decorated black enamel tile, whose utility as a teapot stand equals its artistic effect when used under a vase or flower pot.

Treasure Chest

Send today for your copy of the "Treasure-Chest" illustrating hundreds of beautiful and original gifts from the House of Thoughtful Little Gifts. Please order as early as possible, there is no prompt delivery. With each gift will come our guarantee of satisfaction.

Pohlson Gift Shop, Dept. 52, Pawtucket, R. I.

The Moth Man

(Continued from page 59)

sound to break the stillness of the afternoon. Babe watched the buzzing toiler for a while; her thoughts were still of the stranger; try as she would she could not tear them away. He sure had a way with him. Well, a girl had to have some fun. She was young. Only twenty-two. That was young. Gee, she'd been married nearly two years. Two years!

Babe loved to lie and laze the afternoon away; the hours sped. The descending sun shone rose-gold on the peak of the Storm King when she finally got to her feet and stretched her slim arms high above her head. From the shadows of the tall cedars a pair of blue moths fluttered out into the light, then darted back into the dusk of the forest.

Babe smiled at the dancing atoms; another reminder of the stranger. On a thin gold watch chain he wore a locket—two small round crystals bound with a narrow silver band and in their center, its wings wide spread was a blue moth. Moths. Pretty little things they were. She had always thought of them before this, as horrid wormy grubs that destroyed whatever they fastened on. She would always think of Carter Carson when she saw one after this. The Blue Moth man. She shivered at the thought. No, for after all they were sort of creepy things that flew in the shadows and at night; what she had remembered about the wormy grubs was true, too. No, she wouldn't call the sheik the Blue Moth man; she didn't know why but it made her shudder.

The Storm King was a soft blue blur in the twilight when Babe finished the supper dishes and came out onto the porch where Jerry lay. All during dinner she had tried to think of an excuse to get away for the evening.

"Say, Jer," she spoke a bit haltingly, "would you care if I went down to Singer's Tavern for a while tonight? Last time I saw that Lee girl down on the main road she told me that she'd been invited to a dance there an' if I wanted to go she'd pick me up on the highway at eight o'clock. It's an awful nice place, Jer—Singer's is. All the swells from Seattle stay there. It's still light an' I ain't afraid. You don't care, do you, hon'? It's only a mile down to the road an' they'll see I get home all right. I won't be late."

Babe lied glibly. She had only seen the Lee girl at a distance; she wouldn't have been invited to the hotel to the dance.

"Sure, Babe. I think it's a grand idea. Poor kid, you haven't had any fun in months."

A flush of shame swept her forehead at the pathetic eagerness in the boy's voice. He was anxious for her to have a good time. An' here she was battin' off to hear a strange man peddle a new line. Oh, well, a girl had to step out once in a while or she'd get stale. She wasn't hurtin' Jerry none. Hadn't she stuck it out here like a regular feller? She kissed Jerry hastily and dashed in to put on her best taffeta dress.

She hurried through her dressing and caught up her coat. Her eyes were shining with excitement as she ran off down the road after her quick kiss to Jerry. At the first bend in the trees she turned to wave. He looked wistfully after her. Conscience tore at her again; what a dirty little beast she was to double-cross him this way. Oh Gee, forget it! Tonight she was going to enjoy herself. After that—well perhaps she wouldn't see the sheik again.

Going along the road and out of sight of the cabin, she turned and cut back through the trees to the path that led in a zig-zag short cut down the steep mountainside to the shores of the lake. It was almost dusk when she came to the place where a man waited lounging against the bow of a rowboat that was pulled up on a tiny scrap of beach jutting in from the sheer wall of the mountain.

As Babe approached, the figure tossed away his glowing cigaret and straightened to meet her. His easy grace of movement was one of

the things about him that pleased the girl. He was graceful like a panther, she thought. He was not very tall; or perhaps it was an unusual thickness through his shoulders, an unusual length to his arms that made him appear shorter than he really was. His hair was shiny and night black; his thick, short lashes were black, too; his eyes—it was strange about his eyes. On that first day Babe had thought that they were the blackest eyes that she had ever seen until a ray of the descending sun had for a moment penetrated the forest's half-gloom and shone full in Carson's face. Then she had seen that his eyes were such a pale gray as to be almost colorless; in the shadows it was the distended pupils that had made them seem so dark.

"Say, you look like a queen tonight, girlie," he called as Babe approached. "All dressed up an' some place to go, eh?" His even white teeth flashed in a welcoming smile.

The wind of the afternoon had died and the lake lay like a mirror. They sat on the gunwale of the boat and laughed and chatted idly.

"Your mother say you could come out tonight?" he questioned.

Babe forced a laugh. "Say, I told you I haven't any mother."

"You never told me who you live with or where, though."

She hesitated for a moment. "Why I live up the mountain-side with—with my brother. He ain't very well; that's why we're here."

The man chose a cigarette from a silver case and reached into his vest pocket for a match. Babe's eyes followed his fingers; they lighted on the little locket that hung on the thin gold watch chain. In the flare of the match she could see it plainly. The Blue Moth man. She pointed to the locket.

"They're pretty, ain't they—those blue moths? I've seen 'em here in the woods toward evening."

The man nodded. "Lots of pretty things here in these woods, it looks like."

Babe's eyes twinkled. Some line, he had.

"I like that better than regular watch charms like lodge emblems—or animal's teeth—or nuggets or such. I like jewelry that's pretty."

"You like jewelry?"

"Sure I do. I'm crazy about rubies an'—Oh boy, but don't I love di'monds. Gee, I'd like to have a bar pin an' a wrist watch an' bracelets clear up to my elbows—that's how crazy I am about 'em."

The pale eyes within the thick rim of lashes watched her narrowly.

"I got a swell di'mond ring, all right," Babe babbled on. "Over two carats, it is, an' set in a platinum peach basket setting. Oh, say, maybe it don't put your lamps out when the lights shine on it. I sure love that ring."

"Yes? Why don't you show it to me?" The voice was cool and not too interested.

"Oh, why—I ain't got it on me. But—maybe I will, sometime."

"Maybe it's an engagement ring," the smooth voice insinuated.

"Maybe it isn't," Babe giggled and stepped over into the boat. "Let's go."

Carson pushed the boat free from the sand with one of the oars, and turned the bow towards the cove where the lights of Singer's shone brightly over the water. He rowed with long even strokes that carried them along swiftly. Faint strains of music came from the wide porch of the hotel. Babe's little feet danced in the bottom of the boat. Music once more. How she would love to dance the hours away.

"I'll bet you can dance, kid."

"Well, you win your bet. Say I was in the chorus once an' it's grand. Wish I could get back again. I sure liked the chorus."

"Yes, I know what you mean. You see I'm in vaud'ville myself."

Babe sat up straight and her eyes grew round with wonder.

"Why, say, you never told me that before. I thought you were a traveling salesman."

The man laughed easily. "Say, you got

Say
"Merry Christmas"
with a
Waterman's

Whether you say "Merry Christmas" with a letter or a present, say it with a Waterman's—a pen that writes a perfect letter and makes a perfect gift.

Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen

WHEN you give a Waterman's there is no doubt about the value or acceptability of the gift. For forty years Waterman's has been recognized as the pen of all pens.

DIFFERENT sized holders for different sized hands; different pen points for different styles of writing. May be had from \$2.50 to \$50, depending upon size and decoration. Every pen is as perfect as a pen can be made.

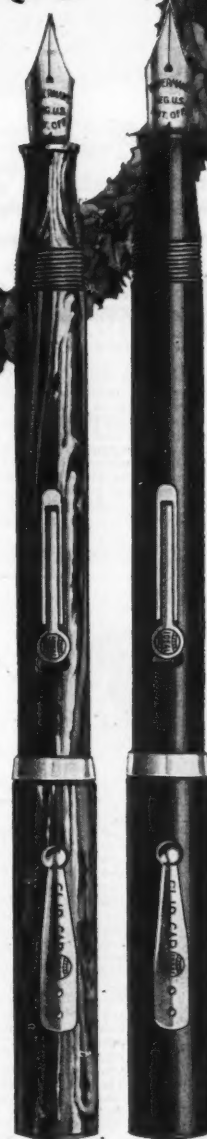
EVERY pen point is 14-carat gold, iridium-tipped, to last a lifetime. Every holder is made of pure rubber. Every Waterman's is made with a patented spoonfeed that controls the ink and insures an even and constant flow.

MODELS illustrated are made with our special feature, gold flexible lip-band. Holders red, mottled and black. Sell for \$4.00, \$5.50 and \$6.50, according to size.

Ask your merchant to show you a Waterman's.



Look for this show-card and Waterman's pens on display in merchants' windows. 50,000 reliable merchants sell them.



\$5.50 Pens Actual Size

Sole Waterman Company

191 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

CHICAGO

BOSTON

SAN FRANCISCO

MONTREAL

A Good Bookcase for the price of a good book!



\$2.50 Per Section
without Doors

With Disappearing
Glass Doors—**\$3.25**
Per Section

On Approval—Direct to User

Lundstrom
IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY
SECTIONAL BOOKCASE
Endorsed by Over 100,000 Users

Made for and universally used in the finest homes and offices throughout the country. Made in sections of different sizes, combining utility, economy and attractive appearance. Style shown above is beautifully finished in **SOLID OAK**. Price complete as shown with top, base and three book sections with non-binding, disappearing, felt-cushioned glass doors, \$18.75; without doors, \$11.50. In mahogany finish, with doors, \$16.25; without doors, \$13.25. Other styles in different grades and finishes at correspondingly low prices. **Shipped direct from factory ON APPROVAL** at a considerable saving **TO YOU**. Write for new catalog No. 40.

The C. J. Lundstrom Mfg. Co., Little Falls, N. Y.
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases since 1899

*Gray Hair
Banished
in
15 minutes*

Tourists returning from Europe first brought to this country the tint which in 15 minutes banishes gray hair permanently. Today **INECTO RAPID** Notox created by science expressly for coloring the sensitive organism of human hair, is available to every American woman. **INECTO RAPID** Notox is specifically guaranteed to reclaim permanently the original color of gray, streaked or faded hair. It may be had in 18 shades, from radiant blonde to raven black; and even under the closest scrutiny its application cannot be detected. It will neither rub off nor be affected by shampooing, curling, salt water, perspiration, sunshine or Turkish or Russian baths. It will not affect permanent waving—and permanent waving does not affect **INECTO RAPID** Notox. Contains no paraphenylenediamine. The highest class hairdressers from coast to coast use and endorse **INECTO RAPID** Notox as do the many thousands of American women who apply it with invariable success within the privacy of their own homes.

SEND NO MONEY
Merely ask us to send you full particulars about **INECTO RAPID** Notox and our Beauty Analysis Chart Y-8.
INECTO, Inc.
Laboratories and Salons
33-35 West 46th Street,
New York, N. Y.
Sold by Best Beauty
Shops, Drug and Department Stores.

me wrong. I told you I traveled an' I do; but it's on the Orpheum Circuit. Haven't you ever heard of Carson an' La Val? Well, I'm the Carson half of the team; only it isn't a team any more. You see my dancin' partner, Miss La Val, married the president of the Western National Bank in Portland about two weeks ago; so I decided to take my vacation up here an' then look for a new partner when I hit Seattle the end of the week."

"You're a dancer! Oh, I'll bet it's grand to be in vaud'ville with a swell dancin' act."

Babe's eyes shone at the thought. How could he ever have kept it hidden this long? If she was a dancer in a high-class vaud'ville act, you bet she'd tell the world an' no mistake.

"Fraid I'm goin' to have a little trouble finding exactly the new girl I want," the man continued slowly. "She must be small an' a brunette. Pretty ankles, of course. Unmarried. No husbands wanted. I wouldn't ask for much dancin' experience if she was graceful."

He paused, then laughed shortly as he added: "You'd just about fill the bill if you were lookin' for such a chance. But of course you're not."

Babe's head whirled. The lights from across the water receded and then came back again. If she was lookin' for such a place. If she was? Why, say, wasn't it just what she'd been dreamin' about? Her chance to get on the stage . . . Her heart dropped with a thud. Unmarried. No husbands wanted. That let her out, with Jerry an' all. Of course Carson didn't know about Jerry . . . Oh, what was the use? Tie'd down; that's what she was.

"Listen to that music," the sheik's voice was low and throbbing. "Brand new, that one. A red hot number. Say—get this, kid . . . A black velvet drop with the di'mond wings of a great blue moth across its folds. The stage dark an' the spotlight bringin' out the flash of the di'monds against the velvet. The music's playin' soft an' there are bowls of incense burnin' an' floatin' out into the audience . . . Then in we come. Me in swell cut dinner clothes an' you in black silk tights an' a short black satin skirt an' di'mond straps over your white shoulders."

The music beat across the water in a jungle rhythm; the girl's temples throbbled with the surging emotions that hammered at her brain; the tempter's voice flowed on:

"In your hair you wear a white Bird of Paradise; around your throat is a platinum chain set with di'monds; your fingers are heavy with blue-white stones; your wrists flash with the flexible bracelets that weigh them down . . . Can you see it all? . . . An' then we dance, the spot followin' us about the stage. Say, can't you hear 'em tear loose with the applause? . . . Why, girlie, we'd knock 'em cold—you an' me . . . Why can't we tie up in a team? Why can't we? I'll treat you right an' there isn't anything you can't have. I'm crazy about you . . . you know that. Say, kid, will you? Will you?"

The girl was stricken dumb with the wonder of it all. The sudden putt-putt of a speedboat almost upon them startled her from her dream. The spotlight in the bow flashed across them for an instant as it passed. Babe heard Carson curse under his breath; she wondered what had made him angry. It was strange when that light had fallen on his face for that passing moment; his eyes had shone out luminously in the way that the eyes of an animal glare in the dark. Funny to see a man's eyes shine that way in the blackness. Funny, too, the way he had thrown up his arm as if to hide from the light. It made her feel creepy.

Carson headed the boat back toward the bit of beach whence they had come. He did not speak for a while. The moon, a slim new thing, glowed palely above the black outline of the mountains; the stars shone out like brilliants against the blue-black sky. The night air grew suddenly chill.

"You haven't answered my question, girlie," his voice came softly above the plash of the blades, the creak of the oarlocks. "Do I get my little dancin' partner? Do I get a

chance to show you the world? London, Paris—say I even got a bid to go to South America on a big contract. How'd you like that? I'll give you di'monds like you never dreamed about."

The beat of the music followed them across the water. Babe's mind circled like a whirlpool. She tried again to speak but could not. Gawd, think of it! To travel . . . to live in luxury . . . to flash at night before the black velvet curtain that the sheik had painted so vividly. Why, he wanted her for his partner. He said that he was crazy about her. It couldn't be little Babe Carew that all these things were happening to.

The bow of the boat grated on the beach; when he had pulled it up securely the man helped Babe out. As she stepped down he caught at her wrist with his steely fingers. He laughed then; a queer high laugh that made her feel again an odd sense of fear. Suddenly he caught her close in his arms and kissed her; she felt a wild surging of fright mixed with a strange ecstasy.

"You're goin' with me tomorrow, Babe. I'm leavin' here early. I didn't want to tell you before, see? But today I got word from my manager; I've got to get back to work."

He caught at her chin and held up her face so that there in the pale moonlight she looked straight into his eyes.

"You're goin' with me. Tomorrow you meet me down by the brook. An' listen—you're not to tell your brother that you're goin'. Get me?"

Babe felt as if there were nothing else in the world but great black eyes staring straight into hers. She felt weak—languid. What was it he said—"You're comin' with me." Yes, she guessed she was. Di'monds . . . travel . . . a great blue moth against black velvet . . . She heard her voice answering . . . it seemed to come from a great distance.

"Yes, I'm goin' with you."

He let her go then and started along the path up the hillside. As he walked ahead Babe was conscious in the faint light of the great length of his arms. They swung loosely at his sides and his hands seemed suddenly enormous. His fingers had hurt her, back there when he had caught at her wrist; she still felt the dull ache of the bruise. Her mind was beginning to clear a little. Near the top of the hill at a break in the trees he swung around suddenly and faced her again.

"I'm not goin' any further with you. Remember, now; your brother's not to know about me. Not a word. You sure you haven't told him that you've been meeting me?"

Babe nodded.

"Well then, you be at the brook at ten tomorrow mornin'; that'll just give us time to catch the stage at the main road. You won't be sorry, kid."

He came close; in the pale gloom he seemed to the girl to loom monstrously. He slipped his fingers suddenly around her throat and let them meet; then he laughed again that high, strange burst of mirth.

"You're so small," he whispered, peering at her. "So small an' so young."

She shrank back from him. After a second he unloosed his fingers; lifting her hand he kissed the open palm.

"Say, you're sweet, girlie. Now remember what I told you. The sky's the limit. There isn't any place you can't go an' there isn't anything you can't have. An' get this. . . . Even though I'm crazy about you, all I want is a dancin' partner . . . unless you say the word. Understand? Your brother can't have no objections after we once get away an' start our act. I'll be straight with you like I said. S'long 'til tomorrow, kid."

He started off but after a step or two he strode back.

"Say, listen," his voice was guarded. "S'long as you've got that ring that you told me about, you might as well bring it along. It won't do no harm; you can't have too many."

Babe was silent. There was a pause.

"You bring it—hear me!" The man's

voice took on that high, excited tone. Babe nodded doubtfully. He watched her closely. He went on in a quieter tone.

"Don't bother about bringin' anything else—any extra clothes—or baggage. I aim to outfit you with the last word they've got to show in Seattle. Good night . . . little partner."

Babe stumbled along the dim path that led the rest of the way to the cabin. Lord, but her head ached. It pounded with a steady throb that was maddening. Just before she reached the familiar clearing, she thought of Jerry. Jerry! Why, she'd forgotten him completely.

The lamp was turned low in the little room when she came up onto the porch. Jerry was in bed but he was awake, his head pillowed on his arm.

"Why, it's only ten o'clock, hon'," he called when he heard her footsteps. "Didn't you have a good time?"

"Oh, sure, it was all right," her voice was dull. "My head ached so I came home."

"Oh." There was disappointment in his tone. "I kind of hoped you'd have a good time for a change. Poor little kid."

Yeah, poor little kid was right. Tied down the way she'd been. She felt tears of self-pity brim up into her eyes. Lord, you were only young once an' when an opportunity came to make the most of your life, wasn't it up to you to take it?

She undressed swiftly. She guessed Jerry was fixed for the night. She opened the windows and the door as was her wont. Jerry had to have plenty of fresh air. She crossed the room and huddled down into her own small bed before she remembered that she had not kissed him good night. Oh, well, maybe he hadn't noticed it. Gee, she didn't want to hurt Jerry, but—well, she wanted to think. She had to think.

To go away tomorrow . . . to leave Jerry . . . that was what she was going to do. Oh, sure he'd be hurt . . . but later when she'd made good he'd realize she'd done right. Maybe he'd want to divorce her. Say, let him. There were other fish in the sea. The sheik had told her that he wanted only a dancing partner . . . unless she said the word. Well, if Jerry divorced her maybe she'd say the word. It wouldn't be bad to be married to a big time vaudeville man. Gee, just think of little Babe Carew hung with diamonds an' knockin' audiences cold from Paris to Peking. She guessed the old crowd at the Canary Cage wouldn't open their eyes when she swept past in her glad rags. Diamonds . . . a blue moth with diamond wings against a black velvet curtain . . .

The moon was gone and the night was pitch black when she suddenly awakened. She lay very still for long moments; then she commenced to turn, inch by inch. Swift chills of terror were running through her; she sought to call out to Jerry but her voice seemed dead . . . suffocated in her throat.

On the instant that she had awakened she had been sure that there was something in the room. Something terrible . . . something . . . she felt a swift certainty that whatever it was it menaced Jerry. Her Jerry! With all her might she tried to pierce the utter blackness. She hears a queer, muffled sound from the direction of Jerry's bed. Her voice came to her then and she screamed his name aloud; galvanized by her fear for him she sprang from the bed; as she groped on the little table for the gun that always lay there she had the feeling that some silent danger was slipping past.

From the doorway she thought she detected a faint sound and then a tiny tinkle as of glass. Her fingers closed on the cylinder of her flashlight. She pressed the button and the thin ray pierced the blackness. Just for a heartbeat she thought she saw two small luminous spots shine out from the doorway . . . then the unbroken gloom again with only the pencil of light to penetrate it.



**I'm not a
mind reader**

**but I have
a suspicion
that someone
in your home
would like**

a Corona for Christmas!

CORONA is such a satisfactory gift! To the novice at typewriting it brings a new and fascinating accomplishment—while the experienced typist finds it the most convenient, practical, sturdy writing machine the world has ever seen.

Talk Corona over with your family. See if some face (perhaps your own!) doesn't light up at the thought of a Corona for Christmas!

Now three models

The New CORONA FOUR with standard office keyboard, at \$60.

XC CORONA, 90 character machine for foreign language or technical writing, at \$55.

CORONA THREE, the original Personal Writing Machine, at \$50.

Mail the coupon—then see our local Corona dealer.



This is the New
CORONA FOUR
with standard
office keyboard

CORONA TYPEWRITER CO., INC.
113 MAIN ST., CROTON, NEW YORK

Please send me
literature describing all
three CORONA models.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____



The proverb-maker who spun the phrase

"All good things come in threes"

might have found inspiration in the TRE-JUR TRIPLE

For—in this beautiful compact, cleverly arranged, are powder, lip-stick and rouge of finest quality.

One touch—and the opened lid reveals a powdered delightfully scented with *Joli-Memoire*. Below—the pressure of your little finger releases the magic drawer—bearing rouge and lip-stick of exquisite quality.

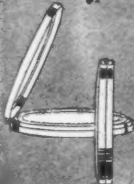
Three dainty musketeers—inseparable and ready for instant service. Encased in polished brass and amazingly priced at \$1.25 at your favorite store.

THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR
19 W. 16th St. New York City

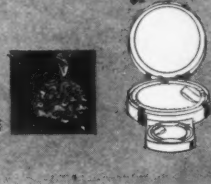
TRE-JUR

offers a Compact for every need

"THINEST"
A shallow masterpiece
of handycircumference.
Ample powder and
full-stand puff
\$1



"PURSE-SIZE"
TWIN
Powder and rouge in an
ingenious case that fits
into the smallest purse
\$1



She found the gun on the table. That gave her a feeling of security. With trembling fingers she caught at the box of matches and lighted the lamp. Shivering in her thin nightgown she ran to close and bolt the door. Then she turned towards Jerry's bed.

She rushed across the room. Jerry lay very still, the bed-clothes strangely covering his face. She snatched them back and felt a rush of joy to hear him gulping in great breaths of air. She shook him frantically but he seemed in a stupor. In a minute or two he aroused himself a little and half sat up.

"I dreamed that I was smothering. Did I call out? I thought I called you."

Babe's teeth were chattering. She nodded. "You must have pulled the clothes across your face in your sleep." She managed to keep her voice steady. "I guess I heard you call, all right. I'm goin' to come in here by you, Jer'. I guess I'm kind of cold."

She blew out the lamp quickly so that he shouldn't see that she held the revolver. His nerves had been in such a state for so long that she mustn't take a chance on upsetting him if she could help it. She slipped the gun under the pillow and got into bed by Jerry. It was warm and comfortable under the covers; her teeth stopped chattering; unconsciously, her arm crept under Jerry's head. Dear Jerry.

"You didn't kiss me good night, hon'," he said sleepily.

"I'm kissin' you now, Jer'," she whispered, holding her nerves in check. He sighed contentedly and in a moment she heard his even breathing.

When she knew that he was asleep she gave way a little to her fear. There had been something in the room. She knew that. What could it have been? She had seen nothing except those two faint lights that had shone out for an instant. An animal, probably. Animal's eyes. How quiet it had been. How did the bed-clothes come to be pressed so carefully over Jerry's head? Perhaps he was right when he said he'd dreamed that he was smothering. Gawd, what if he had smothered? Her Jer'. Her man. Her boy that had gone to prison for a whole year out of his young life so that a dirty little no-good bum of a wife could deck herself out in a lot of dam' trash!

Why, what was she sayin'? That hadn't been her fault—Jerry's goin' to jail . . . Oh, hadn't it? Well, it was about time that she took a look at herself an' found out a few things . . . Had it ever been on himself that Jerry had spent his money? It was her that was to blame for the dirty mess that this boy was in . . .

A great sob tore and wrenched its way from her throat—scalding tears rained down her cheeks . . . Why, say, she'd stayed up here an' patted herself on the back for bein' a good sport, an' all the time she wasn't nothin' but a rotten little yellow quitter feelin' sorry for herself an' lookin' for a way to get out of it all. She felt Jerry's relaxed head against her arm and for the first time the mother in her welled up in a flood of love for the sick boy. She pressed her shaking lips tightly against his forehead; it was damp like a little sleeping boy's. Say, she'd make up to him for the way she'd acted. Why, he'd always taken care of her an' looked out for her an' now she was goin' to show him that she was worth it.

Beat it with that vaud'ville sheik? She'd see him in hell first! An' what was more, if there was anything hangin' around out there in the dark that menaced what belonged to her, she wanted to see it come. With an insane desperation she clutched at the gun with her free hand and over the sleeping man, who lay relaxed against her shoulder, she kept watch through the rest of the night. At the first gray streaks of dawn she fell into a troubled sleep.

With the morning sunlight, Babe half forgot the wild fear, the emotion of the night. She went about the housework in her usual way; perhaps there was an added tenderness

in the little things she did for Jerry, but that was all. He insisted on doing the harder tasks about the place, now that he was stronger; she heard him humming to himself as he carried in the pail of warm milk. It was a long time since she had heard Jerry singing. She felt an odd warmth about her heart; he was getting better, that was sure.

Against her will, as the morning passed, a poisonous thought crept in. All that foolishness that she had told herself in the night was just her crazy fear. There was nothing to have been frightened about. Just a bad dream. That was all rot about taking care of Jerry . . . about making up to him for that year in prison. Why, that hadn't been her fault. Of course not . . . Gee, but you could think crazy things in the night.

When the hands of the battered old alarm clock pointed to ten minutes of ten, Babe was on the verge of screaming. Only to get her hat and walk quietly down the path . . . that was all she had to do. No reproaches—nothing but just to go and find fame and happiness with a man who could give her all the good things in life.

She stood with her eyes glued to the clock and watched the dragging minutes pass their endless way. She wanted to go . . . to run fleetly to the brook . . . but she could not move. When that sluggish little hand had passed one more fraction of an inch she knew that it would be too late . . . and still she stood. Just before the moving black line touched the hour she felt a sudden flood of emotion. Ag in that valorous that protective love for her man swept her with a red-hot surging. What was it she had told herself, then? Before she'd beat it with that vaud'ville sheik, she'd see him in hell! Now, she knew that she had meant every word of it. This was her job and she knew that she was going to do it. She felt the loosening of her nerves with an almost physical pain. She stepped out onto the porch to take long breaths of the clean, sunlit air.

Just over the threshold she caught a glimpse of something that shone brightly at the edge of the porch. She walked across and touched it with her foot, then caught her breath in a harsh gasp when she saw what it was. A small, round crystal bound with a silver band and in its center a blue moth lay sparkling in the sun. She caught it up in her hand and thrust it into her apron pocket.

How had the locket come here? Perhaps because she had admired it last night the man had dropped it into the pocket of her coat. That must be it. Strange though that there was a tiny piece of gold chain clinging to it as if it had been torn loose. Perhaps when he had kissed her it had caught in her dress and had been pulled away. Perhaps. She was glad that Jerry hadn't found it; she'd have had a time explaining. After this, she wasn't going to get herself into any more places where she had to explain.

The locket brought her sacrifice more clearly before her; all that day Babe found her thoughts drifting toward the man and the brilliant future that she had let pass her by. She wasn't complaining over her choice, but a girl could at least think of the wonderful things that might have happened. During the afternoon she and Jerry had a little talk about their plans. When they had finished the man's face glowed, and he seemed more like the happy boy she had first known than he had in months.

"Why, say, Babe,"—his voice was full of hope and a new strength—"it's great to hear you talk the way you have. Somehow—well, I'd begun to feel that you'd stopped caring. Why, sure, hon', we're going to make good; if you'll just be a little patient with me, I'll give you all the pretty things you ever could want, and—" his voice lowered a bit, "I'll give them to you . . . straight."

They sat in the twilight, Jerry's arm about her, her head on his shoulder when Babe heard old Jeff's flivver wheezing up the hillside.

"Wonder what he wants, Jer'?" She stood

up quickly. "It ain't the day he brings the groceries."

The old man called a greeting as he stopped the ancient motor and crawled out stiffly. There was an air of importance about him as he came up the path. Babe leaned against the door frame, her fingers sliding nervously up and down the jamb. She felt the sharp snag of the nail point; as she pulled her hand away she held in it a slender fragment of gold chain. She stared stupidly down at it.

"Evenin' folks. Well, I cer'nly have got news fer yuh." The old man sank down into the chair by Jerry's couch.

"That's always welcome, Jeff," the boy laughed.

"Well, sir, you'll never guess. The sheriff from Port Angeles was up here this mornin' lookin' fer some campers that had started a fire down by the Elwah. He had a dep'ty with him an' when the engine o' their car broke down up near my place, he asked me tuh bring them back tuh the east end o' the lake."

Jeff hunched his chair closer and proceeded, his voice high with excitement.

"Well sir, we was ridin' along an' Sheriff said that he'd heard someone was livin' at the Downes's place an' he wanted tuh warn them 'bout fires an' such. We stopped the car in the road an' walked down through the timber. Well, tuh make a long story short, we finally found the feller that's been livin' there, out in one of the sheds. Acted like he was hidin'. Seemed like he was all packed up an' ready tuh leave, too. I noticed that he acted kind o' funny when Sheriff told him who he was an' then after they'd been talkin' fer a few minutes I saw Sheriff lookin' awful queer. Then, quick as a flash, if he didn't have his gun out an' yell fer this here stranger tuh get his hands up."

"Well, by Gor, I never seen a bird put up such a fight. Say, he went stark ravin' crazy an' it took the three of us tuh fin'ly get the bracelets on 'im. An' then he was still fightin'. I swear, I never seen the beat. An' who d'yuh s'pose he was?" Jeff paused to get the full effect of his disclosure. "Why, it was this here Bluebeard Connor that killed all them wimmen!"

"Seems he's one of them criminally insane fellers that gets an awful thrill out o' killin'. Only he was wise, too, 'cause he always picked someone that had some money or life insurance or jewelry or such. Sheriff recognized him from the posters that's been sent out. He told a straight soundin' story, too, 'bout bein' a vaud'ville actor off here on his vacation. I almost believed him 'til he said that crazy fit, an' afterwards when he said that he'd've made his get-away if some girl hadn't've broke a date with him an' made him miss the stage. That sounded crazy tuh me all right, 'cause there ain't no girls 'round here."

Babe stood like a stricken white image in the doorway; her mind tried to grope its way up to a ray of light that could make this horrible thing seem real. Like sudden flashes she thought of those strange gray eyes that shone like an animal's in the light—of the two luminous spots that had glowed for an instant last night in the ray of her flashlight.

Her dull eyes, drugged with horror, rested for a moment on Jerry's dear face. Safe with Jerry. She was here safe with Jerry who loved her. She thrust her shaking hands into her apron pockets to hide their trembling. Her fingers closed convulsively upon something that they touched; there was a quick, sharp pain as she snatched her hand away. She stood there in the twilight staring stupidly down at her bleeding palm where the broken wings of a blue moth lay in a dust of glittering bits of glass.

What does a confirmed bachelor know about other men's wives? Next month Charles Hanson Towne tells what he has learned during a long period of single blessedness.



The Popularity of the STORY & CLARK LITTLE GRAND

because of its beautiful tone, smart style, graceful size, and moderate price has created a demand far greater than the possible production for reasonable delivery. *It makes a wonderful gift—so to be sure of delivery Christmas morning, you'd better order it today.*

And you'll order it when you see it! It's just the "one" piano you have always had in mind for your home. Its exquisite tone—ease of action—and case of beautiful cabinet work—appeal to everyone.



Go to your nearest Story & Clark dealer—or write us direct. We'll tell you where to get one in your vicinity—but don't make the mistake of buying before you see the Little Grand. You'll be thoroughly satisfied. We'll guarantee that.

You can purchase one on terms within your income, and your present piano will be taken in part payment.

Instruments of finest quality since 1857
The Story & Clark Piano Company
General Offices 315-317 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

33 West 57th Street, New York

1105 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

If you are a prospective purchaser of a piano or a player piano, we will gladly send you a beautiful brochure—**FREE** Story & Clark Piano Company, Dept. C.D. 315-317 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Please send me the brochure showing the various styles of your instruments, and name of your nearest dealer, because I am interested in buying a grand ☐ an upright ☐ a player piano ☐ the Repro-Phraso ☐. (Please print name and address.)

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

From Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass.
One of America's Leading Importers
And Save 20 to 40%

For over 48 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston, has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling direct by mail to customers and dealers alike at importing prices. Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser.

Fine Blue-White Absolutely PERFECT DIAMOND RING \$135.00



This beautiful 18k solid white gold ring is exquisitely hand carved and pierced with the latest style platinum hexagon top. The fine blue-white absolutely perfect diamond is of rare brilliancy. Money refunded if this ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00. Our price direct to you.... **\$135.00**



Ladies' White Gold Diamond Ring **\$75.00**

Fine, full cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy with four smaller blue-white diamonds on the sides. The ring is 18k solid white gold, richly pierced and carved. **\$75.00**



Ladies' Platinum Diamond Ring **\$200.00**

Fine, full cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy securely set in solid platinum ring, which is richly carved and exquisitely pierced in a lace-work effect. **\$200.00**

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:

1/4 carat	\$31.00	1 carat	\$145.00
1/2 carat	\$50.00	2 carats	\$250.00
3/4 carat	\$73.00	3 carats	\$425.00

If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co. with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS CATALOG FREE ON "HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities, \$20.00 to \$20,000.00, is considered an authority.



Write for your copy today FREE

Jason Weiler & Sons
369 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
Corner of Washington and Franklin Streets
Diamond Importers Since 1876
Foreign Agencies: Antwerp, Amsterdam and London

Clear Your Skin!

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin. Write today for my FREE BOOKLET "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN,"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years.

FREE E. S. GIVENS, 214 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

The Cosmopolitan Educational Department has been responsible for the enrollment of many boys and girls in good schools this year. We have had the satisfaction of hearing that through our efforts some children, who had arrived at a crisis or were facing failure, have been transplanted to schools where they are now doing well. We should be glad to hear from other parents who have used this service—let us know whether you are satisfied with the result.

Cosmopolitan Educational Service
119 West Fortieth Street, New York City

Where Money Once Flowed Like Water

(Continued from page 81)

gratefully as the only spot in Manaos in which I did not perspire, at least I think not.

Everybody out there who moves about perspires; not furiously, you know, except in my own case—I streamed—but gently and consistently.

Heat brings up the subject of dress and they have one or two very good ideas about dress up the Amazon. The best is the practise of taking off your jacket when you go out to lunch or dinner. In Para and in Manaos when you dine out you put on a fresh white suit and immediately you arrive you take off your jacket and hang it up and walk in and sit down and dine and spend the evening in your shirt-sleeves.

They are pretty, the Brazilian girls. They do not bob their hair (for which alone I was predisposed toward them); they dress it in an uncommonly cunning little way in a roguish little blob over each ear; they spend the whole of their time, every hour of the day so far as I could see, in sitting in the open windows of their houses gazing upon the street; they carry fans; and they have the harshest voices that ever I did hear.

I never spoke with one (alas); but I attended an afternoon service in the principal church in Manaos and there was a bevy of them there and I heard them sing and the only singing I ever heard like it was that of east-end factory girls. It was an odd, a very pretty, an extraordinarily unconventional service. Only women attended it, and there was something very picturesque and charming about the way in which they did attend it. Throughout its course they dropped in nonchalantly in ones and twos and threes, hatless, fan in hand; and throughout its course arose up and nonchalantly drifted out again. Then one girl nonchalantly drifted over to a small organ, others nonchalantly drifted over to her and grouped themselves about her, and then they sang, sang in this singularly harsh voice that I have described. The sound that these Brazilian girls raised was really, having regard to their youth and beauty, quite startling in its harshness.

Reverting again to dress on the Amazon, I have to say that the lucky ones up there don't dress. Para and Manaos are both capital cities, and a Brazilian capital, mind you, is not an East Indian, a West Indian, nor yet a South Seas capital; but on the pavements of both I saw small fat children going about as naked as my hand and on the island banks as we steamed up the river we frequently passed native dwellings the furniture of which, whatever it may have included, certainly did not include wardrobe, chest of drawers, trunk or anything in which to keep clothes. There were no clothes.

I loved those island native dwellings. I loved them twice; double. I loved them first of all because they were built on poles and had no doors and were precisely the huts of Conrad's Malay stories. I loved them next because there in all his starkness and his benightedness was "Lo, the poor Indian with untutored mind," and he appeared to me to be having a thoroughly enviable time of it.

He had no clothes, he had no furniture, he had no newspapers, he had no writing materials, he had no income tax, he had no money, he had no neighbors, he had no nothing. He had no single thing whatsoever (except such as I will hereinafter schedule); and if you have nothing at all, nothing, it appears to me that it would be absurd to want anything and that you wouldn't. All he had that I could see was a banana tree or two (and imagine having a banana tree of your own with great clumps of bananas on it!) and a couple or so of the jolliest little canoes moored to the poles of his house in which his family flicked about like darting fishes, and flicked out to have a closer look at us and flicked back

again—any age from about two, flicking about fat, naked and alone, to about sixteen, thin, naked and fit as blazes (and imagine having canoes of your own, moored to your house, and being able to flick about in them as though they were a living part of you!)

I envied him.

I know that it was wrong, mischievous and indeed wicked to envy him for I know that he is heathen and benighted and that I am, if not educated and enlightened, at least the product of forces educated and enlightened, and that it is the duty of these forces to snatch him out of his benightedness and educate and enlighten him. I know all that; nevertheless there are times when one has the idea that benightedness such as his—aloof in his stark hut with the stupendous forest behind and the enormous river ceaselessly flowing in front—has a peace and an opportunity for enlargement of the spirit that is not to be found in the artificiality of civilization.

But of course I know there would be drawbacks, imponderable and impossible drawbacks. I lean upon the deck-rail of my steamer and gaze upon that primitive habitation and I imagine myself being deposited at one by a boat and casting off my clothes, last vestige of my artificiality, into the boat, and the boat pulling away and leaving me.

However, I know myself. I know exactly what would happen. Immediately the boat which had brought me was about to leave me, and while still I was casting into her the last trappings of my artificiality, I should begin to fuss. Were they sure this banana tree was all right? Were they quite certain it wasn't beginning to wither? "Yes, that's all right; that's all very well for you; you haven't got to live on it; I have; and what about these spots on the leaves? And here, wait, stop, dash you, where are my fishing lines? Oh, well I never saw them. And look here, what about hooks, hooks, h-o-o-k-s, HOOKS, confound you! Yes, that's all very well, but suppose I lose those in the first week? And, I say, stop, whoa, hi, HI! Dash them, they've gone—"

And then I should frantically bawl and wave and hop and probably fall in; and I should clutch at one of my canoes and it would turn over and hit me on the head and hurt me; and then I should see a log and think it was an alligator or see an alligator and think it was a log, and then I should scramble out, frightened, furious and wishing to goodness I had never come near the place, and would bark my shins and wish it more than ever—and then there would be the insects.

Insects! The forests of the Amazon contain few wild animals and I should say the reason is that there is no room for them; the density of the growth as I saw it is such that the only kind of beast I can imagine settling there would be a special kind of animal provided with an axe and a hack saw and able to use them.

There are said to be parrots and I was looking forward to seeing parrots but, if I may so express myself, the only time I did I didn't. I saw a long thin black line about a mile away against the sky and I was told it was parrots and that was the nearest I ever got to parrots.

But, as you will see if you go back a few lines, Insects!

What I was going to attach to that note of exclamation was that if the Amazon forests have few beasts of prey, and if they showed me only one string of parrots a mile away, and if they showed me, who had looked forward also to seeing monkeys, never a single monkey, they did show me and they did most closely introduce to me—insects! I was going to attach all this to that note of exclamation but on second thoughts I will attach it in my next article. It is vulgar, but it is true, that even when I think about those Amazon insects I have to stop writing and get up and—scratch.

Button, Button . .

(Continued from page 33)

without tipping him off. Wise kid—you did it! Say, we've not got any too much time. *Don't I know it—Oh, where is that key?* Didn't you see where he put it—which pocket? It's not under him, I've looked twice."

She sprang upon her feet and swung about. "I remember now," she said, and her face was twitching. "He didn't put it in any pocket. He hooked it to a key-ring that he had, full of other keys, and played with it on his mitt—his left mitt. And when he went to the phone just now he was still playing with it. And when he sat down his arm was stretched out along this window sill, like this. Maybe he dropped—"

She broke off and bent down, her eyes searching the narrow marble ledge, and finding that bare, then the flooring below the casing. She thrust her head and shoulders out of the open window, peering downward toward the street below.

"Ditched!" she said, in a flattened voice, a spiritless voice, really. "Rotten luck from the beginning of this job for me. Rotten luck still. Dink, come here—I want to show you something."

He got up and came.

"What? Where?"

"See right down there on top of that glass marquee over the side entrance. No, no, not over there. Here, almost underneath us, right alongside that slab of dark yellow glass. I can't point—somebody outside might get a flash at my wrists. Where are your eyes?"

"I see something small." He squinted in the bright October sunlight. "But what the—"

"Oh, nothing, except that it's his key-ring laying where it must have fallen when his fingers spread out after you soaked him—and the key to these darbies is on that ring. Fifty feet away from us and it might as well be fifty miles! He's licked me, after all."

She fell away from the window and, stumbling over a leg of the senseless man, she looked down at him for just a second and by that look she was transformed out of all semblance to the reserved aloof Mrs. M. Lynn of Springfield, Mass., who had, these two weeks past, been one of the Hotel Kuttawa's demurest guests. It was Winnipeg Maisie, topnotch operator among the pennyweights who glared into the upturned sleeping face of Otis B. Tholens and had, for that one fleeting moment, the impulse to do a murder.

"But you're not licked yet, I tell you," the blocky man was saying now, and he shook her arm. "You've still got a chance to make your break-away."

"With these things frozen to me. How far could I go before I was spotted?"

"But a cape or a cloak or something—a shawl, even, that you could cover your hands under?"

"Fool! Don't you suppose I've already thought of that? Every rag I own, except what I'm standing in, is packed up and downstairs."

"A handkerchief, then. Here, take mine! Wrap it 'round your hands and go down and try to break away clean. I'll go down first, alone, and have a taxi waiting for you at the corner. Only, for God's sake, Maisie, Hurry! Those two bulls from East Fifty-first Street'll be here any minute now." He made for the door.

"No you don't," she snapped, and interposed herself between him and his way out. "When we go we go together. If you try to lam without me I'll rouse the whole dump. It's both of us or neither one."

"But listen to reason—"

"Both or neither, I'm telling you. It's got to be both. Dink, there's an out—a chance anyhow. And I'm going to wait until those two elbows get here before I start and you're going alongside me and you can have your handkerchief back because I don't need it and you will need it in a minute for something else.

When a radiator won't get hot—try this

JUST \$1.60 invested in AIRID will make the coldest radiator *hot*. And by ridding the radiator of cold air it lets the steam do its work and saves your fuel.

It needs no "fixing" because it is non-adjustable—never leaks—and makes no noise. Any pair of hands can put it on any steam radiator in two minutes.

Made and guaranteed by the

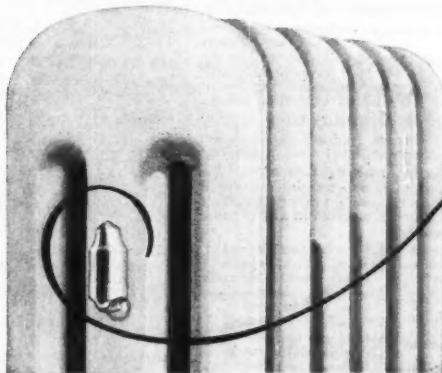
AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Specialties Department 1807 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

AIRID

AIR-VALVES

SOLD AT ALL HEATING AND PLUMBING SHOPS



GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF

Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off!

W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 302, East Orange, N. J.



FOURTEEN WORDS OF MAGIC POWER

Words which tell any young man between the ages of 16 and 30 exactly what to do to GET WHAT HE WANTS—not a mere platitude about work-and-win-and-learn-and-earn, but the cold-blooded SECRET OF SUCCESS in our commercialized world, compressed into FOURTEEN WORDS which YOU can understand and USE in any way you want. We hope you'll use them our way—but they'll work in whatever way you may decide to use them. Incidentally, the FOURTEEN WORDS are woven into a fascinating little STORY which you'll enjoy. It's free if you send your name, age, occupation and address.

Write for your
Fourteen Words
of Magic Power

CHICAGO TECHNICAL COLLEGE
Dept. 74, 118 East 26th St.
CHICAGO ILLINOIS

INVENTORS

Write for our book, "HOW TO GET YOUR PATENT" and Evidence of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch of your invention for our Prompt opinion of its patentable nature.

RANDOLPH & CO.

Dept. 33 Washington, D. C.

Learn INTERIOR DECORATING at Home

Make \$5000 to \$10,000 a year



Easy to establish business for yourself, or take high-salaried position. Prominent New York decorators teach you practical, professional methods through simple new system, by mail. No special ability needed. Beautifully illustrated. Shows how you can enter profession in new, easy way, decorate your own home. Send postcard or letter today.

National School of Interior Decoration
Dept. 1212 3 West 29th St. New York City



Doubled His Salary —then Doubled it AGAIN!

Sounds too good to be true, doesn't it? Nevertheless, it is true—and that's the wonderful thing about the field of Higher Accountancy, once a man is ready to take advantage of his opportunities. What's more, many a LaSalle-trained man will tell you so—from his personal experience.

W. A. Twelkemuir, of Missouri, writes as follows: "As a result of my taking the LaSalle course in Higher Accountancy, my salary has increased 400 per cent, and through your training in Income Tax I have made as much on the side in consultation fees as my annual salary when I started. It has meant a tremendous thing to me in mental development and financial profit."

Charles S. Jones, of Texas, was earning only \$100 a month when he undertook LaSalle training. Three years later, on the letterhead of Henry & Jones, Certified Public Accountants, comes the following enthusiastic message:

"My income is a trifle in excess of \$8,000, and I am just beginning to grow. I can hardly find words to tell you of the inspiration that the course has given me."

Men like Twelkemuir and Jones are pointing the way to business leadership. They are making good not because of "pull" or "luck" but because of training.

Send today for our book entitled "Success Reports," showing hundreds of letters from LaSalle-trained men who are making good in the field of Higher Accountancy. With it we will send you full particulars of LaSalle training, together with details of our convenient payment plan; also your copy of that inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

Nothing is so important to your future happiness as real achievement. Will you put it off—or "but it over?" Mail the coupon NOW.

LaSalle Extension University

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World
Dept. 1255-HR Chicago, Illinois

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

Higher Accountancy

Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

Other LaSalle Training Courses

LaSalle is the largest business training institution in the world. It offers training for every important business need. If more interested in any of these courses, check here:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Production Methods |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel and Employment Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law—Degree of LL.B. | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Efficiency | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business Correspondence and Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching |

Name _____

Present Position _____

Address _____

Malvina CREAM

For the Complexion

—for Freckles
—for the Skin

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Popular Since 1874
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS
EVERYWHERE

If your dealer can't supply you, send money-order direct. Booklet, "How She Won a Husband," including testimonials and beauty hints sent free. Write today.

Prof. I. Hubert, Dept. 10124, Toledo, O.



PRICE
Cream, 5c
Lotion, 25c
Soap, 25c
Box, \$1.40
Postpaid. Send money-order

I want my decorations to be in plain sight. I thought a minute ago this hardware had me licked. But now it may be the savings of me." Her voice rose, her figure expanded.

Her accomplice stared at her dumbly, his wits all scrambled.

"Oh, you boob!" she cried. "Don't you get it? You're going to take that big dub's place." She pointed at the heavily-breathing shape by the tabouret. "You're going to be him. You're about the same size. These bulls that are coming here never have seen him, they don't know you. That goes for the house dick, too, if he happens to be snooping around when we make the break-away."

"You listen to me and do what I tell you! We strip him just as he lays. You'll strip down, too, and put on his clothes, badge and all. Then tie him up with some towels and gag him with that handkerchief of yours—he's quiet enough now but he might come to—and lock him in that clothes-closet yonder and take the key along with you. When the plain-clothes men call up from downstairs tell 'em you'll meet them at the side entrance to the left of the lobby; tell 'em you're doing that so as to keep from parading me out before a lot of people. I'm a woman—you're trying to make it easy for me, see?"

"Then we go down the stairs, the two of us—the elevator boy might remember how this rube looked. We tell the fly-cops good-by at the gate in the station—sooner than that, if we can—and then we get on the three forty-five and we go away, and if anybody breaks into that closet for the next two or three hours, we're clear before the rumble comes off. Now you've got it—move fast. Get his coat and that sweater and his shirt off of him. I'll attend to his kicks."

Down again on her knees she already was unlacing the unconscious man's shoes.

"But after we get on the rattler—if we ever get that far?" he demurred, as squatting, he caught the sheriff beneath the armpits and heaved the sagged trunk up off the floor. "What then? You can't go through with it all the way."

"Who said we would?" She had one of Tholen's shoes off and snatched for the other, the links of her bonds jingling merrily. "It'll be dark when we get to Albany—that helps. We get off there. Chances are nobody will be asking any questions on the car or at the station, either, but if anybody does you stall. Show your warrant—you'll have it in your pocket—and say you've arranged to go the rest of the way overland in order to stop by at some little town or other that's off the railroad. We'll dope out the name of that town from a time-card map after we're on board. There's a party there in that town who wants to try to identify me for a different job than the Ferris Falls job; that's your line, see?"

"But as soon as the train pulls out from here you'll write a rush telegram and send the porter out to file it from Yonkers or Poughkeepsie. No, from Harmon, that's one hour up. That's where they change from electricity to steam, and there'll be plenty of time. You'll send that wire on to Pinkie Dunnigan—he's laying up at Voorheesville, just a little ways back east of Albany and Pinkie's a wise gun."

"The wire tells Pinkie to meet the train at Albany with a closed car, him to be driving it, and nobody else to be along with him, and it tips him off not to look jolted at anything he sees or hears when we show up. You don't have to go into details with Pinkie; he'll get you. You'll shove me into Pinkie's car and we'll beat it, like bats out of hell, for his place, and between now and midnight you two will be cutting me out of this mess with a cold chisel and we'll be framing a fresh start. It's a pipe if you front up to it right."

With comprehension and admiration lighting his face, Dink Costello was opening his mouth to speak, when the telephone bell rang.

"That'll be the bulls," she said, calmly. "Answer it—and don't lose your nerve. Tell 'em you'll be down with your prisoner in ten minutes."

INSPECTOR CATLETT missed the hot supper that was waiting for him at his home in Flatbush. But he didn't seem to mind missing it. There was a pleased expression on his face as he sat in his office at seven o'clock that evening listening to the recital of Precinct Detective Henry Sammis, at present attached to the East Fifty-first Street Station but now in line for promotion and an immediate transfer to the Headquarters staff. And if the expression on the Inspector's face was pleased, the one on the younger man's face showed pleasure, fine and superfluous.

"Well, sir," Sammis was saying, "we went over to the Kuttawa, according to orders, and telephoned up that we were there and in a little bit they came down—the pair of them—and met us at the side door. You've seen 'em both, sir; since I brought 'em back from up the road; you know what they look like. Well, they looked just like that then; the woman was double-cuffed. I admit I didn't see anything out of the way about that—anything suspicious I mean. I just figured to myself that this fellow, being a rube from up-state, didn't know enough to hitch her by her right wrist onto his left wrist, the same as one of us would be apt to do. I guess O'Hara felt the same way about it. And nothing was said about her having any baggage, either. I'll own up that that didn't strike me as suspicious, either—not at first."

"Well, he didn't have much to say one way or the other. And of course you couldn't blame her much for acting pretty glum. He said he was going to walk her over to the train. So me and O'Hara trailed along, too. We'd got almost there—the four of us—when all of a sudden I noticed something peculiar—something irregular, as you might say—about the sweater he was wearing. It buttoned wrong."

"What's that you're saying?" demanded the Inspector, bending forward. "How do you mean it buttoned wrong?"

"Why it buttoned from right to left."

"Well how should it button?"

"From left to right, of course. You see, sir—I guess most people never notice it—but a man's clothes always button in front from left to right and a woman's always button over exactly different—from right to left. My father used to always be saying that if ever you saw a man wearing clothes that buttoned up like a woman's do it was a sure sign some amateur woman tailor had made 'em for him. As a kid I heard him say that many a time. My father was a journeyman tailor, sir, and he wanted to raise me to be one, too, but I went on the cops."

"Oh-ho," said the Inspector. "So your father was a tailor, was he? And he told you some of the tricks of the trade, did he? Go on."

"Well, all that stuck in my mind, and I kept on sizing up this fellow and I don't know why I did it—but probably it was to try to get on a more friendly footing with him, you know, and maybe induce him to open up a bit—anyhow I finally said to him: 'That's a rather nifty-looking sweater you're wearing, Sheriff. Home-made, ain't it?'"

"Well, I'd call that an innocent enough question. But he actually jumped and then he growled in a sort of offish way, 'No, I bought it out of a store' and turned away from me. I knew then he was lying. I thought to myself, 'Why should he want to lie to me about a harmless, simple matter like a sweater?' I studied him closer. He kept fiddling with his hat as if it wasn't his own hat at all, as if he was trying to get used to the fit of it. And then and there I made up my mind there was something phoney somewhere about this fellow."

"I waited until he'd taken the woman through the gate and then I said to O'Hara, making it snappy: 'O'Hara, I says, I've got a hunch something's wrong about this case. I'm leary of our friend, the sheriff. I believe he's wearing somebody else's clothes.' And then I told him about the hat and the sweater, and he said: 'He's had me worried myself—I don't know why, but he has. There's

something!" Then I says: "I'm going to take a chance and tail that pair up the line a few miles. It won't do any harm and I need the ride. You slide back over to the hotel and see what you can find out at that end about this whole business. If there's anything dubious," I says, "you can easy reach me. I'll be on the same train with 'em, but they won't know it." And with that I flashed my shield on the gateman and ran down the train shed and got aboard the last car just as the flagman was about to slam the vestibule doors.

"You know the rest of it, sir—how O'Hara went back to the hotel and talked to the girl at the information desk and her description of the man who'd gone upstairs about half-past two to see the woman didn't altogether match the description of our man, at 'east not in certain particulars—his complexion and the color of his hair for instance. And how then he got the pass-keys—the regular keys to the rooms were both missing, it seemed—and dusted up to the fifth floor, along with the house-detective and found a little pudd'e of fresh blood on a rug in the parlor of the suite, and found the closet was locked and its key missing, too. And how they broke the closet door in and found the real sheriff inside with nothing on but his underclothes and with a nasty bump on his head and almost suffocated and all tied up in a bundle like somebody's washing, but able to talk after they'd got the gag out of his mouth. And how then O'Hara got the word through to me just as the train was pulling out of Peekskill and how I slipped in on the fake sheriff and the woman and landed 'em both. But of course it wasn't so hard for me to handle her once I'd got the bulge on him, she being already cuffed. And I believe that's about all," said Sammis in conclusion.

"Sammis," said the Inspector, "I know what's wrong with the present force I've got working under me. It needs a few more tailors' sons on it. You know what I'm going to make you when you and O'Hara come down here? I'm going to make you my expert on buttons."

The Enchanted Hill

(Continued from page 66)

desk. Although she had never seen Link Hallowell, nevertheless the news of his death affected her second only to that of her father. Link Hallowell was dead—and Hallie Purdy loved him! Through the open window there drifted in to her the distant hum of an airplane motor.

She ran all the way up to the hangar and reached it just as Tommy Scaife swept in over the tree tops, circled the hill, landed and came taxi-ing down the mesa to the hangar. Gail was aware that the plane was carrying two passengers, but the presence of a stranger did not deter her.

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy," she sobbed, "the sheriff telephoned a few minutes ago that Link Hallowell had a fight with two strangers in front of the hotel at Arguello, and all three have been killed!"

Tommy Scaife's mouth flew wide open. "Old Link gone west?" he croaked.

Gail nodded miserably. "The sheriff told me to get word to Major Purdy. He wants to know what to do with Mr. Hallowell's body."

"I see." Already Tommy Scaife had recovered from the shock of horror her message had given him. His face was white, but his bleak buttermilk eyes were terrible to behold. "I was afraid Link'd walk into that jam, Miss Ormsby," he continued huskily. "If I hadn't dropped him both my guns he'd—be just as dead as he is now, but the men that killed him would be livin' an' plannin' their defense . . . Well, there don't seem to be much that I can do now, 'ceptin' fly back to Arguello an' take care of Ira Todd. It was his killers that done for old Link."

He looked over his shoulder at his passenger. "We get off here, mister," he informed the latter. "Hop out so I can be on my way again."



The People's Telephone

The telephone knows no favorites. It does the bidding of the country store and of the city bank. It is found in the ranch house kitchen and in the drawing-room of the city mansion. Its wires penetrate the northern forest, stretch across the prairie, are tunneled under city streets.

The telephone knows no favorites. Its service to all the people is of the same high standard—the Bell System standard. Twenty-four hours a day it carries the voices of all. For the benefit of all, the long-distance circuits are kept in tune. Numberless discoveries and improvements developed by the Bell System have made the telephone more useful for all the people. In America, all can afford the telephone, for Bell System service is the cheapest, as well as the best, in the world.

The telephone knows no favorites. It is not owned in any one locality or by any particular group of men. It is owned by 350,000 stockholders, who represent a cross-section of the thrift of the whole country. The owners of the telephone are those it serves.

In America to-day the 15,000,000 telephones of the Bell System contribute to the security, happiness and efficiency of all the people.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

Control Your Weight Without Drugs or Firesome Exercises

Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
224 Good Health Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

200 Sheets—100 Envelopes

\$1.00
Postage
Prepaid

High grade, clear, white bond paper—smoothly smooth writing surface. Size 6 x 7 inches with envelopes to match. Give that crisp, crackly feel that identifies it to everyone as superior quality stationery. Special handy box keeps paper and envelopes in order and easily reached, preventing waste.

Your Name and Address Printed FREE!

on every sheet and envelope, in rich dark blue, up to 4 lines. Type in Plain Gothic, designed especially for clearness and good taste. Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift printed with your friend's name. This stationery, unprinted, would ordinarily cost you more than \$1.00; our large production at narrow margin makes this special offer possible. Just send your name and address (write or print clearly) with \$1.00 (west of Denver and outside the U. S. \$1.10) and this generous box of stationery will come to you neatly packed, postage prepaid. Money returned if you are not more than satisfied. Order today! National Stationery Co. 1209 Lincoln Highway
Baltimore, Illinois



No more shiny nose

For an old, persistent trouble, a wonderful new cream—called Vauv! It is different from anything else you have ever used—in principle, action, result.

Vauv stops shine instantly; takes away—in one application—every trace of that ugly, greasy look. With a light dusting of powder it gives a lovely, natural finish that lasts for hours and hours.

Vauv is absolutely harmless. It is actually an increasing benefit. Used regularly, it helps to cleanse clogged pores and reduce them to normal size. Just try it, yourself. Use it regularly every day for a week, and notice the difference!

Send for sample today

Ask for a tube of Vauv today at your drug or department store. Price 50c. But if your dealer cannot supply you, just send us your name and address with 53c (regular price plus postage) for a generous, full-size tube. Or 10c for a week's trial sample tube.

The Vauv Co. (for Jane Morgan)
392 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Vauv

PRONOUNCED VÖVE

He leaped out himself, carrying Doak's bag, and the latter followed. He was wearing a pair of goggles which Tommy had considerably fastened on him after tying his hands. "Sorry I had to hog-tie you, mister," his captor went on apologetically, "but that little lady gun o' yours made me suspicious." He untied Doak's hands and stripped off the goggles. "Forward! Column half right!" he ordered. "March!"

"Why, Mr. Doak!" Gail's expression of amazement and her familiar greeting of his prisoner gave Tommy Scaife pause. He stared from her to Doak and back again. "As you were!" he commanded the latter. "Miss Ormsby, do you know this man?"

"I do. This is Mr. Jasper Doak of Los Angeles. He is the attorney who settled my father's estate."

"Miss Ormsby," Doak pleaded, "if you have any influence with this red ruffian, I beg you to exercise it in my behalf. I have been kidnapped at the point of a gun—"

"I have no influence, Mr. Doak, and if I had I should decline to exercise it in your behalf. You are too friendly with my late manager, Ira Todd. You telephone and telegraph each other, and I know Mr. Todd is a liar and a crook. We suspect him of being a murderer."

"A man is known by the company he keeps," Tommy added. "On your way, Doak. By gravity, you *are* a real discovery."

He took Doak down to the bunk-house and turned him over to Curly McMahon.

When he came running back up the path he was wearing a belt and pistol and behind him came fat Joaquin José Ramon Oreña y Sanchez, similarly equipped. He fastened Joaquin in the seat so lately vacated by Jasper Doak, climbed in back of the wheel and hopped off.

Gail's soul was in a turmoil as she retraced her steps to the house, but out of the chaos of her emotions one thought upthrust itself definitely. Evidently Tommy Scaife knew where Ira Todd was to be found and was en route to kill him. Something told Gail that there would be no more delay on that job.

Gail reasoned Ira Todd might deserve death, but if he must die the law should kill him, not Tommy Scaife. Moreover, his death might involve Lee Purdy in further reprisals—already this deadly, quiet, merciless mysterious feud had resulted in the death of four men, two of whom had been worth while; presently it would result in the breaking of Hallie Purdy's heart; if it continued it might bring death to Lee Purdy. Therefore, at all costs, she must block Tommy Scaife's murderous plan.

Down the hall past the living-room where Hallie was politely entertaining Henry Menefee, Gail ran, and on into Lee Purdy's office. "How do you call Arguello, Hallie?" she cried.

"One long ring," Hallie answered, and Gail ground swiftly at the little metal crank on the old-fashioned telephone. "Get Jeff Thorne, the deputy sheriff for me," she called to central when the latter answered.

The deputy sheriff was on the hotel porch searching the bodies of the two dead strangers. He stepped inside, took up the receiver, and announced himself.

"Oh, Mr. Thorne," Gail gasped. "This is Miss Ormsby out at La Cuesta Encantada. Do you know Tommy Scaife?"

"Of course. What about him?"

"I told him what had happened, and now he's flying in to Arguello to kill Ira Todd. He thinks Mr. Todd hired the men who killed his friend. Stop him, for pity's sake. There has been enough blood shed already."

"Thanks for the tip, ma'am. I'll stop him."

Gail hung up. But Hallie and Menefee had heard her speaking to the sheriff and their curiosity brought them to the office where Gail sat now in Purdy's swivel chair, her face in her arms outspread upon the desk.

"Who's killed who, Miss Ormsby?" Menefee demanded.

Hallie shook her guest's shoulder vigorously. "Tell me, tell me!" she cried piteously. "Is my brother dead?"

Gail shook her head. "Link Hallowell," she moaned. "Oh, Hallie, I'm so sorry. They shot him a little while ago in Arguello."

Henry Menefee's strong arm caught Hallie as she was crumpling under the blow. "Guess I will stay for dinner after all," he said gently. "Looks as if a man might be needed around here. Buck up, Miss Ormsby, and show me where to set the little one here. She's out!"

CHAPTER XXVII

AS TOMMY SCAIFE or the crow might fly, it was about eighteen miles to Arguello, and fifteen minutes after leaving the Enchanted Hill, Tommy, with Joaquin at his heels, came running up Main Street, headed for the crowd in front of the hotel.

"Gangway for combat troops!" he cried and the crowd parted abruptly, leaving a six-foot lane to the hotel porch, upon which the two dead men still lay, awaiting the arrival of the coroner. Tommy favored both corpses with a glance of hate and bounded into the lobby of the hotel, gun in hand. At the door Joaquin paused and faced the crowd; the black muzzle of his weapon swung in a menacing arc; he was protecting Tommy Scaife's rear.

Up the stairs Tommy ran and down the hall to room twelve. "Come out, Todd," he ordered. "Come out and settle your debts." There was no answer, so Tommy raised his pistol and crashed it through the frail paneling, then leaped aside to escape the shot he believed would be the answer to his assault. It did not come. Again Tommy raised the gun, but a shout from the head of the stairs caused him to turn in that direction. Jeff Thorne, the deputy sheriff, stood at the end of the hall, and his .45 covered Tommy Scaife.

"You bust another panel in that door an' I'll bust you," he warned.

"Take the pot, Jeff," Tommy replied, and dropped the muzzle of his gun. "I'll pay for the panel I've already busted. Where's Todd?"

"None o' your doggone business, young feller. You come here—"

Something cold and hard was pressed against Jeff Thorne's neck; a swarthy hand, reaching around from in back of him, closed over his pistol. "I theenk, señior, eese more better eef you geeve dose gun to me," a soft, drawling Mexican voice suggested. "I don't like for keel you, señior, but eef you mak trouble—"

The officer's hands relaxed from the weapon and Joaquin, who had tiptoed up the stairs behind him, quietly took possession of it. "Now, then, Jeff," Tommy Scaife ordered him, "come here and open this door."

Thorne stalked, cursing, down the hall, turned the knob of number twelve and threw the door wide open. "The jig's up, Ira," he called.

Still no answer came from within, so Thorne entered, with Tommy following, crouched behind the sheriff's huge bulk. The room was empty.

"You've hid him in another room," Tommy charged and was about to organize a search of every room in the hotel, when Joaquin pointed to the window, which was open. Across the sill stretched a thick strip of sheeting, one end of which was tied to a leg of the bed. Ira Todd had fashioned a rope of sheeting and blankets, let himself down within fifteen feet of the ground, risked that short drop, and disappeared.

"The Box K automobile was up in the garage yesterday," Tommy declared. "If that car has been took out it means he's made his get-away. As soon as he knew Link Hallowell had gone west he realized it was his turn next. Damn him, he knew I'd be on his trail. Come on, Joaquin," and followed by the faithful Mexican, Tommy went out that window, even as Ira Todd had, and fled across lots to the garage.

As he had anticipated, the Box K automobile which Todd had borrowed to come to town, was gone, and the floor man volunteered the information that Todd had been in about ten minutes before and taken it.

"Think I'll feel safer with my own guns. I'm used to them and old Link don't need 'em no more," Tommy soliloquized and returned to the hotel. "Where've they took Link Hollowell?" he demanded of the crowd of curious townspeople who still clustered around the two dead men on the porch.

"He's inside on one o' the pool tables," somebody answered, and Tommy strode inside and over to the familiar form. And then an amazing thing happened. The corpse of Link Hollowell raised its head and said:

"Well, if here isn't little old Tommy Scaife! Gun out and head down, like a hog to war."

"You horsethief!" Tommy's glad cry rang through the room. "Oh, Link, they telephoned to the ranch an' told us you'd been bumped off." And Tommy choked up with tears and stood there, blinking down pathetically at his friend. Link Hollowell smiled:

"The report of my death, like that of Mark Twain's, has been grossly exaggerated," Hollowell said. "Where's Todd?"

"He was in the hotel here until the shootin' started," Tommy blubbered, and now his face was ruddier than ever, for he was developing a weakness, the shame of which he could never hope to live down. "Ed Abbott's his friend, an' I reckon Abbott run up an' told him about it. Realizin' his two killers was gone, he sneaked out the window over to the garage, got his car an' beat it out o' town. With the whole town down here I reckon nobody seen him leave. Link, old settler, how come you ain't dead?"

"Never mind about that. It'll be an hour before I'll feel like getting up off my back, and I'll be sore for a month of Sundays, but never mind that. Tommy, bend over. I want to whisper something."

Tommy's bleak glance swept the onlookers gathered around the pool table, and as one man they fell back. He bent over his friend.

"Todd was to meet Doak at San Onofre. I'm sure Doak wired him to meet him there. I planned it all for Doak. Fooled him. He didn't know me so I sold him the idea that I was one of Todd's killers. Then I wired you to come to San Onofre for Doak; I planned to come on to Arguello and capture Todd myself. I thought if we could get those two men together out at the ranch, confront them with the man who killed Steve MacDougald and Shannon, the killer Doak hired to murder Purdy, we might, in the resultant excitement, find out what's back of all this dirty business and stop it for keeps. Now, it's my guess that Todd realizes the country is getting too hot to hold him; right now he's breaking all the speed laws getting down to San Onofre to meet Doak, to tell Doak the jig's up and to get out of New Mexico as fast as the Lord will let them."

"Then my job is to get to San Onofre, capture Todd and bring him out to the ranch?" Tommy opined.

"Right, as usual, Tommy. When Todd gets to San Onofre and fails to find Doak there, he will become suspicious and continue right on out of the state."

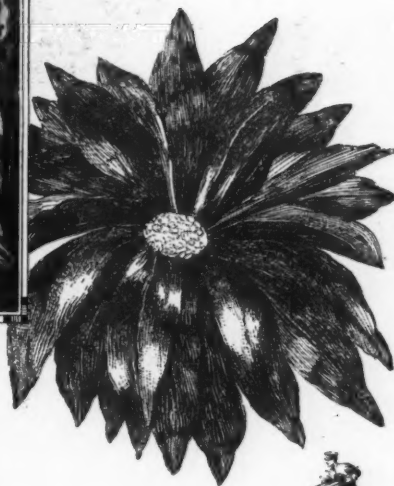
"Gimme my two guns, Link, an' I'll be on my way. Here's a gun for you. One of Todd's brave boys is still playin' hooky from the cemetery, so I'll leave Joaquin here to keep an eye on you, while I go after Todd."

He reloaded and buckled on his own guns, ran over to the plane and was off, headed west into the sunset and flying low over the white road that wound down through El Valle De Los Ojos Negros. Halfway to San Onofre he looked overside and espied a motorcar proceeding west at a rate of speed scarcely justified by the condition of that desert road. The hood of the car was up, so Tommy's view of its occupant was cut off.

He flew high over the speeding car and when two miles ahead of it, turned and flew back, following the road until he found a spot on it where he could land. And there he waited, calm in the knowledge that if the approaching car was not the one he sought, it would continue to approach, for of course, the driver



Man sends flowers to precede himself and win for him the smile he fears his presence may not bring.



Your florist can telegraph flowers anywhere for you

"Say it with Flowers"

STOP COUGHING
FLORIDA
MENTOPINE
COUGH DROPS
THE MENTOPINE CORPORATION - Philadelphia, Pa.

CRIPPLED FIVE YEARS

Infantile Paralysis

This is Claude Snyder, whose leg and foot were deformed by Infantile Paralysis for 5 years before coming to McLain Sanitarium. Pictures were taken 7 months apart. Read parents' letter and write them:

We cannot thank you enough for what you have done for our son, Claude. We are proud of his foot and never lose an opportunity to say a good word for McLain's. Will be glad to answer all letters.

MR. AND MRS. GEO. SNYDER,
Francisco, Indiana.

Parents of Crippled Children

should know about McLain Sanitarium, a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," and "Book of References" sent free.

McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM
836 Aubert Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

13 WEEKS FOR 15 CENTS
The Pathfinder
Send for this big paper on trial 13 weeks or \$1 for 1 year (52 issues).
PATHFINDER, 586 Langdon Sta., Wash., D. C.

You've heard your neighbor praise this wonderful weekly magazine that 3 million people read. Unbiased digest of national and world affairs. Check full of just the kind of reading you want. Science, politics, travel, fun, fashions, question box, books, health—entertainment and instruction for all. Send 15c (coin or stamps) today for this big paper on trial 13 weeks or \$1 for 1 year (52 issues).

True Bathing Luxury

Compare the effect with and without and you will never take another bath without No. 4711 Bath Salts.

The pleasure and the odor are such that the whole bathroom seems like a flower garden.

Don't let your bathing be merely a commonplace item of the day! Really enjoy it with—

No. 4711 Bath Salts

Besides the popular 4711 Eau de Cologne odor, they come in eight other delightful perfumes, which are produced in America by the makers of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap, and No. 4711 Eau de Cologne.

MULHENS & KROFF, Inc.
25 W. 45th St., N. Y. City
Made in U. S. A.



"I Knew You'd Make Good"

"I ALWAYS felt you had it in you to get ahead." But for a time I was afraid your natural ability would be wasted because you had never trained yourself to do any one thing well.

"But the minute you decided to study in your spare time I knew you'd make good. You seemed more ambitious—more cheerful—more confident of the future. I knew your employers couldn't help but notice the difference in your work."

"Think what this last promotion means! More money—more comforts—more of everything worth while. Tom, those hours you spent on that I. C. S. course were the best investment you ever made."

HOW about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

Opportunity knocks—this time in the form of that familiar I. C. S. coupon. It may seem like a little thing, but it has been the means of bringing better jobs and bigger salaries to thousands of men.

Mark and mail it today and without cost or obligation, learn what the I. C. S. can do for you.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Box 2546-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

- | BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating | |
| TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blue Prints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operation | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics | |

Name.....
Street.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Occupation.....
Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

Maybelline
DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES
EYELASHES and BROWS
INSTANTLY, makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN, obtainable in solid cake form or waterproof liquid. Tie at your dealer's or direct postpaid.
MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

The service of Cosmopolitan Educational Department is available not only to subscribers, but to every reader. Do not hesitate to take advantage of our experience when seeking a school for your boy or girl.
COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
119 West Fortieth Street, New York City.

had seen him landing. If, on the other hand, the driver of the car was Ira Todd he would proclaim his identity long before reaching Tommy's waiting plane.

The man was Todd. Tommy was sure of that when, half a mile up the road, the car halted and a man sprang from it and ran as fast as he could through the sage toward the thick fringe of cottonwoods and sycamores along the wash that marked the course of the Rio Hondo.

The range was much too long for anyone except a past master of rifle shooting to hope to connect with that fleeting target, but Tommy Scaife was an optimist. He stood up in the fuselage and encouraged Ira Todd's flight with a fusillade that kicked up little spurts of sand around the fugitive, but did not stop him. Tommy was not discouraged, however. Out of a vast experience he knew that men who have spent their lives in the saddle are not apt to go very far or fast on foot. He suspected, too, that Todd was not armed, except with a pistol, and alone in the waste of El Valle De Los Ojos Negros without food, water or blankets his capture was inevitable.

Tommy reloaded his hot rifle and rolled briskly on his parenthetical little legs up to the abandoned car. As he had suspected, it was the Box K car, so he removed three spark plugs and the platinum points from the ignition, after first running the car off the road.

"Now, then, Mr. Todd," he reflected, "hereafter you walk."

His cogitations were interrupted by the sound of footfalls approaching from the direction of San Onofre. "Halt! Who's there?" he challenged stridently, and dropped on his face in the dust of the road to escape the fire he expected. But nothing happened, save that footsteps which had sounded suddenly, within twenty feet of him, while he pondered his problem, ceased abruptly.

"Chick Anthony, of the Diamond Bar ranch," a voice replied.

"Oh, hello, Chick," Tommy greeted the new arrival. "Walk right up an' be sociable."

"You sound friendly, but suppose you name yourself. I'm shy about fraternizin' with strangers I can't see."

Tommy named himself, and Chick Anthony advanced confidently. "What you doin' afoot, Chick?" Tommy asked. "Your horse done swap ends with you?"

"No, I been fraternizin' with a masked stranger down the road here. He stops me and asks if I seen anybody at San Onofre as I rode by and I tell him no, all I seen was an airplane land there an' fly away a few minutes later."

He leaned up against Tommy's ship and sighed. "Lordy, I'm wore out. I've walked mos' a mile, I reckon, an' me with arches so broke down I couldn't even git a desk job in Washington durin' the great war."

"How come you're afoot?"

"I have some horses rangin' over yonder toward the little lake country an' I been over lookin' at 'em. Comin' back, I take a notion to ride in to Arguello an' spend an evenin' at draw poker or somethin' more excitin' than the life I'm used to. I'm ridin' my best claybank pony with silver points, an' this stranger I meet hoofin' it for San Onofre takes a fancy to him. Nothin' would do but he must have him and all my cash, an' with a forty-five waverin' in front o' my nose—"

"Hum-m-m! And was you layin' yourself out to walk to Arguello?"

"I certainly was. I don't aim to set here all night an' wait to pick up a ride."

"That's logic. But still you got them broken arches to consider, Chick, so let's consider 'em. Suppose you hop into my ship and take a free ride to Arguello."

"Any luck, Tommy?" Hollowell queried when Tommy saw him again twenty minutes later.

"Three rousing not-anys." Without unnecessary detail the little man reported, and at the conclusion of his recital Link Hollowell nodded his handsome raven head approvingly. "Link, I'm all wore out," Tommy com-

plained. "I can't do no real thinkin' tonight. I've been busier'n a bootlegger all week, with no sleep to speak of, an' receivin' shocks to my nervous system every time I turn around. Now, your late death puts the crusher on me. I suppose you been shot all to pieces but not fatally?"

"I have two broken ribs and there's a sore spot around my heart that hurts worse than an ulcerated tooth. I've got the ribs taped up but my legs kept trembling so the doctor put me to bed here. He says I'm suffering from shock. Why, I was unconscious half an hour!"

"Unconscious from what? Ain't you been shot?"

"Yes, Tommy, I've been shot—with luck! I have a granddaddy living in Los Angeles. I go to see the old gentleman whenever I have an opportunity and after dinner he always makes me play dominoes with him at twenty dollars a game and a dollar a point. Well, the other night I dined with him, but owing to the fact that my cash reserve was running low and I hesitated to offer granddaddy my I. O. U. in case he ruined me, I thoughtfully pawned my gold watch before calling on him."

"Well, grandpa was in good form and about midnight it occurred to me to quit while I had the price of a ticket home, so I asked the old gentleman what time it was. Discovering then that I had no watch, he presented me with a watch his father had given him when he came home a corporal from the Mexican war. He said he was getting too old and weak to carry it around any more—and I believe him. Tommy, there it is on the table—what's left of it."

Tommy picked up an ancient watch, with a heavy silver hunting case. It was as large as a small saucer and almost an inch thick; imbedded in the bowels of this remarkable timepiece was a .45 caliber pistol bullet; so deep had it penetrated that the case on the reverse side was cracked and bulged.

"I was wearing it when I went into action this afternoon," continued Hollowell. "Fortunately I'd been warned, so I was about a second faster than the blond man and half a second faster than the dark man. That dark man only fired once, they tell me, but I hope to tell you he was on the target; if that old ticker hadn't nestled between us, I'd be up above, being measured for hoofs or a halo. By the way, Tommy, you telephoned to the ranch, did you not?"

"I didn't."

Link Hollowell sat up in bed. "You red jackass! Hallie Purdy'll never forgive you—or me, for that matter," he yelled. "Have you got brains under that vermilion thatch, or bean soup?"

"I'm all wore out. My head won't work," Tommy defended himself. "Anyhow, I had Ira Todd on the brain; I was in that big hurry I plumb forgot Miss Hallie, although come to think of it, ain't you sort o' givin' yourself all the best of it, Link, allowin' that girl is goin' to feel concerned about your demise? How do you know whether she's laughin' or cryin'?"

"I don't know. I'm only hoping."

Link Hollowell sprang out of bed. "Get me a car, Tommy," he ordered. "I'm going right out to the ranch and tell her myself."

"How about Todd?"

"Todd has simplified his case by committing highway robbery. When he stole Chick Anthony's horse and hundred dollars he told us, in effect, that he realizes he cannot hope to escape westward by rail. He knows it's death to come east, and it's desert country to the south—no friends, no food, little grass and uncertain water. He knows the country to the north, however. He has friends scattered through it, he will not lack feed for his horse or water. Tommy, a wise man would head for that wild little corner of Utah, where that state meets Arizona and New Mexico. That is No Man's Land. Down there men do not question each other and sheriffs have quit going in there because the climate isn't healthy. Todd is not a wise man, but he is not a

fool. He stole that horse for a ride north."
 "Then," Tommy declared with conviction, "he'll ride at night because he'll know Lee Purdy and yours truly will be out in planes looking for him. He can't make more than fifteen miles tonight and he'll hold by the North Star. I marked it down one night at San Onofre. It hangs right over Turkey Track Butte."

"Good news! Your head's workin' again. Wake up Joaquin and let's get going. Tomorrow is our busy day."

CHAPTER XXVIII

IT WAS nearly midnight when Hallowell and Joaquin reached the Enchanted Hill in a rented car. Tommy, waiting for the late moonlight, came in a little later. A light was burning in the living-room of the Purdy house, so Hallowell knocked at the front door and Henry Menefee came and opened it. At sight of the visitor he paled and shrank back, for although a hard-headed, unimaginative business man, Mr. Menefee was quite certain he was receiving a call from a ghost.

Hallowell grinned. "I'm flesh and blood, Menefee," he assured the latter, and held out his grandfather's watch for the latter's inspection.

He followed Menefee into the living-room and was duly presented to Gail.

"Where's little Hallie?" he demanded.

"Abed, weeping for you."

"Wonderful! Marvelous! How I love to be wept over—by Hallie. Please run and tell her I'm alive, Miss Ormsby."

Gail departed instantly, bearing with her the evidence of Link Hallowell's charmed life, while he followed and in the deep shadow of the veranda awaited the effect of her announcement. It came in a few minutes in the shape of a little figure, in dressing gown and slippers, hastening down the veranda toward the living-room.

"Tag! You're it, Hallie," cried Mr. Hallowell, popping out at her. He swept her into his arms, wotting naught of the twinge of pain that signaled the crushing of Hallie Purdy against his left breast. And there he held her for one long, ecstatic minute, his sun-tanned cheek held close to hers, his lips caressing her little soft ear . . . Presently he said in a very firm voice—the voice of authority:

"Hallie, I love you and you love me. Do not attempt to deny it. I know! One of these days when my ship comes in you're going to be Mrs. Lincoln Horatio Hallowell. That's the program, young lady, and if you refuse to take program I'll curse the day my grandfather gave me his watch."

"Link, darling, you've been telling your grandfather about me."

"Marvelous woman! I have. How do you know?"

"Because he wrote and told me so. Also, he advised me to propose to you if you didn't propose to me, otherwise I'd lose a good man. He said you were the only Hallowell on the list with sufficient courage and independence to tell him to take a jump in the lake—whatever that means. He said he heard I had some money that was interfering with your happiness, and offered to match me, double or nothing for it, if you continued to be a stiff-necked idiot. Meanwhile, to prove his good faith, he enclosed me a deed, in your name, to a cattle ranch in northern California. He says it will support forty thousand head and the ranch is stocked now."

"The antediluvian old horse thief! Hallie, sweetheart, we'll put a plaster on that ranch and get Lee enough money to kick the money changers out of their temple. I'm obliged to you, ma'am, for offering to marry me. How many more pounds do you have to gain before we can couple a bill of health in the betting with a marriage license."

"Ten, honey. And I'd gain that in three months if Lee could clear up his troubles. Worry and not tuberculosis keeps me from getting well."

What they want through coupons



With the coupons of well chosen bonds they can do what they most wish—purchase something they really want, or deposit them in the bank. A coupon from a high grade bond is itself an object lesson in the results of thrift and sound investment.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY

National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS

SHORT TERM NOTES

ACCEPTANCES

CASH'S 3 doz. \$1.50 6 doz. \$2.
WOVEN NAMES 9 doz. \$2.50 12 doz. \$3.

Make A Dainty Christmas Gift

Write for Styles

J. & J. CASH, Inc.

29th Street, South Norwalk, Conn.



FOR THE LOVER OF PICTURES
 The easy and pleasing way to display
 them on your walls is to use
MOORE PUSH-PINS

Glass Heads—Steel Points
MOORE PUSH-LESS HANGERS

"The Hanger with the Twist"

And they protect the walls, too!

10c Pkts. Everywhere

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

TEACH YOUR CHILD at Home

by famous Calvert School
methods

and give him a better education in
this way than he can get at most
day schools. Write

Calvert School, 4 Chase St.
Baltimore, Md.



Open a Tea Room of Your Own

FORTUNES are being made in Tea Rooms and Motor
Inns everywhere. You can open one in your own
home—city, town, country or resort, and make money
hand over fist or manage one already going. Big mil-
lions paid to trained managers; shortage acute. We
teach you entire business in a few weeks. You train
in spare time at home at cost of but a few cents a day.
Be Independent. Write for Free Book "Pouring
Tea for Profit."

LEWIS TEA ROOM INSTITUTE,
Dept. A-232, Washington, D. C.



GLAZO WILL BRING YOU SUCH COMPLIMENTS TOO

The woman with softly lustrous, shell-pink nails is always the envy of other women—and the delight of masculine eyes.

And how easy it is to have beautiful nails with the aid of this marvelous new liquid polish! Just a light touch of the nails with the dainty GLAZO brush, a moment to dry, and your nails are glowing with that lovely shell-pink lustre Fashion demands! And they'll stay polished for days.

GLAZO is more than a polish. It's a protector as well. Your nails won't crack or peel if GLAZO is applied regularly. A few minutes once a week will keep them in perfect shape—and perfect beauty.

Glazo Remover Comes Free With Every Package

GLAZO is the original Liquid Polish. It comes complete with separate remover which not only insures better results but prevents the waste that occurs when the Polish itself is used as a remover.

Get GLAZO today. It will mean lovely nails *always*, with the minimum of exertion and expense. 50c at all counters.



Nails stay polished longer—no buffing necessary

Try GLAZO Cuticle Massage Cream

It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy

For trial size complete GLAZO Manicuring Outfit, write name and address in space below, tear off and mail with 10c to

The Glazo Co., 44 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Mr. Hallowell, all regardless of the resultant pain, crushed her again to his breast and kissed the tip of her adorable nose. "Sweetheart! Will you send my grandfather a telegram tomorrow?"

"Certainly. What shall I say to him?" "Just say: 'Link is a blockhead. Take it from me you do not have to jump in the lake. Please come to our wedding three months from tomorrow.'"

"Link, you old blessed thing!" "Hush! Don't say anything that may be used against you later. Who is Miss Ormsby?" Hallie told him.

"Mighty lucky for you I saw you first," he reminded her. "That girl's as beautiful as an army with banners."

Next morning Tommy Scaife, with Link Hallowell, and the latter's saddle, bridle, rifle and pistol, and his own and Purdy's binoculars in the spare two-seater, hopped off the Enchanted Hill just as the gray light was beginning to show in the east. Twenty miles to the northeast they circled over Hot Creek Meadows until the growing light showed them several hundred head of cattle on the bed grounds and at a little distance a campfire and chuck wagon. So they landed and shortly thereafter were in consultation with Purdy and Jake Dort.

Purdy listened, without comment, to Tommy Scaife's recital of the interesting events of the night previous, and when he was in full possession of the facts of the situation he turned to Jake Dort.

"Jake, we're on the edge of the Reserve now and can leave the cattle to drift where they will from here. Link wants a good horse from the *caballado*—he's brought his own saddle and bridle. We'll mount up and move out right after breakfast for Turkey Track Butte, then swing south in a skirmish line with half-mile intervals between riders. Meanwhile, Tommy will patrol El Valle De Los Ojos Negros and report to us by dropping a message, if he should locate Todd. Tommy, I'd take the scout plane for that work. You can make more ceiling. Climb about twenty-five thousand feet, then kill your motor and drift out over the valley. If Todd doesn't see you or hear you he may continue to travel today, and in that open country you should not miss him. Better stay home this morning, Tommy, and patrol after luncheon. It'll be noon before we get to Turkey Track Butte."

Tommy nodded and flew back to La Cuesta Encantada. At one o'clock that afternoon, after thirty miles of hard riding, Purdy's mounted party reached Turkey Track Butte, a bare brown cone that rose some two thousand feet above the desolate rolling, broken country that marked the northern limit of El Valle De Los Ojos Negros. Purdy climbed several hundred yards up the Butte and with his binoculars swept the bluish gray plain for ten miles to the southeast and west, but in all that vast expanse no living thing moved.

They went into bivouac that night at a water-hole some ten miles south of the butte; the horses were unsaddled, hobbled and turned loose to graze on the bunch grass scattered among the sage bushes. With one man on guard the tired riders rolled up in their blankets and slept, the guards relieving each other at two-hour intervals. An hour before daylight the horses were caught up and the posse broke camp, fanned out to right and to left of Purdy who rode center, and, in a line five miles long, they pushed south at the first crack of dawn.

CHAPTER XXIX

IRA TODD had definitely burned his bridges behind him when, finding himself a fugitive, he had yielded to momentary panic and robbed Chick Anthony of the latter's horse and money. He needed both, which, to a man in Todd's extremity, constituted sufficient warrant for the crime. A man of much more than average intelligence, he had realized when Ed Abbott came to his room to regale him with the

LOFTIS

BROS. & CO. 1833

DIAMONDS WATCHES

Cash or Credit
MAKE WORTH-WHILE Christmas Gifts
A handsome Genuine Diamond or a Watch, Wrist Watch, Pearl Necklace, Opal or Emblem Ring, Mesh Bag, Silverware, etc., is sure to please. We have endless assortments of Gifts appropriate for everyone. We invite comparisons, **Send for Catalog**
Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamond and Set Jewelry, Watches, Wrist Watches, Pearls, Mesh Bags, Silverware, etc. Sent prepaid for your EXAMINATION.

Genuine Diamonds GUARANTEED
TERMS: Goods delivered on first payment of one-tenth of purchase price. Balance in equal amounts payable weekly, semi-monthly or monthly, at your convenience.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

WRIST WATCH
No. 49 - Set of 12 Jewels, Gold, 12 Jewels, \$1.00. Delivered on first payment of \$4.00, then \$1.00 A Week

17 Jewel Elgin
Guaranteed 25 Years
No. 15 - Green Gold, engraved Assorted pair, 12 Jewels, \$1.00. Delivered on first payment of \$3.00, then \$1.00 A Week

LOFTIS
BROS. & CO. 1833
THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL CREDIT JEWELERS
Dept. C-92
100 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

Send for the Loftis Catalog

LAW

STUDY AT HOME
Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win the highest positions and biggest success in business and public life. The independent, greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 Annually We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL. B. conferred. LaSalle students practicing law in every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library, Law code, new terms. Get our valuable 100-page "Law Guide" and "Bridges" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 125-L, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Free

Will help you increase sales Send for FREE catalog giving names and prices on thousands of classified names of your best prospective customers—National, State and Local—Individuals, Professionals, Business Concerns. Guaranteed 99% by refund of 5¢ each

ROSS-Gould Co. 301 N. 10th St. St. Louis

details of the killing in front of the hotel, that his affairs, which had been going badly of late, had now come to a definite impasse.

The promptness with which his Nemesis overtook him had made him panicky. He might have turned his car and retreated to Arguello, but there, he reasoned, Lee Purdy might be waiting for him. And with Doak at San Onofre, as he had wired Todd he would be, the necessity for getting to San Onofre was too imperative to be disregarded. He *must* warn Doak, for upon Doak much depended.

Time was the essence of the difficult contract which Ira Todd had undertaken now—escape from Lee Purdy's wrath—and a horse could make far better time than a man. So he talked a minute with Chick Anthony. Upon learning that the latter had ridden past San Onofre station at dusk and had seen no one there, the instinct of the predatory animal in him warned Todd that all was not well. Further questioning elicited the information that Chick Anthony, while still a few miles west of San Onofre, had seen an airplane light there. Subsequently, he had seen it rise and proceed in the direction of Arguello.

To Todd, then, the situation was perfectly patent. If Doak had gotten off the train at San Onofre, Tommy Scaife, in some mysterious way made aware of the fact, had flown to San Onofre and captured him. Could it have been that Link Hallowell had been coming for him, Todd, when the latter's gun-men opened fire on Hallowell and killed him? Had that bungler whom Scaife had dropped into the yard of the Box K ranch talked before they killed him? And what had become of that lunatic Mexican Herrera? MacDougald had been killed, yet the fellow had not reported in. Where was he? Was it possible that he, too, had fallen into Purdy's hands, that now they had Doak out at La Cuesta Encantada and were coming for him? Did they want him alive or did they want him dead?

These and a hundred other questions Ira Todd asked himself in as many seconds—and then, in that moment of desperation, he did that which stamped him irrevocably as without the pale of honest men, making of him an outlaw, to be hunted down and killed on sight, like a mad dog.

Having dismounted Chick Anthony and satisfied himself that the latter was unarmed, Todd led the horse a few yards down the road, mounted and fled at a gallop. At San Onofre he rode round and round the depot, shouting Doak's name, but when no answering hail greeted him, despondency settled over him like a blanket.

Which way was he to turn? As Link Hallowell had analyzed the situation, so did Ira Todd. He must ride north, around Turkey Track Butte, bearing thence northwest into Utah. A week of hard riding would see him safe. As for food—well he had his pistol, and a diet of jack-rabbit would suffice. At isolated cow camps he would be welcome to supplement this diet with brown beans, coffee and fried cow . . .

He fitted his stirrups carefully, in preparation for the long ride, adjusted the saddle, watered himself and the horse at the trough in the cattle corrals, and through the starlit night headed out across the desert to where the north star glowed in the heavens. At daylight he dismounted in a grove of mesquite trees near the edge of one of the little muddy, slightly brackish lakes in the heart of the valley. Here he unsaddled and permitted his weary mount to roll; when the animal was cooled out, Todd undressed and bathed, then led the horse into the lake and washed him, after which he hobbled the animal and turned him loose to graze. Then he turned in, on the saddle blanket, in the shade of a mesquite tree and slept until mid-afternoon. Upon awakening he looked straight up through the branches of the mesquite tree and high in the heavens caught the reflected light of the sun on something white that floated silently through the azure sky, in great circles. Lower and lower the airplane, for such Todd knew it to be,



For Her and Her Daughter

A Whiting & Davis "Utility" Mesh Bag, spacious, silk-lined and with mirror; in gold, silver, sunset mesh, or in colored tapestry mesh to harmonize with Her costume. The "Delysia" Vanity Mesh Bag, has two mirrors, powder and rouge compact and a place for handkerchief. "Baby Peggy," for Her Daughter, in gold, silver or colored enamel mesh, with silken top; "grown up" in every way but in price. At leading jewelers and jewelry departments everywhere, from \$5 to \$500. Send for booklet, A-13.

WHITING & DAVIS COMPANY
Plainville, Norfolk County, Massachusetts
In Canada, Sherbrooke, Quebec

Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags

Hand in Hand with Fashion



New
"Delysia"
Vanity
Mesh
Bag



The Laughing-Eyed Flapper

HER eyes are naturally mischievous but she's hardly the person to be content with that. She must accentuate their lure by darkening the lashes with Winox.

Winox is a liquid dressing which makes the lashes seem longer and heavier. It dries the moment it is applied, clinging so smoothly and evenly that it cannot be detected. Waterproof. One application lasts for days. Unaffected even by tears. Absolutely harmless.

Winox (black or brown) 75c. At drug and department stores.

Send a dime today for a sample of Winox—enough to last several days. For another dime you will receive a sample of Pert Rouge, waterproof and powderproof.

ROSS COMPANY

240 West 17th Street

New York

WINOX
Waterproof



The way you
like your hair best—
you can keep it so!

HOW long does your hair stay the way you like it best?

Stacomb will make the most unruly hair stay in place the whole day long. It will keep yours just the way you want it, from morning till night.

Not sticky or gummy. In jars and tubes. At all drug and department stores.

Stacomb

Free
offer

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 15D
113 W. 18th St., New York City
Please send me, free of charge, a
generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name.....

Address.....

**"What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make!"**



**—all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.**

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Cosmopolitan, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1924, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. C. G. Hammesfahr, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Cosmopolitan and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, International Magazine Company, Inc., 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C.; Editor, Ray Long, 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C.; Managing Editor, A. McKeogh, 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C.; Business Manager, A. C. G. Hammesfahr, 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C. 2. That the owners are: International Magazine Company, Inc, 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C.; Hearst Publications, Incorporated, 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C.; Star Holding Company, care of Corporation Trust Company of America, Wilmington, Del. Sole Stockholder, W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. A. C. G. Hammesfahr, business manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1924. William J. Speri, Notary Public, Queens County, No. 3717. Certificate filed in New York Co., No. 1049. Reg. No. 5832. (My commission expires March 30, 1925.)

floated, until it was some eight thousand feet above him, when it slid off into the east, volplaning until it disappeared in the heat haze; then, very, very faintly, to Todd came the purr of the motor. Tommy Scaife had dipped as low as he dared and then started his motor for the run home to La Cuesta Encantada.

"He's seen the horse," Todd reflected, "and if the man I took that horse from has reported his loss in Arguello, every ranch on the telephone line, every ranger for fifty miles around, has a description of the horse. I should not have washed him. A bright cream-colored horse with silver mane and tail against a gray-blue earth! Not so easy to miss. No, I should have left the dirt on him after he rolled. Still, if I want him to last me for his hard going on a slim grass ration, I've got to take the best possible care of him. Damnation! Scaife knows I'm camped here and he'll guess which way I'm heading. A posse from the ranger headquarters at San Simeon will be between me and Turkey Track Butte before I can get there, unless I take a chance and ride in daylight."

The more Ira Todd thought the situation over the more despondent he became. He knew now, for a moral certainty, that Doak was a prisoner at La Cuesta Encantada and he wondered what admissions Doak might make, when confronted with any considerable evidence Purdy might possess? It would be like the fellow to sacrifice Todd to save himself.

Suddenly he had a brilliant thought? Why attempt to escape to the north of Turkey Track Butte around which Purdy would be certain to have drawn a cordon of horsemen. Why not head due east across El Valle De Los Ojos Negros, to La Cuesta! Fifteen miles away he could see the white ranch house perched on the crest of the hill, and the sight fascinated him. That was one destination nobody would suspect him of a desire to attain. Well, why not try for it? Why not arrive there at dawn next morning, hide in the oak trees in the canyon below the hill until Tommy Scaife should hop off for another patrol of the valley, then climb to the ranch house, institute a search for Doak and shoot it out with whoever guarded him?

He canvassed the situation at length and the more thought he gave to it the more reasonable the plan appeared. The chances were overwhelmingly in his favor that Scaife, Purdy and his riders would be out combing El Valle De Los Ojos Negros for him; probably one man would be guarding Doak, and they would have him in the barn or in the bunk-house. There were automobiles at La Cuesta Encantada, also . . . Hah, he had it! He would silence that guard forever, release Doak and take that closed car belonging to Purdy's sister. Then he and Doak would kidnap the girl and drive toward Arguello, but bear off on a branch road before entering the town. At San Onofre they would drop the Purdy girl and continue on in the car across the state. Presently they would abandon that car, steal another and take its owner with them in order to hide their trail. When he had served their turn they would drop him in some lonely strip of country and at some principal station along the railroad they would purchase tickets to Los Angeles and secure a drawing room in which they would remain throughout the journey. In Los Angeles he would lose himself while Doak returned to his office and prepared to fight the case should criminal action be commenced against him.

He saddled his horse and headed boldly out across the plain. He watched distant La Cuesta Encantada, and no airplane rose from it, although, half an hour after he started he was gratified to see an airplane circle in to the hill and land there.

"I was right," Todd exulted. "Scaife saw my horse and flew east until he was out of my sight, then circled around to the north and warned them up yonder."

He pressed on with absolute assurance now. As night was falling he rode his weary horse into a cluster of oak trees in the canyon at the

foot of the northern slope of the Enchanted Hill, tethered him, covered himself with the saddle blanket and went to sleep.

He was awake long before daylight. Hunger and thirst did that for him. He was forced to lie suffering in the oaks until mid-forenoon, however, before he saw and heard Tommy Scaife leave the hill; immediately he mounted his horse and rode up to the mesa.

He was desperate, staking all on the success of his altered plan. There must be no shilly-shallying now. He tethered his horse to a large sage bush behind the hangar, looked into that, found nobody there and walked boldly to the horse-barn. It, too, was empty. Down through the oaks he prowled toward the bunk-house and mess hall. In the kitchen he heard the Chinaman, Chan, singing a ballad of far Cathay, and though he longed to descend upon the Celestial and pay the score he owed him for a cracked and aching head, yet did he resist the temptation. His immediate business lay with a more important and dangerous man, so he continued on to the rear of the bunk-house. Through its single window he peered into each room in turn until in one of them he saw a sight that caused him to tremble with terror.

On the floor, tied hand, foot and knee, lay Diego Herrera. The craving for marihuana was on him now and he moaned and mowed and twitched in his wretchedness. Sitting on an iron bed, with his hands tied together behind his back, was Jasper Doak, and near the doorway, calmly smoking a cigaret sat one of the Purdy riders whom Todd knew very well—Curly McMahon. In his firm hands he nursed a revolver.

The window was open! Without the least hesitation Ira Todd poked his pistol through, took careful aim at the back of Curly McMahon's head and fired. Curly slid forward on his face out onto the porch, nor moved nor quivered once.

Through the open window Todd scrambled into the room and possessed himself of Curly McMahon's rifle. In a detached way he observed that blood was flowing from under Curly's hat. He then stood over the squirming wretch Herrera, who, in his drug-created terror, had slain Steve MacDougald. "You might just as well be dead as the way you are, Herrera," he remarked coldly. "Anyhow you're too dangerous to be left alive in Purdy's hands and I can't be bothered with you." Quite coolly and calmly he blew the Mexican's brains out, turned to Doak and released him. The latter rose, pale and shaken, from the bed and stared at Todd in fear and loathing.

"Come on, Doak," Todd ordered. "If we stay here we'll swing."

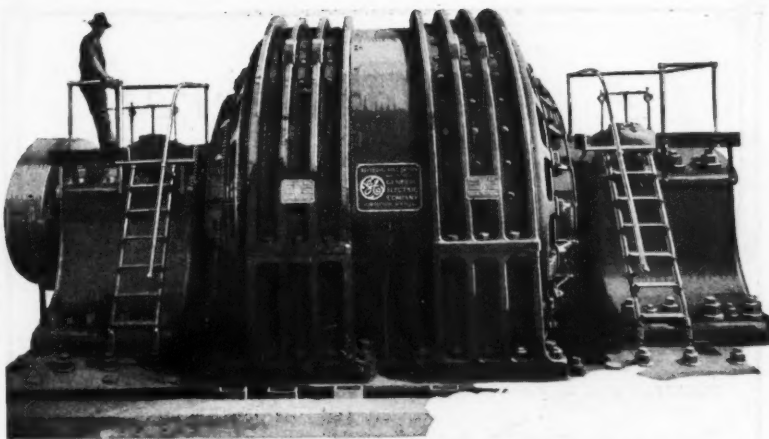
He thrust Curly's rifle into Doak's hands. "Pull yourself together, man," he commanded brutally. "You're shaking like a girl. If you see anybody coming it will be an enemy. Shoot him. I'll be back in a few minutes."

Hallie Purdy was in the patio garden, with a shears snipping the dead blossoms off a clump of geraniums, when the gate slammed and Ira Todd strode across the garden toward her. She regarded the haggard, unkempt and desperate wretch with mild interest until, as he came nearer, she saw the big pistol in his hand. "Wh-what do you want?" she quavered.

"I want you," Todd replied briskly. "I'm going to steal you and your car." He looked past her to where Gail sat on the veranda, doing some fancy work. Behind her Whiskey lay outstretched, his bright brown glance on Ira Todd. "Miss Ormsby," Todd advised her, "I am going to take Miss Purdy with me as a guaranty that her brother will not hamper my departure from this country. Tell him that any attempt to pursue me spells death to this girl. If Purdy takes my program, no harm will come to this young lady. You tell him. That's all clear, isn't it?"

Gail nodded. She could not speak. "Come on," Todd commanded Hallie. "I have no time to lose."

Hallie glared at him with loathing and contempt and instinctively recoiled from him.



In spite of its size and the enormous power developed by this reversing blooming mill motor it reverses many times a minute. Its maximum rating is 22,000 h.p., equivalent to the muscle power of 176,000 men.

"The 100,000 Man"

Of Napoleon it was said that his presence on the battlefield was equivalent to 100,000 additional men. "The 100,000 man," his enemies called him.

Napoleon dealt in death. Big General Electric motors, like the one in the picture, lift heavy loads off human shoulders, and contribute to the enrichment of life.



Look closely at the picture of this great motor installed in the plant of a large steel company, and you will see the monogram of the General Electric Company, an organization of men and women who produce equipment by which electricity does more and better work.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Cash Special
ON APPROVAL
3/4 - 1/16 Ct. \$68.50

This 3/4 less 1/16 carat correctly cut diamond, a snappy blazing solitaire in handsome ring for only \$68.50, with loan guarantee. Try to match at \$120.00. This, or any of hundreds of equally big diamond bargains sent for examination, at our risk.

Why Pay Full Prices for Diamonds

This 75 year oldest, largest, rated over \$1,000,000.00. Diamond Banking firm in all the world lends money on diamonds. Thousands of unpaid loans and other bargains. Many from big cash deals direct with European Diamond Cutters. Must sell now.
Send for Latest List Diamond Bargains described in detail, exact weight, color, quality. Tolls of guaranteed loan values, unlimited exchange privilege details of examination. List is Free. Send now.
JOS. DE ROY & SONS, 1207 De Roy Building
Only Opposite Post Office Pittsburg, Pa.

FREE

20 treatment tin

KONDON'S
CATARRHAL JELLY

30 years doing good. Head, Nose, Throat, Flu, Catarrh. Colds, all kinds.
45,000 Drug Stores sell it.

KONDON

2610 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

A Little Secret of Shopping

HAVE you one friend who, when she shops, can tell the difference between clerks paid by the store and those paid by some manufacturer to pretend they are regular sales girls?

Perhaps you are one of the few wise shoppers who recognizes the hidden demonstrator. What she does affects you and every other woman who buys toilet articles.

She appears in hundreds and hundreds of stores today; put there in disguise to fool women and girls who do not know this shopping trick.

Did you ever go to a counter and ask for a well-known toilet article and be "steered" away from that to some obscure brand of which you have never heard? In taking it you thought you were acting on the recommendation of the store. In reality the "clerk" is interested only in selling you that article made by the manufacturer who pays her.

In some toilet goods departments every girl is paid by some manufacturer and not by the store. Of course these girls are instructed by the store to sell you what you ask for—but they are instructed by those who pay them to sell you something else.

Whose instructions will be followed? What chance have you for a fair opportunity of selection in such a selling conspiracy as this?

The evil of this is in the *hidden* deceit. Very often it is helpful to you and to the store for a manufacturer to have a demonstrator tell about the good that comes from using his article. When such a demonstrator is easily identified by a badge or other mark you can benefit from talking with her. Such an open, frank way of doing business indicates that the goods she represents must have a quality which deserves your looking into.

If you are in doubt, just ask the floor manager, "*Are any of the girls behind this counter demonstrators for manufacturers or do they receive all their pay from this store as regular employees?*"

If you have had experience with the hidden demonstrators I should like you to tell me something about the times you have asked for an article and found yourself coming away with something else.

Caroline Carter

Cosmopolitan Market Service

"Come here," he roared. The girl turned to flee and with a long leap he was upon her. "You might as well learn here and now that I mean what I tell you," he snarled, and swung and shook her viciously.

"Mr. Menefee!" Hallie screamed. "Help!" Help was at hand. It arrived in the form of a sable and white streak that rose off the veranda, cleared the railing and with a short, throaty growl launched itself over Todd's right shoulder at his unprotected neck. The man uttered a little, surprised, moaning cry as Whuskey's long white teeth met in his neck, just below his right ear. A savage tug and Todd fell over backward. The heavy collie leaped clear and as Todd sat up and reached for the pistol he had dropped in the brief mêlée, Whuskey snapped at the groping hand and ripped it cruelly. Tail up, little ears cocked, the dog stood there alert, ready, appraising his antagonist for a second or two; then, deciding apparently that he could afford to hold the man cheap, he closed with him again.

Henry Menefee, summoned from inside the house by Hallie's frenzied scream, arrived on the run. Todd was lying quietly on his back and the dog was still worrying him, when Menefee bent over the animal and slapped him smartly across the side of the head. "Let go, Whuskey," he commanded. Whuskey obeyed, trotted off a few feet and sat down, ready to renew the contest should necessity arise. His white ruff was flecked with bright splotches of blood.

Menefee knelt by Todd for a minute, examining the still form; then, while his body shut from Hallie's view a sight never intended for her eyes, he called to Gail, "Take Miss Purdy into the house, if you please."

When he was alone with Todd he broke off several large clusters of the geranium bushes and piled them around Ira Todd's right shoulder and neck. The scarlet blossoms merging with the underlying color scheme, hid something very unpleasant, and Ira Todd made no objection, for he was dead. Whuskey's teeth had met in his jugular vein and death had been almost instantaneous.

"You don't permit men to rough-house those you love, do you, Whuskey?" Menefee addressed the dog.

Whuskey thumped the grass with his tail and smiled amiably, as collies do to their friends. Later he offered no objection when Menefee led him to a water tap and washed from his loyal breast the blood of the man who had slain his first love.

WHEN Tommy Scaife flew in an hour later he found Gail waiting for him in front of the hangar.

"Ira Todd called here this morning and Whuskey killed him in the patio," she announced.

Tommy stared at her white face long and earnestly. Then: "Nice doggie!" murmured Mr. Scaife.

"Todd came here to release Jasper Doak," Gail went on. "He sneaked around behind the bunk-house and shot curly McMahon through the head . . ."

"He killed curly?"

"No, but he shot the corner off curly's skull, although the brain doesn't appear to be touched. curly's unconscious, but he isn't bleeding. Hallie wants you to get into the two-seater and fly in to Arguello for a doctor."

"What has become of that Mexican killer curly was guarding?"

"Todd killed him on the principle that dead men tell no tales."

"How about Doak?"

"Todd released him and armed him with curly's rifle. The Chinaman heard the shooting at the bunk-house and ran down from the kitchen to investigate. He carried a rolling pin with him—it seems he was rolling out some pie crust at the time. Doak tried to shoot him, but the rifle was set at 'safety' and Doak didn't know how to unset it so he could shoot. While he was fussing with it—"



Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

You Can't Comb Out Dandruff



LIQUID ARVON

BIRTH CONTROL

Dr. W. J. Robinson's celebrated book, "Birth Control," now in its 26th edition, is acknowledged the best book ever written on this subject. This book has been praised by physicians, social workers and humanitarians the world over.

"Birth Control," containing 241 pages printed on fine paper and beautifully bound in cloth, sells regularly for \$2.00, but Dr. Robinson wants every man and woman in America to have a copy and by a special arrangement, for a limited time only, we are now able to offer this celebrated book to the readers of this magazine at almost one-half the regular price. ORDER your copy AT ONCE. Pay postman only \$1.25 plus postage when the book arrives.

EUGENICS PUB. CO., 1658 B'way Suite A-144 N. Y. C.

Have Shapely Feet Unmarred by BUNIONS



FASHION and comfort demand that feet fit snugly into the dainty pumps of to-day. There must be no hump to mar shapely feet—no racking torture to upset comfort. Bunions are unnecessary and dangerous. You can remove them quickly, harmlessly, pleasantly with the new, marvelous solvent, *Pedodyne*. *Pedodyne* stops pain almost instantly, banishes the disfiguring hump, and relieves the swollen burning sensation.

SENT ON TRIAL

Write today and I will gladly arrange to send you a box of *Pedodyne* solvent for you to try. Simply write and say "I want to try *Pedodyne*." There is no obligation. KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. N-671 166 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

"That heathen Chinee whanged him on the *cabeza* with the rolling pin, tied him up and has been guarding him ever since," Tommy interrupted. "The way that little yellow devil has been actin' lately I'll lay you ten to one he's been livin' entirely on heart of wild-cat."

CHAPTER XXX

TOMMY flew out into El Val le De Los Ojos Negros that afternoon, but remained there to ride Purdy's horse home while Purdy, with Link Hallowell and the latter's equipment came home in the plane.

Straight to Hallie Link Hallowell went. "Remember," he said, as he accorded her a loverlike greeting, "that three months from today you've got to show me ten pounds gain on an honest scales. Menefee, it's been mighty good of you to guard the girls here while we were all away," he continued, turning to the general manager of the Southwestern Cattle Loan Corporation. "By the way, you must know this scoundrel Doak."

"I do—slightly. He is of the law firm of Doak, Erlin & Doak. One of the Doaks is Abner and the other is Jasper, his nephew. Abner Doak and John Erlin control the Southwestern Cattle Loan Company; Erlin has a string of banks throughout the Southwest, also, and Doak, Erlin & Doak are the counsel for these banks and the Cattle Loan Company. Jasper Doak is just a sort of fifth wheel in that law firm. When the Union Stock Yards at Los Angeles were built a great many cattle upon which we held mortgages were marketed there, and we had to have a legal representative to look after our interests in Los Angeles. So Jasper Doak was sent to open a branch office there. He was also supposed to be fiscal agent of the loan company and get some California business for it. He's no friend of mine, Hallowell. His uncle is a nine minute egg, but he's an honest man. His only besetting sin is a yearning for an extra two or three percent."

"Have you any idea what he and Todd have been up to?" Purdy asked.

"I can tell you that, too," Menefee replied. "I've been talking with Doak. It seems, Purdy, you have coal on this ranch. Doak had an engineer's report on the proposition in his handbag, and I have read it. A twenty-seven foot seam of the finest coking coal in the world runs right across this country for miles. It runs through this hill. It only requires twenty-nine hundred and six pounds of this coal to make a ton of coke, and the engineer is of the opinion that this seam is at least a mile deep and a continuation of the famous Mesa Verde seam. Todd discovered it first and told Doak about it. About that time Doak was in touch with a Los Angeles syndicate very anxious to establish a large steel mill in that city. Within eighty miles of Los Angeles there are millions of tons of excellent iron ore, but of course, it's worthless unless one can secure coal from which coke can be made to smelt the ore. And there is very little coking coal on the Pacific Coast."

"Well, Todd sent in a sample and Doak had coke made from it. The quality of the coal was so superior that Doak realized you were the possessor of a tremendously valuable asset of the existence of which you were ignorant. So they tried to buy you out. They were not particularly interested in the Box K ranch. There is no coal on it and while Todd wanted it for cattle range and schemed to get it, he knew he could smash Miss Ormsby at his leisure. Although they offered you a nice profit on your ranch you refused it; they raised the offer and still you refused, so they started to make this country an unpleasant place for you to live in. They reached the bank that held the mortgages on your ranch and they reached the cattle loan company that held the mortgage on your cattle—and one day you surrendered and told Todd you were willing to accept a reasonable offer. Then they realized you were still in ignorance of the real value of the ranch, Todd was managing



Fracy Fragrances
Charmante
Jasmin
Passionata
Rose-Joli
Silhouette
Exactly as Imported
from France

The Lure of L'Arôme Intime

IN your acquaintance there are women who, with neither remarkable beauty nor great intellect, nevertheless seem to have irresistible influence over men.

The French—ever connoisseurs of feminine charm—call it *l'arôme intime*. It is that seductively delightful fragrance which so subtly emphasizes the individuality and magnetism of these women.

Yet it must be used with *finesse* or its influence is oppressive. Fracy odors provide the delicacy that good taste requires—their double concentration making them wonderfully lasting, yet never heavily strong.

Our own corps of *parfum artistes* in France completely create these odors from the finest flower essences, held and mellowed by the best French perfume alcohol, (which can neither be imported nor made here).

Learn the Secrets of L'Arôme Intime and d'Adapter le Parfum au Costume

Learn how *la Parisienne* uses these secrets as indispensable parts of her *toilette* that it may interpret and emphasize her individuality—and that it may bring her the charm that lies in *l'arôme intime*.

Send the coupon for booklet and samples. For a limited time we will send these at a price below cost: 15c per *odeur*, 35c for any three and 50c for all five. Only one set mailed to a person. Booklet also tells you how to test perfumes.

(At better drug and department stores)

F. R. ARNOLD & COMPANY, Importers
7 West 22nd Street New York
Importers of Toilet Luxuries for over 60 years



Toilet Luxuries

© F. R. A. & Co., 1924

Send for Samples (C-2)

F. R. ARNOLD & Co., Importers
7 West 22nd Street, New York

Enclosed is _____c. Send one each of the following Fracy odors, at 15c per vial.

Odeurs _____

Name _____

Address _____ City _____



Tint Gray Hair Quickly, Safely

Some preparations masquerade under the name "restorer" and color the hair slowly, thus deceiving many into the belief that the actual color pigments are being restored. This cannot be done. Hair, once gray, must remain gray unless it is artificially colored.

The one hair tint which will quickly and absolutely harmlessly give to your gray, streaked or faded hair all its original beauty and splendor is

GUARANTEED HARMLESS BROWNATONE TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

This clean, easy to apply preparation does not just put a coating of color around the hair. It thoroughly permeates each gray strand, coloring it lastingly to any desired shade from lightest blond to the deepest brown or black.

Brownatone will not rub off or wash out. After once your hair is colored with this safe tint you need apply it only to the new growth. Bring back the original color and lustre of your hair with Brownatone—the sure, quick, safe hair tint. For sale at all drug and department stores 50c and \$1.50—two colors; lightest blond to medium brown; dark brown to black. Trial bottle sent direct for 10c to cover postage and packing.

We recommend NaTone Lemonated Shampoo for washing the hair. At dealers or direct, 50c.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
1046 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky.
Canada address: Windsor, Ont.

For the Children

A useful Christmas Gift
that pleases every one
**Individual Name
Pencil Sets**

This De Luxe Set is a truly beautiful gift. A genuine glazed leather case with coin pocket, engraved in 18 kt. gold, filled with pencils and penholder in assorted colors, ruler, point protector and pencil sharpener. Price \$1.00
JUNIOR SET 3 pencils, name engraved, in leather case. Price 50c.
Send check, money order or U. S. Postage.

IMPRINT PENCIL CO.
530 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



the deal and he had an arrangement with Doak whereby, when you should be beaten to the ground and forced to sell at their price in order to save something out of the wreck, he was to receive the Box K ranch and a hundred thousand dollars in cash for his services. Also he was to be permitted to run cattle on your ranches as long as he lived. Todd saw himself falling heir to your grazing permit in the Cuyamaca; he saw himself running forty thousand sheep in El Valle De Los Ojos Negros; he saw himself the cattle king of New Mexico and he would have been content with that. They had the coal sold as soon as they were in position to deliver title, and for some reason you were hard to convince."

"Lee thought I was getting well in this climate and at this altitude, Mr. Menefee," Hallie informed the loan agent. "That and the fact that he loved his ranch more than cash money caused him to reject those alluring offers."

"Well, they had to buy the property cheap," Menefee continued, "otherwise they would not have had sufficient money to make the initial payment your brother would doubtless have demanded. Finally Todd hit upon the simple expedient of doing away with you, Purdy. Your death would bring the deal to a boil very promptly. So Doak engaged a man he knew, who didn't make good, and Todd hired four men with Doak's money. The result of that happy thought you all know."

"But could Todd and Doak be quite certain that New Mexico coal could be delivered in Los Angeles at a price that would be attractive to the steel syndicate?" Hallowell asked.

"Coal within six hundred miles of Los Angeles was pie for them. They had already secured a favorable freight rate."

"The Santa Fé Railway Company promised to build a spur to La Cuesta Encantada. They wanted to operate here, because it's a two percent grade all the way to Arguello. The loaded cars would go down to the main line by gravity; by fitting armatures to their wheels they would generate sufficient electric power to pull the empty cars from the main line up to the mine. The natural conditions made for the cheapest kind of transportation."

"Are you going to try to trade me out of Jasper Doak?" Purdy asked.

"I am not. I never liked that man and now I know why. He can fight his own way out of the dirty mess he's floundered into."

Henry Menefee glanced at his watch. "There doesn't appear to be any legitimate reason for me remaining away from my business any longer," he declared. "Guess I'll prowl along. Purdy, we can use the money you owe us as soon as you sell your coal." He shook hands all around and departed. Purdy turned to his sister.

"Hallie, will you run out to the kitchen and tell Conchita to rustle up forty dollars' worth of ham and eggs for your future husband and me. I'm hungry enough to eat a mule raw."

"I'll tell her, Lee," Gail offered. "Hallie has started today to accumulate weight and she mustn't run it off as fast as she puts it on. Besides, Hallie hasn't been having a very good time lately."

"Don't mind me, Gail," Hallie countered. "We Purdys are tough and rough, aren't we, Lee? One of our ancestors was a pirate."

Purdy glanced toward Gail. "And another relative, while a private citizen, once roped and dragged to death a man who had shot at him twelve times with a pistol, and from whom he was doing his level best to escape on horseback. Later, that same relative, while a member of the Texas rangers, bumped off a human hyena without even telling the man he was under arrest. He knew the man would not submit to arrest because arrest meant hanging subsequently—and the human hyena had killed a ranger sent to arrest him a week before. Only men with soft heads practise Christlike theories on scum like that. Later, Hallie, you will recall that your relative turned cow-thief along the Rio Grande. So did Link Hallowell and Tommy Scaife. They had a syndicate and used to steal back from Mexican bandits the

Keep Musterole on the bath-room shelf

Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.

It did the work all right, but it was sticky and messy to apply and my how it did burn and blister!

The little white jar of Musterole has taken the place of the stern old mustard plaster.

Keep this soothing ointment on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first cough or snuffle, at rheumatism's first warning tingle.

Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blister and sting taken out, Musterole penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble. To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3. The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
FOR RELIABLE INFORMATION ABOUT SCHOOLS
AND COLLEGES CONSULT
The Cosmopolitan Educational Department
119 West Fortieth Street, New York City



WHEN YOU BUY Christmas Seals

You buy the greatest
of all gifts—

The Gift of Health



Stamp out
Tuberculosis
with
Christmas
Seals

THE NATIONAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS OF THE U. S.

cattle and horses which said bandits stole from Texas, New Mexico and Arizona ranchers. Their cut was fifty percent of what they stole, and the last time they stole anything the syndicate had to thrash two hundred Mexican cavalymen in order to live and grow up into men of large emprise. So our foolish government tried all three of us for violation of the neutrality laws and couldn't make it stick and—"

Gail flushed darkly. "You do not have to explain anything to me, Lee," she assured him. "You never did, really. I loathe explanations, and I'm so happy to know that in the future your lot is to lie in pleasant places. Your worries are over and mine have commenced, so if you please, Lee, after dinner tonight I'd like mighty well to be told how to run a cattle ranch and make a payroll grow where there isn't any seed. I'll promise never to be snippy any more."

"Why wait until after dinner, my dear," Lee Purdy replied, with his wistful, prescient little smile. "It isn't the slightest trouble for me to show goods. I'm a smart man, I am. The easiest and best way for you to cure your worries will be to sell your ranch to Tommy Scaife. Airplanes and cows constitute a curious mixture, but Tommy knows both from head to tail and I've always told myself that if I could ever afford it I'd set Tommy up in business for himself. As soon as I can sell my coal I'll give you a fair price for your Box K ranch—about twice as much as Doak would have paid you."

"You've bought something, thank you."

"Meanwhile," little Hallie chimed in, "I'll loan you enough money to meet your payroll. When father died, Lee wasn't mentioned in his will because father had bought this ranch for Lee and stocked it, but I inherited a third interest in a cotton mill in Worcester, Massachusetts. Ira Todd and Mr. Doak didn't know that. They didn't know that I was behind you, did they, Lee, darling? Of course, old foolishness, you wouldn't let me get behind you, but in a pinch I would have had to be obeyed. Link, you come out into the yard with me. I want to show you something."

She bore her swain away, like a tug conveying a battleship.

Lee Purdy stood with his back to the fireplace looking at Gail very contemplatively. Then: "Gail, it does look as if I'm doomed to be a coal baron, doesn't it?"

"It does, Lee. And I'm so happy for your sake."

"What are you going to do with your young life after you sell your ranch?"

"Really, I haven't given the matter any consideration, Lee."

"Want me to advise you?"

"I'd be very grateful."

"I advise you to become a coal baroness, Gail. It's an easy life and you will not have to live in New Mexico unless you care to. I'll reform. I'm ready to settle down into a tame mild-mannered coal baron and I think you'd be able to get along with me. However, I don't much care what you think about me any more. The day I picked you up at San Onofre I made up my mind I'd marry you if all hell popped, and I'm going to do it. We haven't known each other very long; but—oh, thunder, come here! I love you, and if Hallie returns and discovers I haven't smothered the opportunity she so generously gave me by removing herself and Link . . . well, here, I see, is the grave of my masculine liberty! I'll have to go to you . . ."

He had her in his arms. "Are you going to be the Baroness Gail, of La Cuesta Encantada?" he demanded. "Speak now or remain forever silent."

"I love you!" she murmured, and lifted her face to his.

"God is good," murmured Lee Purdy, "and the devil's not half bad, once you get well acquainted with him."

He kissed her! Then he kissed her again, for his troubles were vanished and he could afford to!

THE END



Four out of Five are Victims

Will Pyorrhea claim you, too?
Make Forhan's your aid

Pyorrhea plays no favorites. Silk stocking crowds or cotton—they all look alike to this sinister disease. Records prove that it has marked for its own four out of every five over forty years of age, and thousands younger.

Heed Nature's warning—tender, bleeding gums—before it's too late. Better still, check Pyorrhea before it starts by going to your dentist regularly—and brushing your teeth twice a day with Forhan's For the Gums.

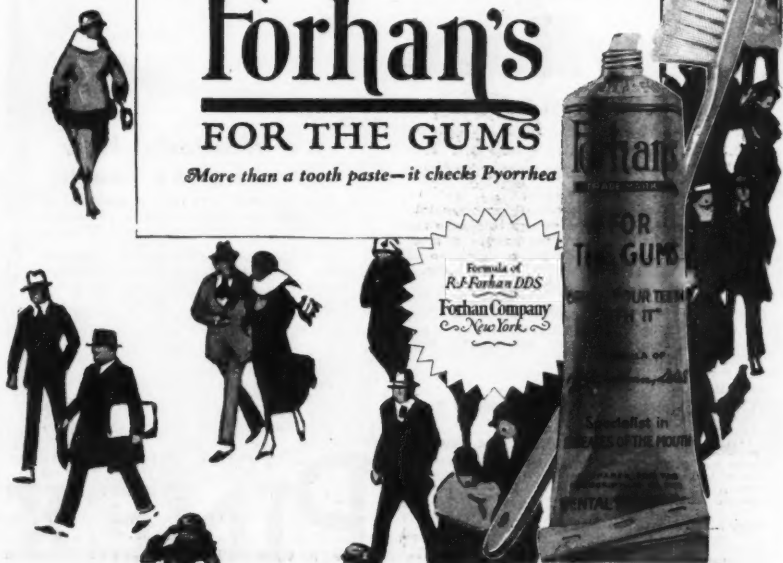
Forhan's For the Gums is a safe, efficient, refreshing dentifrice from the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. If used in time and used consistently, it will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It safeguards your health, preserves your teeth and keeps your mouth clean, fresh and wholesome. Used and recommended by leading dentists everywhere.

There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists—35c and 60c in tubes.

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of
R. J. Forhan D.D.S.
Forhan Company
New York



LABLACHE

The Face Powder of Quality
Used by Women of Refinement for Three Generations

A Repertoire of New Requisites for the Toilette

The
New
General
Dollar
Box
for 15c
Boudoir



A full line of *Lablache Toilette* Requisites are now available to the millions of discriminating women, who, for generations, have known the exquisite charm and superior excellence of *Lablache Face Powder*, in fragrance, daintiness and quality, are now on sale everywhere.

If your druggist or favorite store does not have the New *Lablache* Requisites, write us direct (giving your dealer's name) and we will send you a sample of *Lablache Powder* so that you may realize its distinctive charm.

Changeable Lipstick
Price, 50c

Double Compact
2 inches
Powder and Rouge
Price, \$1.50
Powder Refill, 50c
with Puff

New Glove Rouge Vanity
Orange, Medium, Dark
Price, 50c

Powder Compact
2½ inches
Extra Thin Puff Size
Price, \$1.00
Refill, 60c with Puff

Hexagon Eyebrow Pencil
Brown and Black
Price, 35c

Triple Compact
2 inches
Powder, Rouge and
Lipstick
Price, \$1.75. Powder
Refill, 50c with Puff

BEN. LEVY COMPANY

Dept. 39—125 Kingston Street. BOSTON

PARIS



Heaven

(Continued from page 87)

possible that this doesn't stand alone, but that it belongs to a chain of islands."

The terrified man refused. He saw nothing but perils. He wished he had never left the ship. To have gone down in her would have been better. When he had prayed for an island he hadn't imagined this kind of nightmare nest.

Ronalds dragged him along. He thought the fellow's mind had been unhinged by what he had seen in the night. A little rest would set him up again. In the meantime they must explore the resources of the spot on which they had found at least a temporary refuge.

There were no paths, but to Ronalds the ascent was easy. There was always a ledge to help him up, or a supple tree to cling to if he seemed in danger of slipping. The best he could do for his companion was to pull him after himself. Being a few feet in advance, Ronalds was the first to turn the corner of the rock, standing erect and lifting his arms, as he cried:

"There! Just as I thought! This is the first stage of our salvation."

The gambler crept up on his hands and knees, peeping round the shoulder of the rock, his eyes on a level with Ronald's feet.

"What's all the fuss about? Where's the first stage of our salvation? I don't see anything but fog."

"Don't you see that town? Don't you see those towers, those people?"

The unhappy fellow groaned. Besides being on this pinnacle of fears, his sole companion was a madman. He followed him only for the reason that he could do nothing else. They made their way downwards, almost to the water's edge, Ronalds in growing wonder. When they could go no farther they dropped to a seat on a ledge which the one declared to be a breeding place of squirming things, and the other saw bright with flowers.

Ronalds's eyes strained toward the town on the other side of the strait. It was a bright town, populous, active, beautifully placed, but not quite like any town he had ever seen before. There were houses, gardens, vehicles, ships in the harbor, boats on the bay—all the familiar things—and yet familiar with a difference. It was the difference that attracted him more than the familiarity.

The other man saw nothing. As Ronalds gave him descriptions his only response was, "Fog!—fog!—I can't see anything but fog."

In order to descry, to try to understand, Ronalds said no more. The gambler too fell silent, with the silence of misery. It was long before the former said in a tone of some relief: "Do you know—I think they see us."

The other man only moaned. In this vision-ary chap he had no confidence. Ronalds went on again.

"They're certainly looking this way. See! It's those people on the shore, near what looks like a park." And then he cried out in astonishment: "Why—why—man! I see my father—who's been dead these twenty years! And he was an old man—while this is a man in the prime of life—only—only—it is my father!"

"All right! All right!" the other grumbled. "It's your father. Hope I shan't see mine. Wouldn't know him if I did."

There was another cry of astonishment. "But—but—my father's coming over. He's—I must be crazy!—he's walking on the water."

And then the father was there—up on the rock—sitting beside his son on the ledge of fern and flower. Without greeting, or any form of welcome, he met at once the amazement of Ronald's mind.

"You see," he said, as if they had been talking a long time, "it's chiefly a matter of understanding. Our conditions Over Here are not very different from what they were Over There. It's only that being released from the prison of the five senses we get the free use of

Free Trial Forget Gray Hair

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Nothing to wash or rub off. Renewed color even and perfectly natural in all lights. No streaking.

My Restorer is a time-tested preparation, which I perfected many years ago to renew the original color in my own prematurely gray hair. I ask all who are gray to prove its worth by accepting my absolutely Free Trial Offer.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send today for the special patented Free Trial Outfit which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose a lock in your letter.

FREE
TRIAL
COUPON

Please print your name and address—

MARY T. GOLDMAN
202-6 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

"What a
Relief!"



It's Wonderful How Pinex Eases a Cough

The moment you take a spoonful of Pinex, you feel it take hold of your cough, soothing the membranes and bringing marked relief.

And it makes a difference in your drug bills. A small bottle of Pinex, mixed at home with plain sugar syrup, makes a whole pint—a family supply—of pure, wholesome cough syrup, the best that money could buy, for adults or children. Tastes good, too—youngsters take it willingly. Used by millions of people for over 20 years.

Insist on genuine Pinex, 5c, at all druggists. Money promptly refunded if you are not glad you tried it.
The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

For Coughs
PINEX

our minds. It's because I know that I'm able to walk on the water; not because I'm more gifted than when I didn't know."

Now that they were together Ronalds had little recollection that there had ever been a separation. He found himself discussing the question as they had been in the habit of discussing questions when he was a boy.

"Because you know what?"

"Because I know now what physical science was trying to tell me in the earth-phase—that matter is not the primal element—that the basic constituent of everything is force. Few people still in the earth-phase grasp that any more than I did. Most of them jeer at it—or never heard of it at all."

"I'm one of those who've never heard of it."

"Oh, no, you're not! You simply didn't draw conclusions from the scientific discoveries talked of all around you. Even when I was in that stage men of science were making the veil of matter thin. Now they've practically blown it away, and yet earth-people pay no attention. When they do pay attention they'll learn that death is the greatest of their myths."

Ronalds, who didn't find it strange to be talking like this with his dead father, answered with force: "I don't see how you can call it a myth, when we've all got to die."

"We've all got to see it differently from the way in which we have seen. Even Over Here we have our misconceptions from which we have to work away. The degree of our working away is the measure of our progress. When we have learned all that this stage has to teach us, we move on to another, and to other stages after that."

Ronalds broke in hurriedly. "What do you mean by Over Here? Over—where?"

The father smiled. "I mean nothing local. The local frame of mind, in which objects are ruled by a sense of place, is one we have to overcome. Because you haven't overcome it yet I use the words you can understand. Strictly speaking there's no Over Here and Over There; there are only states of mind. From one state of mind to another we have to go on by degrees. If you don't understand where you are it's because your mind isn't yet adjusted."

Ronalds showed his perplexity. "I think I know where I am. This is a rock in the Atlantic, isn't it? And that's a town on an island."

"They're that for you."

"But aren't they that for everyone?"

He answered indirectly. "One of the first things earth-people have to learn is the mind's power of having what it wants. If they knew it—if they could only be persuaded of the fact—earth-life would be happier. For example, you wanted a rock; you've got a rock."

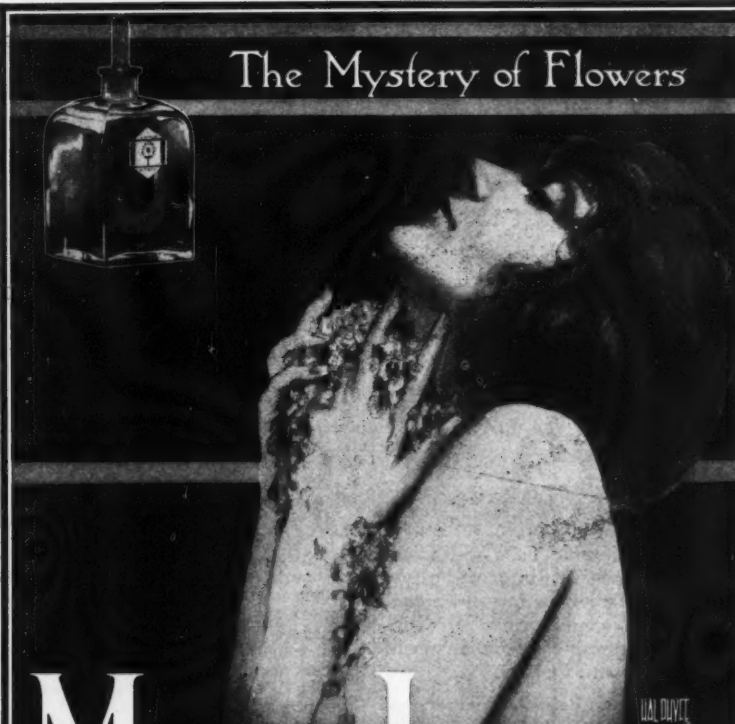
"But it's a real rock, isn't it?"

"It's like everything else that exists. It's real to each in the way in which he apprehends it. I see it as a medium in which I can meet you. To me it's a medium rather than a place. To this poor lad it's the haunt of fear, because fear is all he's fitted himself for. To you it's better than that, because on the whole your expectations have been right. Don't you see? In the earth-phase we thought ourselves the slaves of the material; in this we know that we're its masters. We don't have to pray that what we need will be given us, nor do we have to go without it. We take it. When we want it, it appears. That's the beginning of our release from the domination of the senses. Having everything we need is not the aim of our desires. It's only the starting point of our development."

Ronalds turned toward the gambler, who was huddled on the ground in an attitude of wretchedness.

"This man hasn't everything he needs."

"He has everything he can understand. It's understanding that counts. It determines our happiness or our misery. It's our creative force. We always get in the new phase what we've prepared ourselves for in the former one. You've prepared yourself for this; he's prepared



The Mystery of Flowers

Mystikum

PARFUM

To heighten the elusive charm of woman, twenty-eight different flowers give their subtle fragrance to the creation of Mystikum—Europe's Premier Parfum

AT THE BETTER STORES

If your dealer cannot supply you, your check for \$150 will bring Mystikum Miniature

SCHEER IMPORTING CO., 47 W. 47th ST., NEW YORK CITY

Exclusive North American Agents

MYSTIKUM
TOILET WATER
FACE POWDER
POWDER COMPACTS
TALCUM
SACHET
POUFFES

MYSTIKUM
LIPSTICKS
BATH SALTS
BRILLIANTINE
VANISHING CREME
FACE LOTION
LIQUID POWDER
HAIR TONIC

40,000 Opportunities in Hotels



Nation-wide demand for men and women—Hotels, Clubs, Tea Rooms, Restaurants. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and help you get a position. Our pay—live living—quick advancement—our methods endorsed by leading hotels everywhere. Write for free book—Your Big Opportunity.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room A-212 Washington D. C.

Baby Loves A Bath With Cuticura Soap



Gland and Soothing to Tender Skins.



CENTURY SHEET MUSIC

You can't buy better—why pay more?

CENTURY gives you the world's best music, beautifully printed on the best paper! What more can sheet music be! There are over 2300 compositions in the Century catalogue all 15¢—(20¢ in Canada), masterpieces like "Barcarolle," "Evening Star," "Il Trovatore," "Poet and Peasant," etc.—all certified to be exactly as the masters wrote them. Ask for Century—Patronize the Century dealer. Century's low price is only possible because of his small profit. Complete catalog of over 2300 compositions free on request.

Thousands of successful teachers use and recommend CENTURY CERTIFIED MUSIC exclusively—because they know it is all that good music can be at half the price or less; and they know parents appreciate the saving.

Century Music Publishing Co., 247 W. 40th St., N.Y. C.





IF certain scientific facts—that are known to every well-informed physician—could be explained to all women, the use of poisonous, burning disinfectants in feminine hygiene would cease abruptly and forever.

Here are the facts: Poisonous, caustic compounds, even when heavily diluted with water, corrode, irritate and harden the tissues and membranes of the human body. The continued use of such poisons, at any real germicidal strength, produces an area of scar tissue, with lasting, irreparable injury to the delicate membrane and tissues with which they come in contact.

The one excuse for the use of poisons in feminine hygiene was this: All known antiseptics with great germ killing power were of a poisonous, irritating character. Women were forced to use such things or do without protection from germ life.

The above is no longer true. As the result of a discovery made during the World War, we now have an antiseptic with great germ killing power that is non-poisonous and non-irritating.

Zonite is this new form of antiseptic, prepared for general use. Although it has far greater germ killing power than carbolic acid, it may be used frequently and freely on the tissues of the body with no harmful effects whatever. Authorities are urging its adoption for feminine hygiene by all women.

Zonite has many important and necessary uses in the practice of preventive medicine in the home. Ask your doctor.



In Bottles
50c and \$1.00
Druggists
Everywhere

Women's
Division
ZONITE
PRODUCTS
CO.

350 Madison Ave.
New York

Please send me free copy
of the Zonite Feminine Hy-
giene Booklet. (G-3)

Name.....

Address.....

himself for that. It would be useless to give him what he isn't able to receive."

"And will he never be able—?"

"The principle of the universe is progress. From where he is he must go forward; but being so little adapted he can't go forward without suffering. More easily than he, you can begin here where you left off there—"

Ronalds asked the question which had been urging itself for some time past. "So I have left off there! I wasn't saved after all."

"You mean that you couldn't keep to your old point of view as to your body. That's what it comes to. A minute arrived when you were in the water—I'm speaking in your terms of course—at which you found that your old concept of a body wouldn't serve your purpose any longer. But the mind is quick. It can always shift instantly to a new point of view. Seeing that your old point of view wouldn't work your mind took on a new one, more nearly approximate to Truth. Getting nearer to Truth you got nearer to Power, and getting nearer to Power you got nearer to the thing you wanted, which at that minute was a rock. You found your rock and climbed up on it. It was all, just then, that you could do."

Ronalds was still more puzzled. "But I've got a body much like the one I've always had."

"That is, your present state of mind is not so very different from your former one. But isn't that natural? You couldn't be expected to change a great deal in what we used to call a few hours. Earth-people always think that they must come Over Here through some terrific convulsion. But you've seen for yourself how easy it is."

"Over Here we're quicker to seize new facts. Earth-people reject new facts till they're forced upon them, and they can't help themselves. Think of what the earth-man's body is composed of. I speak only from the point of view of earth-science. That it's made of flesh and blood and bone is only the surface mistake of the senses. Flesh and blood and bone can be analyzed back to what's been called the electron; and what is the electron? Isn't it only another name for Power? Power is the natural clothing of the mind even in the earth-phase. The error of earth-people is in translating power into impotence. Power being lavished upon them, their own minds turn it into flesh and blood and bone. Earth-science knows that even in the earth-stage the body is made of energy—that it's spiritual more than it is material. And yet in spite of that knowledge the earth-mind clings to its concepts of disease and helplessness."

Ronalds was curious. "I didn't know I'd come Over Here. At what exact minute did I come?"

"The minute when you came Over Here—in other words the minute when you died—was that at which you dropped the old concept of a body too feeble to be of use to you, and took on that of one which would meet your needs."

"And shan't I see my mother?—and my little sister who came Over Here as a baby?"

The father rose. "I'll take you to them now."

Once more Ronalds turned to the card sharper, crouched in silent woe.

"But I don't like to leave him. It

would hardly be kind. He'll be all alone."

"Oh, no, he won't be! He'll have better companionship than yours and mine. You must remember that in this phase no one is ever overlooked or forgotten. Someone's love—his father's—his mother's—I don't know whose—has been following him all his life. It isn't going to forsake him now."

But Ronalds was still reluctant. "He's clung to me right up to this. I don't like to desert him. He's so awfully afraid."

"You're quite right in that. We understand all those loyalties. They call us. We respond. And that we do respond to them—see!"

What Ronalds saw was the gambler slowly rising to his feet. His hands were stretched out as if in timid, trembling welcome. Joy, terror and amazement played across his face in turn.

"It's—it's my little lame girl—only she's not lame any more! She's running to me—running to me—running to me—through the fog!"

"He'll be all right now, even though he has a long hard way ahead of him. This is someone who's been specially on the watch for him. It's probably someone to whom he has been good. We all have them. They make our coming over, which, as a rule, is easy enough in any case, much more lovely. Now we'd better go and find your mother."

In the short descent to the water's edge Ronalds seemed to glide as if a little above the ground. And yet when his father went out on the water he recoiled.

"You can have a boat," the father smiled back at him, holding out his hand, "but you might as well do it now. You can, you know. Let me repeat something you've heard often."

Ronalds knew the words, and yet as he heard them recited in a voice like the murmur of deep waters, they came with unsuspected meanings:

Towards daybreak He went to them, walking over the waves. When the disciples saw Him walking over the waves they were greatly alarmed. "It is a spirit," they exclaimed, and cried out in terror. But Jesus spoke to them at once: "There is no danger. It is I. Do not be afraid." "Master," answered Peter, "if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee on the water!"

Jesus said: "Come!" Then Peter climbed down from the boat, and walked on the water. But when he felt the wind he grew frightened. Beginning to sink, he cried out: "Master, save me!" Instantly Jesus stretched out His hand and caught him, saying: "O thou of little faith! Why did you doubt?"

"You see," the father continued to smile, "Our Great One knew that even in the earth-phase His body was one of Power, at the command of Mind. So long as Peter knew it too, Peter walked on the water. That's the point of the whole incident. It was only when he grew afraid that he began to sink. Jesus said to Peter 'Come!' He held out both his hands. 'I say, Come!—to you.'"

So on the water in which he had drowned in the old phase Ronalds found himself walking in the new one.

Danger?

(Continued from page 43)

experiences could have been avoided if they had studied their trip carefully in advance, taken advantage of what others had learned about traveling in similar regions, and used proper judgment and caution. You will find that as a rule they don't bear close scrutiny from that standpoint. My friend Stefánsson, the Arctic explorer, has a motto which I am very fond of quoting because it expresses a great deal in a single sentence. He says "Adventures are a mark of incompetence."

I had an amusing experience last year which might easily have become an "adventure" if I had not understood conditions pretty

thoroughly. The expedition was at work on the Mongolian plateau two hundred and fifty miles north of Kalgan. I had to return to bring up some additional supplies and drove back with one man and two heavy automobile trucks. A week earlier two Russian cars had been attacked by bandits on the road which we were following and robbed of several thousand dollars worth of sable skins.

When we neared the spot where the hold-up had occurred I was alone and two miles ahead of the other truck. The thought flashed into my mind: "I wonder if those bandits would be fools enough to try it again in the same place."

A second later I saw the head and shoulders of a horseman projecting over the top of a hill three hundred yards away.

He was either a bandit or a soldier, and as the two are synonymous in China I did not care to have him around. I dropped a couple of bullets from my revolver in his vicinity, and although I didn't try to hit him they must have come too close for comfort. Anyway, he disappeared abruptly.

A few minutes later I ran over the edge of the plain on a long slope into a deep valley. Sure enough, in the bottom three mounted brigands were waiting. The chap on the hill-top was a lookout and they were staring hard in my direction, evidently undecided as to what to make of the shooting. The truck was well down the slope before I discovered them. It would have been impossible to slow and turn without exposing myself to their fire if the bandits wanted to shoot. But I knew that Mongol ponies never would stand against the charge of a motorcar. I stepped on the gas and we went down the slope at forty miles an hour with the cut-out open and the engine roaring like an airplane. The expected happened. The ponies began to rear and plunge, too frightened even to run. The bandits had all they could do to stay in the saddles, with no thought of shooting.

I was right on them in less than a minute and never will I forget the look of abject terror on the face of one fellow who was not more than twenty yards away. I didn't want to kill the poor beggars, but kept shooting just over their heads to give them a really good scare. They were absolutely at my mercy, for I could run circles about them with the car. They scattered over the hillsides and after they were well started back into the plains, I returned to the road. There really was very little danger in it, and I think it will be some time before those particular bandits try to hold up another automobile.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred persons think that hardships are an essential part of an explorer's existence. But I don't believe in hardships; they are an infernal nuisance. Eat well, dress well and sleep well whenever possible is a pretty good rule for everyday use. Don't court hardships. If you ask the members of the Third Asiatic Expedition to Mongolia about the hardships they will laugh at you. We just didn't have any, and yet we were exploring a region some of which never had been visited by a white man and were in a desert where there was virtually nothing to be obtained to eat except meat. We had twenty-six men in the field for two years and absolutely no illness. Could you equal that in New York?

Of course there always are some things in which you must just trust to luck. For instance, our caravan must start in December and travel all winter across the desert to be at the rendezvous a thousand miles away when we arrive in the spring. It will go through a country in which there are many bandits. The caravan may possibly be attacked and our supplies lost.

I am not sending any guard with it or giving my Mongols rifles, because to be effective there would have to be a very large number of armed men. Bandits want rifles and ammunition above all else and they very probably would attack the caravan just to obtain them. They don't want food and gasoline and that is what our camels will be carrying.

On our next expedition in search of the missing link there will be forty men, all told. Every man who was with us before is going back, with the addition of many new ones. Not one of them is taking out any additional insurance just because they are leaving America, so far as I am aware. For my own part I intend to drop my accident policy now that I'm back in China, for I feel that the need for it has passed. Dangers in New York or in the Gobi Desert are largely a matter of what you are accustomed to, for, as some philosopher has remarked, "This old world is a dangerous place, and very few of us get out of it alive."



"Can I Reduce?"

Ask Miss Crawford!

Imagine taking off eighty-five pounds in four months!

Miss Crawford used Wallace reducing records to play off this huge excess of weight, and this is what she has to say of Wallace's method:

"The day my weight reached 235 lbs. was the date of my awakening. I sent for the free trial record and put in one earnest week of daily use, and that week I lost eight pounds. I kept on, of course. I used the movements faithfully, and nothing else. I didn't take any medicine, I didn't starve myself, and lost at least five pounds each week. My present weight is 150. Whenever I find that superfluous flesh is creeping back I take out my Wallace records, use them a few days, and I'm soon back to the 150 mark. It took me only four months to lose 85 lbs. and I spent about a quarter of an hour each day with the reducing movements. I never felt better than since getting rid of all that fat, and what it has done for my appearance you can guess from my pictures."

Anybody Can Reduce By This Remarkable Method

Thousands of women—men, too—have restored normal proportions in this way. Reducing 85 lbs. is unusual, but any number of women have played off thirty and forty pounds with Wallace Reducing records, and in about two months' time. Many more have used them for lesser reductions—those who were but fifteen or twenty pounds overweight. Such cases are ridiculously easy for Wallace; they ordinarily

take less than a month. Many letters testify to a pound a day, and five pounds a week is easy indeed. If you weigh too much, you owe yourself this relief. The method is too well known for sensible people to doubt. Miss Crawford only regrets that she did not heed Wallace's offer two years ago. She is a Chicago lady, her address is 6710 Merrill Ave., where anyone who wishes to confirm her story may write. But a better way is to start reducing with the reducing record Wallace will furnish—for a free demonstration—read his offer and begin reducing this week:

Free Proof to Anyone

Send your name and address now and your first week's reducing lesson, record and all, will come by return mail, prepaid. Do not enclose any payment, don't promise to pay anything. Let actual results decide whether you want to continue! Here's the coupon that brings everything for Free trial.



Mail This Coupon to WALLACE

630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 462

Brings First Lesson Free—Record and All!

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's trial the original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name.....

Address.....



No Hair Offends Where Neet is Used

Science has finally solved the problem of removing hair pleasantly without discomfort to the skin or complexion. This with NEET, a mild and dainty cream. You merely spread it on and then rise off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white! Old methods, the unwomanly razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to this remarkable preparation which is already the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere. See at Drug and Department stores or by mail. Money back if it fails to please you.

HANNIBAL PHAR. CO., 667 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

TRY IT

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

BE COMFORTABLE—

Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. "None other genuine." Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO. 224-A State St., Marshall, Mich.



MR. C. E. BROOKS

Easy To Darken Your Gray Hair

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

Wyeth Chemical Co., New York, N. Y.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Colds Headache
Pain Neuralgia
Toothache Lumbago
Neuritis Rheumatism



Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

There is always a demand for the young man or young woman who has trained for a definite profession or trade. In our school pages in the front of the magazine you will find listed a number of well known trade and professional schools and we will be pleased to have you write direct to these schools for information, mentioning the Cosmopolitan. If you feel that we may be of service through this office, write us in detail regarding your requirements.

Cosmopolitan Educational Department
119 West Fortieth Street, New York City



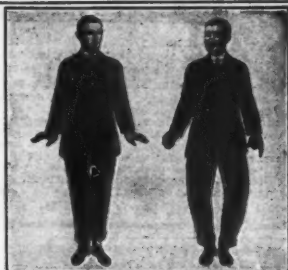
How to Obtain Velvety Skin

Any skin, tender or hard, dry or oily, may be corrected and kept beautiful by the daily use of

Almomeal. Its beautifying effect is a revelation. Use it like soap. Look for the attractive blue package at your dealers.

**DR. PALMER'S
ALMOMEAL
COMPOUND**

Send 10c for large sample package.
HOLTON & ADAMS, 29 East 22nd St., New York
Name _____
Street _____ City _____



PERSONAL APPEARANCE

is now more than ever the key-note of success. Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market my new appliance, which will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Will not interfere with your daily work, being worn at night. My new "Lin-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent.

Write today for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.
M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST
1008-L, Ackerman Building Binghamton, N. Y.

My Double Life

(Continued from page 35)

myself, and I loved them for it. I bubbled over with joy and goodwill; for there wasn't a person in my whole environment who was in any way addicted to me. They could all take me or leave me alone. It was a grand and glorious world. If people could only be like that at home, I reflected, it would be almost perfect. But that was the trouble with homes: folks couldn't be at home in them. And that included husbands.

It didn't require much will power for me to remain single. Poverty helped considerably. So did my old clothes. I made it a point, besides, to divulge my views upon matrimony to every girl I knew. I wasn't a woman-hater, and they didn't even accuse me of it. I wasn't much of a lover, to be sure; but considering that my income was generally about \$1.30 a day, subject to lay-offs, I did as well as could be expected.

Until I went firing on the railroad. That made me relatively rich. In order not to get married then, I found it necessary to organize my philosophy into a more complete system.

"If two people could only remain two," was the gist of it, "couldn't they have a wonderful time? Suppose they didn't assume any obligations toward each other; suppose they entered no claim whatever upon each other; suppose that each went his own sweet way, making his separate mistakes, indulging his separate whims, with nothing to repress and nothing to conceal—if two such persons were in love, what would there be to keep them from remaining lovers for life?"

"Even though the fires of love might go out"—and this was the capstone of my philosophic structure—"there wouldn't be any special agency present to put them out. In marriage as it is, there is always that agency. The claims that married people make upon each other, and their everlasting interference with each other's spontaneity, makes it impossible for lovers to remain lovers. Love can stand disappointment. It can stand tragedy. But it can't stand constant petty irritation and perpetual boredom."

A good line, wasn't it, for a locomotive fireman? And I hadn't heard about Greenwich Village then and hadn't read a single tirade against marriage. I thought it all out myself, and each time I pulled the line, I congratulated myself on what a farseeing person I had come to be. There was only one draw-back. Whenever I tried it on a girl in private conversation, she lost interest immediately.

Excepting Mabel. Mabel was interested. It took me years and years to find out why she was interested. I supposed at the time that she was as captivated as I was with the profundity of my wisdom and my clear vision of what's wrong with the race.

Needless to say, she wasn't. We had fallen in love at first sight, and if I could be cured of my utterly ridiculous notions, she saw the makings of a decent husband in me yet. She didn't argue with me. She understood something about psychology, which I didn't, and she knew that mental aberrations are not corrected by debate. All that was wrong with me, she figured, was that I had no home, no wife to look after me and no responsibilities to shoulder.

Mabel was a Baptist, but I didn't mind that. It might be nice, I reasoned, if she were an anarchist or something instead, but was I not committed to the theory that my wife could be anything she wished? I wouldn't insist upon her sharing my views. That she knew them and wasn't shocked by them was enough.

I didn't give up any of my notions. I was proud of them. I mixed them all up with my love-making, and I inserted them into our marriage ceremony when the minister wasn't listening.

"It is a certainty," I explained to Mabel, just before we were called upon to take the legal vows, "that you and I love each other.

But we can't possibly know what we will be doing ten years from now. Ten weeks, for that matter, or ten days. Oh, yes, I feel that I shall love you always. But that's only a feeling. It isn't anything that I can make promises about. It follows, then, that this ceremony hasn't any meaning. Being reasonable people, we can't consider ourselves bound by it. Before the preacher goes through with the farce, then, I want you to give me a real promise—one that I can expect you to keep.

"Promise me, dear," I added, in a burst of inspiration, "that, whatever happens, you will do as you darn please!"

Mabel promised. I wasn't very well acquainted with her then, and it was years before I learned what was going through her mind at the moment. Finally it dawned upon me with a shock. She hadn't taken this promise at all seriously. She didn't object to it any more than I objected to the minister's rigmarole; but she recognized, she eventually told me, that freedom is not a thing which one can promise in advance. One may feel free for the time being, to be sure. But how about ten years from now? Or ten months, for that matter, or ten days?

Can you beat it? There I was, a great, unconventional and emancipated soul, married to a woman who was so bound to tradition that she actually believed in our marriage ceremony and had no reverence whatever for the fine line I had pulled when I explained that ceremony away. Either that, or she had explained my line away; for obviously, what she was now pleasing to do was to convert me into a more or less regular husband.

I was a Socialist before we were married. Mabel didn't like that very well, but it never occurred to me in those days to lie about it. She thought Socialists weren't very nice, but I showed her a few samples that I had picked up somewhere and she changed her mind. I can't say that she began to worship the type; but some of them, she admitted, were quite all right. Especially those who didn't spend their time bumming around the country making speeches but who lived quiet, decent, steady lives and were devoted to their homes.

I liked the other kind best. I liked the roaring revolutionists, the Hallelujah-I'm-a-bum boys—those who knew that the social structure wasn't big enough to hold them and that the only decent thing to do was to tear it down. There was no bunk about them, I felt, no pretense, no effort to appear nice.

But when I invited one of them to the house, I felt uneasy. Mabel would be polite and reticent and utterly disgusted. Was my friend boycotting the laundry business, she might ask me afterwards. When I saw him later, he wouldn't say a thing. But there was a gulf between us that hadn't existed before. I felt humiliated, not at his conduct or hers, or at the very obvious fact that they despised each other, but because I had been caught not being myself.

There was never a question of choosing between such companions and my wife. Individually, they meant nothing to me. I wouldn't miss one of them if I had heard he was dead, while Mabel was literally most precious. It would be no hardship, I knew, for me to cut out such company, but Mabel didn't want me to cut them out for her. Plainly, she wanted me to be the sort of person who would not be attracted by such riff-raff; and plainly, I was exactly that sort.

I forgot to say that I had quit railroad-ing and become a newspaper reporter. A newspaper man has to know what's going on; and if he is too busy, he is apt to miss it. I began to loaf early in the game, and the more I loafed, the more opportunity I had to see more of the daily show. My salary increased proportionately.

After a fashion, I made good. It was a god-send, moreover, to my married life. Mabel wanted me to succeed. She wanted it like everything. She had been under the impression, to be sure, that success came through industry, concentration and intelligent adjustment to one's environment, and when it came

Xmas Gifts on Credit

10 MONTHS TO PAY

Buy your Christmas Gifts on our Easy, Confidential Credit Plan. You pay only one-fifth after you receive and examine your purchase, and the balance in ten equal monthly payments. Thousands of customers have expressed their satisfaction with this easy payment plan.

Sweet Diamonds are noted for their fiery brilliancy, superior AAA quality, and perfect cut. Everything you buy from Sweet's is absolutely guaranteed to please you or your money will be refunded. Our watches, including every standard make, are guaranteed free of repairs for one year. We challenge comparison with the prices of any other concern, either cash or credit.

New Diamond Book

Our beautiful new Diamond and Gift Book is now ready. It shows a wonderful assortment of gift selections—Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry, Silverware, Ivoryware, Toilet Articles and Novelties. All on Ten Months to pay. Send the Coupon for the Gift Book Today.

OUR CHALLENGE

If you do not find that our price on any diamond ring is lower by at least 10 per cent than that charged by any other house, either cash or credit, we will gladly refund your payment in full if you return the ring within two weeks.

TEAR OFF HERE—AND MAIL TODAY

L. W. SWEET, Inc.

1656 Broadway, Dept. 84-T, New York City, N. Y.

Please send me my Free Copy of your new Diamond and Gift Book.

Name

Address



FOR COUGHS— take a teaspoonful

Tickling coughs and sore throat will be over sooner if you take a teaspoonful of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly at night and occasionally during the day. It is tasteless and odorless and stops that irritating tickling, soothes inflamed membranes and gives nature a chance to do its healing work. As "Vaseline" Jelly is absolutely harmless, it may be taken repeatedly until relief is obtained.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (CONS'D)

Dept. 12C, State Street, New York
Look for the trade-mark "Vaseline" on every package. It is your protection.

Vaseline

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY



There is nothing better for chapped skin and lips than "Vaseline" Camphor lot. Try it.

Write for new booklet "Inquire Within."

USE SULPHUR TO HEAL YOUR SKIN

For unsightly skin eruptions, rash or blotches on face, neck, arms or body, you do not have to wait for relief from torture or embarrassment, declares a noted skin specialist. Apply a little Mentho-Sulphur and improvement shows next day.

Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation. The moment you apply it healing begins. Only those who have had unsightly skin troubles can know the delight this Mentho-Sulphur brings. Even fiery, itching eczema is dried right up.

Get a small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.

Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

through being peculiarly lazy, she was somewhat mystified. Still, she cooperated enthusiastically. She was never hurt when an important assignment kept me out all hours of the night. The assignment might be to get drunk with some genial millionaire, or it might be to investigate some section of the underworld, in which case I would have to pay for the drinks myself; but so long as it was "work," I had no insurmountable difficulties. She was interested above everything in my career.

I liked what I was doing and had no distant goal to reward me for the sacrifices of the present. I wasn't building a house; I was just having a lot of fun.

Except for one thing. Mabel was sacrificing. It was no fun for her to wait at home while I was out having a joyous old session. She didn't complain. But I couldn't help seeing that she was suffering—suffering with that never-ceasing ache in her husband.

Something had to be done about it. If Mabel had had as good a job as I had, that might have solved the problem. Or if I had had as tough a job as hers. The job she had cut out for herself, remember, was to make a regular husband out of me; and it was not only a tough job, but she was failing at it miserably. I was as gentle and considerate as ever, but we were still two.

I did two things. I lied a little oftener and I drank a little more. It was all out of the kindness of my heart. I made it a point not to let Mabel know how bad I really was. If I spent too much money, I became conscience-stricken and hid the fact from her as long as possible. That was never very long, however, and the situation became terribly strained. Mabel didn't care for the money and I knew that; but she cared a lot for the man. Which meant that she couldn't quite respect me if she discovered exactly who I was. So I became a hypocrite again—a hypocrite and a liar.

I don't mean that I neglected Mabel. If there was anything that I could do to make her happy, I wanted like everything to do it. But it wasn't something to do. It was something to be. I couldn't be anything except me; and however much she loved me, the more she looked me over, the more obvious it was that I was a separate person.

So was she. Only, that didn't hurt me the way it hurt her. I had my doubts from the start as to the ability of that clergyman to make two people one. I had no objections by this time to losing my identity, but I couldn't think of any way to do it. So I concentrated instead upon the problem of helping Mabel discover hers.

I say I concentrated. I should say, perhaps, that that part of me which was living with Mabel concentrated upon this task. For by this time, I was leading a full-fledged double life. There was no other woman, and no particular group, coming between us. All my longings, all my ambitions, all my problems centered upon Mabel's happiness, but I was having all my fun away from her.

Eventually I hit upon a great idea. It worked beautifully, but not exactly in the way I had doped it out.

We were not one but our income was. Even though two people remain two, they still have to pay the bills incident to living together; and if I had handled the funds, the firm's credit would have been wrecked. Of necessity, Mabel handled them. She didn't put me on an allowance for personal expenses, for she looked upon the money as all mine; and I didn't put her on an allowance, for I looked upon it as all hers.

My big idea was that we should go fifty-fifty instead. Let us divide our income equally, I suggested. Then let us go halves on all joint expenses, and each of us spend what's left just as we wish.

Mabel agreed, on one condition, and I was overjoyed. Our combined wealth at the time, according to two joint-account bank-books, was about \$1,300. As a matter of fact, it was \$650; for I had checked one of them dry without informing her. Now I wouldn't have to

tell her at all, I figured. I would just keep that account as mine and let her have the other.

The one condition she imposed was that, if either of us should need any extra money, he would borrow from the other. I knew of course that that meant me. Mabel always lived within her income. It was a trick that I had never learned very well.

A beautiful month followed. Of course I celebrated some, and I went broke doing it; but my conscience was easy and things brightened up appreciably at home. I was light-hearted and Mabel reacted with a light-heartedness decidedly unusual. I had had a good month and had made, as I remember it, something more than \$1,300. I had about two dollars and a half left to last me till my next check came in, but I was happy. I wasn't going to borrow until I had to, but I was very thankful that I had a prudent wife.

"Charlie," she said, quietly, "will you lend me two hundred dollars?"

"No," I answered. "I'll lend you two dollars and forty-five cents."

It beats all how happiness comes and goes. Those marital pains returned immediately. I didn't want Mabel to tell me how she happened to be broke, for the simple reason that I didn't want to go into too many explanations myself. But it all came out. Mabel told me she had bought a farm. Only ten acres, two hundred and fifty miles from the city, with a little house on it that could be repaired and used as a summer cottage any time we both felt like going away. It would cost about \$1,500 to fix up the place, she said.

I believe I stated at the beginning of this article that I never went in strong for owning a house. Nevertheless, I believed in the right of everyone to his one-ness, and I couldn't object to anyone else's undertaking such a job. In fact, I liked the idea of Mabel's owning a house. Not much of a house, to be sure, and not very accessible—but if it gave her any fun to remodel it, who was I to talk about spending money foolishly? I never wanted more eagerly to lend anyone \$200.

But I didn't have it, and I was firm. When the next check did come in, we both needed it badly. Several anxious days passed before anything further could be spent on the house.

"What do you say, Charlie," Mabel suggested, "if we go on the old system—just until the house is finished?"

Of course I agreed. Mabel was doing something that she was interested in, and it was a joy to play the part of an accommodating friend. My economic independence, I reflected, would be postponed only a few months at most. Two thousand dollars would cover the whole thing, and we could save that in no time.

That was two years ago. The house isn't quite finished yet, but we are living in it. It cost about \$11,000 and we're broke. We don't even know that we'll be able to keep the place. We are not farming and we're not pretending to. We wouldn't know how. I'm a New York newspaperman—not one of these literary fellows that get paid for stuff they turn out of their own heads—and I'm not mixing in a darn thing that any editor I know would call newsy.

But we're not worrying—that is, except about real problems that we can get our hands on, and anybody can handle them—and we're having more fun, Mabel and I, than either of us has had in years.

We sleep in the open air, with nothing but a screen between us and the stars. I never remember to wind my watch, but we know it's time to go to bed when the whippoorwills begin their serenade.

Then we listen to the brook, and the wind in the trees; and pretty soon the sun climbs over the Green Mountains and begins to play with us and—well, I'm not a Baptist yet, but I think I know how folks feel when they get down on their knees and praise their good friend, God for letting them in on the mystery of another glorious day.

And They Lived Happily Ever After

(Continued from page 25)

he turned off Park Avenue into Sycamore Road, and saw the lights of his home ahead. Like a boy who faces some social experience with dread, the evening loomed before him darkly.

He drove into the yard and stopped at the kitchen to leave the ice-cream freezer, and then ran his car into the frame garage beyond. When he entered the house Freida pounced upon him joyously.

"Many happy returns of the day, papa!"

Her strong arms about his neck and her warm lips against his face dispersed the black imps that had been his companions on the homeward drive. She took his hat and coat and danced away with them to the closet under the stairway. He watched her with satisfaction and pleasure. The sweetness of that moment's contact with her lips and arms, caused a happy stirring in his heart. He repented of the mood in which he had driven home; Freida was ample compensation for a host of disappointments!

"There's a par-tee! Mamma's having a par-tee!" she chanted as he walked toward the stairs. "And papa must get right into his joy rags!"

"Oh, yes; your old pop must make himself pretty!" he agreed with a forced smile.

"Old pop nothing!" she cried scornfully. "You and mamma aren't a bit old!—and, papa—please may I go to Dorothy Avery's for dinner and stay all night? Mr. and Mrs. Avery are coming here and they asked mamma to let me go. Dorothy and I can do our lessons together. Mamma said it would be all right if you didn't mind. And the Averys will send their car around for me. Mamma says I may if you say so."

This reference of the matter to him brought a smile to his face, for his decision was never asked in any but unimportant domestic matters. The Jim Averys were recent additions to their list of acquaintances. Avery was a lawyer who gave much time to politics and had lately been rewarded for his zeal with a place on the Park Board. The Averys lived on Gordon Avenue, in a much better house than the Cranes. Morton Crane didn't care particularly for Avery, who was rather noisy and dragged a good deal of his intimacy with men high in the counsels of his party.

"Freida, is that your father?" a voice demanded from above.

"Yes, papa's just come!" Freida answered.

"Please, papa, may I go?"

"All right, Freida," he answered. "Be sure you behave yourself—and don't forget your lessons."

"Hello, Mort! Why are you so late?" his wife greeted him without turning round. She was seated at her dressing table, clad in a flowered silk wrapper, giving the last touches to her hair. He had taken the roses out of the box, but her preoccupation with her toilet thwarted his purpose to bestow them upon her with a little speech. Instead he held them up that she might see them in the mirror.

"Flowers for the bride!" he exclaimed with an effort at gaiety.

"Roses? Oh, thanks, Mort!" she replied absently patting her hair. "From Burney's? I telephoned to Carleton for flowers and those they sent are stale. These are fine. Put them down somewhere; I'll take care of them when I'm dressed."

He had meant to kiss her as he gave her the roses and to say something about their happy years together, but the kiss seemed difficult to effect, and without the kiss the words would lose their significance. He abandoned the idea of kissing her or of referring further to the anniversary . . . He thought she might have made more of the roses.

"You're terribly late!" she said with sudden animation, rising and flinging open a succession of drawers in her chiffonier. "I've finished



Here is relief for you

YOU feel as young as ever—until those rheumatic twinges come, with a sudden change in weather, or after an exposure to wind and rain.

Or you feel as limber as a youngster—until some out-of-the-ordinary exercise or exertion brings on stiffness, lame and sore muscles.

Apply Absorbine, Jr. promptly—tonight, or whenever such pain or discomfort next threatens. Feel it ease the pain in those muscles and joints at once.

And, as if a miracle has happened, you wake in the morning—none the worse off for the work or play of a yesterday.

Absorbine, Jr. breaks up the congestion which causes pain by getting nature to respond to the demand for a quickened blood circulation.

Give Absorbine, Jr. a place in your medicine cabinet. It will respond to every emergency call for first aid. You will find it safe, clean, agreeable and effective.

At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle, 10c. postpaid.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 266 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

\$2 XMAS GIFTS Sent for \$2

BY1—Lady's 18K white gold ring; hexagon center set with perfect cut blue white diamond. \$22.

BY2—Lady's Elite ring; perfect cut blue white diamond is set in 18K white gold prongs. 14K natural gold shank. \$45.

BY3—Lady's 20 K white gold orange blossom ring set in 1/4 Carat also 18K white gold top with a perfect cut blue white diamond. \$75.

BY4—Lady's wrist watch of solid 14K white gold; highest grade 15 ruby and sapphire jeweled movement. Lifetime guarantee. \$22.

BY5—Platinum front Scarf pin set with perfect cut blue white diamond; 14 K white gold pin. \$27.50.

BY6—Diamond ring; 14K white gold. Each side of diamond center is set with a triangular shaped sapphire; looks like \$750 solitaire. \$67.50.

BY7—Diamond shaped wrist watch; 14K solid white gold; set in platinum with 4 perfect cut blue white diamonds; highest grade 15 jeweled movement. Lifetime guarantee. \$42.50.

BY8—Lady's 18K white gold ring; perfect cut blue white diamond. \$45.

BY9—Solid platinum lady's ring set with a perfect cut blue white diamond of great quality. \$100.

BY10—Lady's platinum set 7 diamond cluster ring; 20 K white gold shank; resembles \$750 solitaire. \$57.50.

BY11—Diamond ring; 18K white gold set with two perfectly matched blue white diamonds. \$35.

BY12—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY13—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY14—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY15—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY16—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY17—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY18—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY19—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY20—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY21—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY22—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY23—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY24—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY25—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY26—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY27—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY28—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY29—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY30—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY31—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY32—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY33—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY34—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY35—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY36—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY37—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY38—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY39—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY40—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY41—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY42—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY43—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY44—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY45—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY46—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY47—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY48—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY49—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY50—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY51—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY52—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY53—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY54—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY55—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY56—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY57—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY58—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY59—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY60—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY61—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY62—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY63—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY64—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY65—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY66—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY67—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY68—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY69—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY70—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY71—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY72—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY73—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY74—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY75—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY76—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY77—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY78—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY79—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY80—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY81—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY82—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY83—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY84—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY85—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY86—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY87—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY88—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY89—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY90—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY91—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY92—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY93—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY94—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY95—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY96—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY97—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY98—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY99—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

BY100—Diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$800 solitaire. \$48.50.

\$2.00 Brings Your Choice
NO RED TAPE—NO DELAY
 Simply send \$2.00 and your choice goes to you charges paid. You have ten days in which to decide. Money back instantly if you are not satisfied as to the quality and value.

Ten Days' Trial
 Send only \$2.00 and your choice goes to you in handsome gift box all charges paid. Guarantee Bond attesting to quality and value accompanies each shipment.

A Full Year to Pay
 Simply send \$2.00 and receive your selection, all charges paid. After trial pay balance in 12 monthly payments. 10% discount for cash.

Free Royal Xmas Catalog
 The most complete catalog ever published of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Cameras, Ivory Toilet Sets, etc. sent FREE. Prices from \$5.00 to \$1000—quality the highest. Ten days' trial and a full year to pay on everything you order from our \$2,500,000 stock. Send for your copy today. Dept. 1199.

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.,
170 Broadway—New York

with the bathroom, so please do hurry, Mort. I asked those people for eight. I hope you're not hungry. I told Amelia she needn't set the table—we'll just pick up a cold supper in the pantry so's not to mess up the dining-room."

Mort had gone into his small dressing-room adjoining and after inspecting a succession of shirts found one that would pass muster with a little work with the scissors on the edges of the bosom.

"I got out your dinner suit," Alice called to him. "It's a good deal mussed but I guess it'll get by."

CHAPTER II

HAVING dressed himself Mort went downstairs to the pantry where he found a plate with cold meat and salad waiting for him.

"Haven't you finished yet?" Alice asked absently, coming in from the kitchen and taking a plate from one of the shelves to see whether Amelia had repolished the dishes required for the party as she had been instructed to do. His gaze fell upon a line of tall glasses on the ledge beneath the shelving. They were unfamiliar; he was puzzled to see them standing there in martial array. Alice picked one up and held it to the light.

"What are those things for?" he asked.

"Highball glasses," she replied succinctly. "I just got them today. You know everybody serves drinks and I just have to do it."

"What y' going to put into them?" he inquired staring at them.

"Whisky," she snapped. "Will Armstrong got a case of wonderful stuff and he let me have half of it at just what he paid."

"And that was—?"

"Oh, never mind about that!" she replied impatiently. "Good stuff isn't cheap and it's mighty hard to get. It was nice of them to let me have it. I knew it was useless to ask you to get any."

She opened one of the linen drawers and drew out a bottle; other bottles were visible in the same receptacle. Strong drink had never interested him; for that matter it had never interested Alice. When they were entertained at houses where liquor was served he tasted timidly and didn't like the effect. Six bottles of whisky seemed a prodigious quantity that probably had called for a considerable investment.

"You can't ask people like the Armstrongs, the Westons and the Averys to the house without offering something," Alice was expatiating. "They'd think we were stingy. And everybody's doing it. We ought really to have a cocktail to start the party right. If you're sulking now because I asked her to wear a cap when she does the serving. She's making everything just as hard for me as she can. You simply can't keep house decently with a girl-of-all-work. If the Press made the money it ought to we could have a lot of things I have to deny myself."

"I suppose we could," he agreed. He had been groping in his mind during her last deliverance for some basis for an estimate of the cost of the whisky. Ten dollars a bottle perhaps. Sixty dollars' worth of whisky was a large order; he marveled at Alice . . .

When he had finished his supper Alice bade him place the card tables.

"By the way, I forgot to say I'd asked the Grays and the Baileys. I didn't really need to, except Mabel Gray asked us there to meet her sister from Rising Sun—the wife of a congressman or something—or maybe it was only the state legislature—and George Gray has just been made a vice-president of the Central States Trust Company—and you know Mabel is related to the Reeds, who are an old Indiana family, and is a cousin of the Joe Turners and visited them last summer at their place at Harbor Point and met a lot of Chicago and Detroit people there—all wealthy and socially prominent. But—" she paused to grope for the end of her parenthesis and went on "—and Howard Spencer's coming. Didn't he tell you?

And he's going to bring Rose Thornton. I told him to bring any girl he pleased."

"Oh! Howard's coming," Crane remarked drily.

"Yes; why not?" Alice demanded tartly.

"Oh, nothing. Only you always speak of him as though you were afraid of him."

"Well, I'm not! I'm just waiting for a good chance to ask him why we don't get more out of the Press. You're the one that's afraid of him. You have no initiative, Mort! Howard Spencer walks all over you! You must have done something to hurt his feelings, for he used to like us, and we all had a lot of fun when we played around together. He used to send me flowers every Christmas but that stopped two years ago."

"I suppose that's my fault, too," Crane replied dully. In his weariness every word she uttered struck his tired brain like a spiteful little hammer. Seventeen years! He found himself trying to remember when it was that they had had their first difference and the beginning of her habit of scolding; whether she had, in their first years of marriage, talked so volubly or been so keen for social advancement.

Time had dealt generously with Alice; she hadn't lost the good looks that had made her the belle of the high school. A little more plump, but hardly to a degree that could be called matronly; she still had the look of youth. There was indeed something infantile in her prettiness and the gaze of her big gray-blue eyes. She displayed her hands a great deal, not unmindful of the fact that they were small and well-formed. She wore a variety of rings, a form of adornment for which she had a weakness, skimping on household expenses to gratify this taste. A diligent student of fashions she had the courage of extreme styles and sometimes Mort found her purchases of hats and gowns hard to bear.

Seventeen years! Silence fell between them as they waited for the guests to assemble. He was finding no thrill in the anniversary, and for that matter neither was she.

"It doesn't seem like seventeen years!" he remarked, half to himself.

"What did you say, Mort?" she asked.

"Nothing," he replied.

The guests began to arrive, and Crane pulled himself together to welcome them.

Spencer duly appeared with Rose Thornton, a young woman who had, when misfortune befell her, set up a linen store and made a success of it. Her parents had emerged, divorced, from a domestic earthquake that surprised and shocked the community. The mother had died, it was said, of a broken heart; the father had married again; and Rose, handsome, endowed with unusual intelligence and strongly independent, had gone into business.

The Westons were the last to arrive, but their tardiness gave Alice an excuse for mentioning several times the fact that the Joseph B. Westons were expected.

"I didn't know you knew them so well, Alice," remarked Edith Gray. "They've never gone around with our crowd. George knows Mr. Weston, of course, but I've never met either of them."

"Oh, I met her when I was doing canteen work," Alice replied with a hint of superiority. "The war did mix us up a lot. Mr. Weston used to come for her when we were on night duty at the station, and I attended some meetings at her house. They had just got into their new place on Jefferson Boulevard. She's ever so nice and simple. They say she's a high-brow but you'd never guess it. He's making scads of money; it's really wonderful how he's got on."

"Joe's certainly flying high," interposed Armstrong. "I knew him well when he was a bank clerk. Here's hoping he doesn't bump his knee!"

The men exchanged wise glances. Gray indicated with a lifting of the brows his apprehension that Weston might indeed come to grief. The appearance of the Westons accompanied by Mrs. Weston's brother Tom Bowen ended the discussion.



The real truth about skin beauty

A few important facts that women ought to know

THERE is more misinformation in the matter of skin beauty than in almost any other field of women's interests. It is not, as many think, the surface layer of the skin that really determines its beauty. The under layers contain all the active forces, and the whole matter of skin beauty comes down to keeping these forces functioning normally.

That is why thousands of women have adopted the daily use of Resinol Soap for the toilet and bath. They have found that it does protect the skin against those outside influences—dust, soot,

wind, germs, etc.—which interfere with its normal activity.

Absolutely pure, slightly fragrant, of a mild healthy freshness, Resinol Soap is coming more and more to take the place of the ordinary highly perfumed soap whose strong odor is only too often a cloak for mediocre quality and harmful ingredients. Remember: you have a policy for complexion insurance when Resinol Soap is used.

Should blackheads, roughnesses, etc., appear, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing healing ointment is a favorite in thousands of homes where experience has proved that it is unexcelled for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles. Your druggist sells the Resinol products.

RESINOL SOAP

Dept. C Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....



FREE!
THIS MILLION DOLLAR BOOK
OF CHRISTMAS BARGAINS
How 8¢ a Day Buys a Gift
That Will Never Lose Its Charm

LET DIAMONDS SAY MERRY CHRISTMAS

XM 0184—A... Watch... Special... Price, \$97.85.
XM 0185—A... Ring... Special... Price, \$47.50.
XM 0186—A... Ring... Special... Price, \$47.50.
XM 0187—A... Ring... Special... Price, \$47.50.
XM 0188—A... Ring... Special... Price, \$47.50.
XM 0189—A... Ring... Special... Price, \$47.50.
XM 0190—A... Ring... Special... Price, \$47.50.
XM 0191—A... Ring... Special... Price, \$47.50.
XM 0192—A... Ring... Special... Price, \$47.50.
XM 0193—A... Ring... Special... Price, \$47.50.
XM 0194—A... Ring... Special... Price, \$47.50.
XM 0195—A... Ring... Special... Price, \$47.50.
XM 0196—A... Ring... Special... Price, \$47.50.
XM 0197—A... Ring... Special... Price, \$47.50.
XM 0198—A... Ring... Special... Price, \$47.50.
XM 0199—A... Ring... Special... Price, \$47.50.
XM 0200—A... Ring... Special... Price, \$47.50.

No Money in Advance

Any of the wonderful Christmas Diamond Values pictured above sent you for EXAMINATION—not one penny in advance. If you keep your selection, pay at the rate of

Only a Few Cents a Day Merely the you now waste on trifles will soon pay for a wonderful diamond. 8% yearly increase in value on all diamond exchanges absolutely guaranteed. Also 5% bonus privileges.

Million Dollar FREE Get it now. Make your choice from the Greatest Bargains in America. Write for your copy today. Get the benefit of our liberal Charge Account Plan. Address Dept. 1209.

J.M. LYON & CO.
2-4 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK
In Business Nearly 100 years

3 BEAUTIFUL \$1 NECKTIES

FAMOUS Fisher Everwear Neckwear, beautiful fibersilk knitted ties, excellent lustre, three new patterns and colors in attractive holly box \$1. Or twelve different patterns and colors in individual holly boxes \$3. Check or money order. Postage prepaid. If not satisfactory, return and money refunded. Good Xmas proposition for agents, church fairs, carnivals. Bank reference: Marine Trust Co.

9000 Ties Daily Production.
M. J. FISHER KNITTING CO., Inc.
1049 Jefferson Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Weston was big and blond with hair that required adroit brushing to conceal the fact that he was doomed to baldness. He was running a little too pronouncedly to fat, and his flesh was beginning to hang loose under his jaws. He greeted the Cranes and their guests with an off-hand heartiness. Crane was the only man present whom he hadn't met, and he clung to Mort's hand a moment when they were introduced, bending the gaze of his round blue eyes upon him intently for an instant, as though fixing him in his mind.

"This has been too long delayed," he remarked pleasantly. "My wife has bragged a lot about Mrs. Crane—war work, and all that sort of thing. You're at the Spencer Press? I know Howard Spencer—old pal of mine. Great pleasure to be here. Our wives are friends; it's only right we should be acquainted."

This was uttered cordially and without condescension. Crane was noting the details of Weston's dress—his studs—tiny pearls set in dark green enamel, and the gray figured waistcoat that emphasized his tendency to obesity. Mort was aware too of the cushion-like softness of Weston's hand into which his own lean fingers seemed for an instant to sink irrecoverably. Crane was always shy and a little confused in meeting strangers, and a word from Alice was necessary to remind him that he had not been presented to Mrs. Weston.

"What a lovely place you have here!" exclaimed Mrs. Weston as she gave him her hand. She was tall and slender and her dark eyes met his in a direct level gaze, at once frank and engaging. Her black hair was drawn straight away from her forehead, and the heavy coil at the back of her head was surmounted by a comb of quaint pattern trimmed with gold. She carried herself well; stood quietly with her head slightly bent, her hands clasping a fan.

Crane had been prepared to find Mrs. Weston only another of Alice's enthusiasms, for Alice was a creature of prejudice, uncertain in her likings and always disposed to make generous concessions where new acquaintances lived in better houses and wore better clothes than she herself commanded. He had expected Mrs. Weston to be showy, wearing complacently the robes of prosperity; but he was aware at once of a charm in her. There was something vaguely foreign about her, a suggestion of portraits of Italian women he had seen. Her very serenity was an ease to his spirit. Amid the clatter of talk in the living-room and Avery's boisterous mirth at some story Weston had related, he heard Mrs. Weston's quiet even tones as she praised the house and the charm of the semi-urban neighborhood. It seemed to him that from an unseen window cool air was cleansing and freshening the air.

"You are one of the busy ones—like all the other men," she was saying. "I always feel guilty when I ask my husband to go anywhere. His days are so long and he so often gives evenings to business. It really shouldn't be that way!"

Her smile of inquiry made it necessary for him to say something. He wished he might say something clever, but he never had been apt in small talk.

"Would you abolish labor? We can't all just sit around. If we did no one would eat!"

"Dear me!" she replied with mock despair.

"What can I say to that! Bread does seem to be necessary; many require butter—but the scramble to reach the jam pots! There's where so many perish!"

She ended lightly and her smile warned him not to take her remark too seriously.

"Really," she continued, "I think it pathetic that you men can't have leisure to enjoy the things you work so hard for."

"Do you really feel that way! It hadn't struck me as so terrible. It seems the natural thing to plunge into town every morning and work as hard as possible."

"Oh, I know the whole story! Mr. Weston rushes away from the breakfast table and comes home from the battle—late and tired. No golf; no recreation; just business. We're

Beauty

A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for

Any Girl's Hair



Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears. Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

ASTHMA

The assurance of comfortable repose appeals to every sufferer from asthma.

The popularity of Vapo Cresolene is due to—

Continuous treatment while the patient enjoys undisturbed rest.

Avoidance of internal medication.

Prompt relief. Unquestionable merit.

Vapo Cresolene
Est. 1879

The household remedy for bronchial troubles
Sold by Druggists

Send for descriptive booklet 11B

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.

62 Cortlandt Street, New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

told that it's for us women that men kill themselves with work. We're such weak creatures! We just must have our pretty baubles!"

Her light tone did not wholly satisfy him that she was not in earnest. The women he knew—Alice's friends—never talked in this fashion. He was at a loss for a reply to her remark. Seeing that he was puzzled, and realizing his diffidence she said quickly:

"Please don't get a wrong impression of me! I really don't think myself superior to the rest of mortals. I'm not a bit wiser than all the rest. I shouldn't have exposed my philosophy at the first meeting if brother Tom hadn't told me you are one of these unhappy people who really think!"

"Oh, Tom and I beat the bushes in all directions!"

"And joyfully chase the rabbits! Tom often speaks of you. He enjoys coming here—particularly working with you in your shop. Haven't I a taboret that was your joint handiwork?—You must see it in my house—I'm very proud of it."

They glanced toward Bowen, who was visible across the room talking to Alice, who never understood why a young man who was socially acceptable in the best circles spent so much time with Mort in the workshop over the garage fashioning things of wood that could more easily have been bought in the shops. Mort had thought little about Bowen's connection with the Westons, but this now became an interesting fact. Tom was much younger than his sister—twenty-five or six, though he looked older.

The Bowens had once enjoyed prosperity, but the name had long ago ceased to be of significance either socially or in business. A house still identified with the Bowen name was still visible on Capitol Avenue, jammed in between a gas-filling station and a row of automobile salesrooms. The former affluence of the Bowens was only a tradition in the community; "new people" like Joe Weston were usurping the old places.

Though cursed with artistic sensibilities Tom Bowen had shown a native talent for making money, but refused to exercise it except at the urge of necessity. When the commercial invasion of Meridian Street began to drive out the old homesteads he had shrewdly taken options on two or three sites and sold them within a year for a sum that enabled him to build himself a bungalow studio far up the river. He painted assiduously as the mood seized him—water colors chiefly, which were not the evil things one might have supposed from his scanty education in the fine arts.

Mort was flattered by Mrs. Weston's complete attention. Women usually seemed anxious to escape from him. He had dreaded Alice's party, but Mrs. Weston's presence gave the affair an entirely different aspect. Here was a woman worth knowing, a woman with a well-furnished mind that was not for the inspection of the casual passer-by. But it sufficed that she was kind, and it was a tremendous thing that one so lovely was also kind—kind to him!

"Your daughter—there's a little girl, or is she so little?" Mrs. Weston was saying. "Tom often speaks of her."

"Freida's sixteen, and hardly a child anymore."

"We have three—Joe Junior—he's nearly eighteen and Barbara is just twelve—and Helen, the baby, is nine. Our children must know each other. Maybe they do! I'm amazed all the time at the range of Junior's acquaintance. He's like his father—makes friends easily."

He was not at her table when the bridge began, but from where he sat he had opportunity to study her further and verify impressions formed in those few minutes of talk. She evidently took her bridge seriously, studying her cards gravely, rarely speaking. Once their eyes met and she smiled at him—a little smile of sympathy and friendliness that pleased him greatly.

He repented of his ill-nature over the party.



Luxor "Beaute" Combination Set. Three pieces: Perfume, Toilet Water and Face Powder. Xmas packages in strikingly beautiful American Beauty colorings.

Yuletide's Most Precious Gift—Beauty!

Christmas! The time of year when you long to give happiness to those for whom you care. And what gift is so certain to make glad the feminine heart, as Luxor Requisites—the unfailing choice of America's beautiful women.

Their glowing charm of color—their exquisite packaging—the inimitable allure of their perfumes and toiletries—make Luxor Gift Boxes the perfect messenger of your Yuletide remembering.

In wide variety, each bearing its gift of *natural* beauty, they await your delighted choosing. *Do your Luxor Shopping early.*

LUXOR Limited
Perfumers
PARIS CHICAGO NEW YORK

Luxor

TOILET REQUISITES
OF ENDURING CHARM

Luxor "Ideal" Combination Set. Two pieces: Toilet Water and Compact. Xmas packages in Gold, Orange and Black.



Luxor Rouge Parfait—the most widely used in America—and exquisite, clinging Luxor Combination Powder find perfect setting and easy accessibility in this, the only gold-plated, thin duo compact selling for \$1.50 today.





This X-Ray view shows tooth socket destruction by pyorrhea

Perfect teeth— the X-Ray tells if they are in danger

YOUR teeth may be perfect—white and untouched by decay—but unless you keep your gums healthy and firm, pyorrhea is almost certain to develop. The X-Ray reveals how quickly the infection of pyorrhea spreads to the root sockets which support your teeth. If pyorrhea is not checked, the teeth fall out or must be pulled.

Tender bleeding gums

—flash the signal that pyorrhea is gaining a foothold. A most effective dentifrice for preventing and checking pyorrhea—as proved by dental clinics since 1908—is Pyorrhocide Powder.

Its tonic and stimulating qualities correct bleeding gums, strengthen tender gums, harden soft gums. It keeps the teeth white and clean. It is medicated with Dentinaol, a gum-tissue healing agent used by dentists in the treatment of pyorrhea.



Pyorrhocide Powder keeps healthy gums healthy. Its daily use—with proper dental care—will guard you from pyorrhea. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all druggists. Send for free sample and booklet on causes and prevention of pyorrhea.


FREE Sample

THE DENTINOL & PYORRHOCIDE CO., Inc.
(Sole Distributors)
1416 Broadway, New York City

Send me free sample of Pyorrhocide Powder and booklet.

Name _____
Address _____

REDUCE YOUR FLESH arms, legs, bust or entire body with



DR. WALTER'S RubberGarments

Reducing Corsets: In dark and cream colored rubber. Made to order. Send waist and hip measurements . . . \$12.00

Chin Reducer \$2.50

Anklets for reducing and shaping the ankles.

Per pair . . .	\$7.00
Extra high . . .	9.00

Send ankle measure

Jeanne Walter, Inc.

Write for booklet to

Dr. JEANNE C. WALTER, 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

It was ungenerous of him to begrudge Alice her small pleasures; Alice had been fine to him; no doubt she was justified in her fits of irritation. A woman could not see things with a man's eyes, and he must be more patient and considerate. Alice had borne the whole burden of providing a social life for the family. He had done precious little to help and seeing how happy she was he was struck with contrition . . .

The appearance of Amelia with a tea-wagon was greeted with cries of approval.

"Mrs. Crane, see how little faith I had in you!" cried Weston rising from his table and flourishing a flask.

"I've done better than that," declared Avery. "I brought a quart for our delightful hostess's wedding anniversary present—but left it in my overcoat. I was afraid our host wouldn't approve!"

"Well, I like that!" cried Crane scornfully, anxious to show them that he was a good fellow. "I'm really the only sporting character in this family."

The appearance of the tray had stopped the game and Mort hurried to the colored woman's assistance.

"That's pretty good stuff!" announced Weston when Alice asked his judgment of the whisky.

"I got it from Will Armstrong's bootlegger. If it's poison, it's Will's fault!"

"If men bragged of their wives as they do of their bootleggers the world would be a paradise," remarked Tom Bowen.

"That's a noble sentiment for a wedding anniversary," declared Avery.

"Here's to the Cranes; may they live happily forever!" cried Weston with a flourish of his glass.

CHAPTER III

ALICE managed to draw Spencer away from the rest of the company when the coffee, sandwiches and salad were served.

"I'm so glad you brought Miss Thornton," she remarked to Spencer. "I'd known her only as I've met her in her shop. She's ever so friendly and unaffected. It was sweet of her to come in this informal way." She glanced with approval at the tall, fair girl who was debating some question with Bowen. "I suppose people will always remember that rumpus her parents had. It made the town sit up!"

"Well, I guess Fred Thornton got the worst of it," Spencer replied. "Public sentiment was against him, and the woman in the case proved to be a bitter pill after he married her. But no one need be sorry for Rose. She makes a very pretty income and no girl in town has a better time."

"Of course she'll marry," suggested Alice.

"Of course she won't!" Spencer retorted with a grim smile. "She knows too much of the perils. Why should a girl who makes her own money, has a good time, runs over to Europe now and then and is in every way self-respecting—marry some poor nut of a man and give up her independence? We're going to see a lot of those girls in the future. Marriage—is marriage!"

"Why, Howard, that's a nice thing to say to a woman on her wedding anniversary! Don't you think there are any happy marriages?"

"Of course! Don't I know you and Mort!"

"Oh, do you think we're a good example!"

"You're a splendid ad for marriage—happy home, devoted husband, charming daughter growing up to be a blessing to you! What could you ask?"

"Well, I just wondered how we struck other people. You hear so much talk about every one. You'd think every married man was bored and playing a little on the side."

"Yes, but how about the women?"

"Well, that doesn't hit me. Little chance I have!"

"Ah, are you looking for a chance? Woman, your words interest me!"

"Don't try flirting with me! You don't like

me any more and you *did* used to like me just a little bit. Those were fine times when you used to drop in and help with the supper. But you've outgrown our little bird house!"

"Not a bit of it! I must have caused you a lot of trouble the way I used to pop in. I thought you got tired of me!"

"You never thought anything of the kind, Howard Spencer! I was getting old and you found livelier playmates and nicer houses where you didn't have to help in the kitchen."

"I'd like to hear anybody say you're growing old! Only tonight those women in there were saying how young you looked. You're still just the pretty enchantress you were when I first knew you."

"Say—what are you two doing over there?" demanded Armstrong, pointing at them from the door.

"Don't bother us!" Spencer flung back.

"My hostess and I are old chums!"

"I suppose I really do appear to be monopolizing you," said Alice. "But you know I've been thinking—you don't mind my speaking of business?—but I have wanted to talk to you about the Press. It's so hard to get anything out of Mort. He brings me papers sometimes but they seem so complicated. What I don't understand is why the dividends aren't bigger!"

"By George, that worries me too! We all need more money. What we're up against right now is the problem of expansion—a bigger and better Press has got to be our slogan."

"That's exactly what I think! I've thought for a long time you ought to be branching out. When I say that to Mort he gets peeved and says quality not quantity's the big thing. He'd be content to go on forever the way you're doing now."

"Well, of course old Mort has beautiful taste," replied Spencer with the ancient caution of the male where another male is attacked. But he was interested to find that Alice shared his impatience of Mort's extreme conservatism. He felt a twinge of shame at having lost his old touch with her; there was something very likable about Alice Crane and it was a pity that Mort was such a dub.

"This isn't the place for a business talk—can't I see you some time?" he suggested. "Possibly we could lunch together downtown—?"

"Oh, that would be splendid, Howard," she exclaimed.

It was nearly one o'clock when the company dispersed. Mort was in the little dressing room where for several years he had been sleeping when Alice called him to unhook her dress.

"Well, what did you think of the party," she asked.

"It was a good party," he said, "—a nice bunch of people."

"They did seem to enjoy themselves. I was a little anxious about the Westons and Rose Thornton. I didn't know how they'd go with the other people."

"I couldn't see they were any different from the rest," he muttered, as he freed the last hook.

"You wouldn't!" she exclaimed with a note of disdain for his lack of perspicacity in social matters. "Rose has wonderful adaptability. I suppose it's her business experience that's broadened her."

"She struck me as a nice sensible girl and she's certainly a shark at bridge."

"I hope you made yourself agreeable to Mrs. Weston. She's certainly wonderful to look at. Their boy Joe's a little older than Freida and it would mean a lot to Freida if we could get her into their circle."

"Yes," he assented glumly.

"I'm glad I asked Howard; I think he enjoyed coming," Alice continued. "I guess it rather floored him to find the Westons here. He was friendlier than he's been for a long time."

"Oh, Howard's all right," Crane mumbled.

"Howard's got brains! He'll make a big thing of the Press if you don't hold him back!"

"Hold him back! Who's holding him back?"

he flared. "You have no business pumping him about the business. He wouldn't like having you spring business on him at a party in your own house!"

"I didn't say I talked business to him! You're altogether too suspicious!" she retorted angrily. "And what if I did? I guess I've got a right to know what goes on at the Press, haven't I?"

"Oh, yes; it's your money," he groaned.

"Howard did say he wants to make a bigger thing of the company. He's around all the time with men who do big things and he's got ideas. It's stupid of you to be content with what you're doing—just settling into a narrow groove and it's selfish of you just to putter around on jobs that give you a chance to do fancy jobs that don't pay anything and never thinking about me and what I ought to have; and Freida growing up and we're stuck out here on the edge of the town where we're nobody. I'm going to give more attention to the business myself, hereafter. You don't know how to manage Howard. He likes being played up to. You never did see more than an inch ahead of your nose, and you'd spend a week fooling over a job another man wouldn't waste an hour on."

"That's probably true," he assented, knowing the futility of arguing with her.

"If it hadn't been for my money where would you be? When you're mooning here at home over designs and proofs you'd a lot better be around with people who might give you big contracts. Every man we know's doing better than you are. Just look at Jim Avery!"

"Yes; Avery's prospering," he meekly admitted. Then as if he were talking to himself he added, "I wonder if it really makes any difference how men make money just so they make a lot of it."

"What?" she demanded, not recognizing him in the rôle of philosopher.

"Oh, nothing; I was just thinking."

"If you mean that Avery isn't making money honestly you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Just because a man's ambitious and enterprising isn't any sign that he isn't honest. If you had a little more pep yourself we could have a lot of things that I for one would be mighty glad to have."

"Yes; I suppose we could," he replied submissively.

She went on amplifying her last statement, and as she stepped into a closet to hang up a garment he seized the moment to steal softly into his own room and close the door . . .

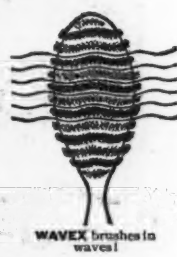
The unhappy ending of his seventeenth wedding anniversary left Morton Crane wondering. For nothing happened, when it seemed that something was bound to happen. Alice had no doubt meant what she said. Where she had merely nagged before, that night she had struck blows that left wounds. She had probably said only what had been long in her mind, and those same thoughts were still in her mind and heart and would leap out at him again.

A few days later Alice reported that Mrs. Avery had asked her to drive to Cincinnati, ostensibly to attend a tri-state convention of women interested in child welfare. Mort urged her to go, saying that he and Freida could get along well enough for a few days. The weather was fine and the motor trip would do her good. Mort didn't care greatly for Elsie Avery, who had, it was said, divorced her first husband to marry the lawyer. Avery had been a widower with one child, the daughter who was Freida's schoolmate. Alice was keen to make the excursion and it occurred to Mort that the brief separation might serve to clear the home atmosphere.

In her three days' absence he missed her. Odd! He tried to analyze this feeling of loneliness after Freida had gone to bed. He missed Alice's bustling ways, her gossip, even her complaints! The house was singularly empty without her. He thought very intently about Alice. She had her weaknesses and her tongue



OLD STYLE brush
straightens the hair



WAVEX brushes in
waves!

A Brush for Waving Hair!

Waves the hair with every stroke! Every strand—every hair—is encouraged to curl as it ripples through the waving rows of bristles in this scientifically formed brush!

If you want wavy hair—that really waves, with a real, natural wave—use the new brush that brushes in waves. Any hair may be brush-waved with ease; for proof, see offer.

You need no preparation with this scientific brush—there's no mystery or "magic" in this discovery. No special skill in using, just brush your hair—and Wavex will coax to curliness in a perfectly natural and beneficial way.

All hair requires ten to fifteen minutes daily brushing to keep it healthy, or even clean. So the brush-wave means no extra time nor trouble; all you need is the right brush. It's ready in limited quantity now—it is called Wavex—costs no more because of the waving feature—a fine quality, genuine ebony brush with real boar bristles.

At New York's beauty show Wavex was a sensation. Women were shown and convinced on the spot. Every brush was soon gone, and scores of others left orders. A thousand Wavex brushes are reserved and ready for this announcement. If you want wavy hair, give Nature a chance. All you'll ever require for hair that ripples and falls into soft curl is the right brush. You'll soon have an effect that all dressings ever made for hair could not duplicate,

and if your hair is bobbed you'll find the Wavex brush a joy indeed; it saves the bother of almost daily clipping of scraggly ends; saves many times its cost in fees for constant waving.

1,000 Curling Hair Brushes To Be Distributed for Test

Until all drug stores can be supplied, the makers of Wavex will distribute to readers direct. One brush only, at the special price of \$3 to each who makes immediate use of the coupon printed below.

Send no money unless you prefer; you save the postage if you do. But either way, a week's trial is absolutely without risk—with every penny returned if you don't get results that make you glad and grateful. Doubt it if you like, but try it! Mail the coupon!



(75A)

THE WAVEX COMPANY
456 South State Street, Chicago

Please send me one Wavex curling hair brush for a week's demonstration which must sell me, or my money is to be returned. I will pay postman \$3 and postage. (Or enclose \$3 now and get brush prepaid.)

Name
Address

WAVEX

Mother Nature friend of the Daily Toiler

BEAUTY, clear complexion, bright eyes, and physical fitness come only from the normal and regular functioning of the digestive and eliminative system; there must be no auto-intoxication.

Mother Nature supplies all the components of Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) making it a mild, pleasant, vegetable, laxative. A safe and dependable corrective for sluggish and irregular elimination.



NR JUNIORS—Little Nrs.

Nature's Remedy in one-third doses, candy-coated. For children and adults. Send stamp for liberal sample and copy of "Well and Happy."

All Drugists
Sell The
Dainty 25c Box

A. H. LEWIS MED. CO.,
Dept. 6-C, St. Louis, Mo.





DRAWING *is a way* to FORTUNE

Ali Hafed, a Persian farmer, sold his acres to go out and seek his fortune. He who bought the farm found it contained a diamond mine which made him fabulously rich. Ali Hafed overlooked the great opportunity at his door to go far afield in search of wealth,—which illustrates a great truth.

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW

If you do it is an almost certain indication that you have talent, a talent which few possess. Then don't follow Ali Hafed's example and look farther for fortune. Develop your talent,—your fortune lies in your hands!

Earn \$200.00 to \$500.00 a Month and More

Present opportunities for both men and women to illustrate magazines, newspapers, etc., have never been excelled. Thousands of publishers buy millions of dollars' worth of illustrations every year. Illustrating is the highest type of art,—pleasant work, yielding a large income.

THE FEDERAL COURSE IS A PROVEN RESULT GETTER

It is the only Home Study Course which has been built by over fifty nationally known artists,—Sid Smith, Neysa McMein, Norman Rockwell, Clare Briggs, Charles Livingston Bull and Fontaine Fox among them.

FREE—"A ROAD TO BIGGER THINGS"

If you like to draw you should read this free book before deciding on your life's work. It tells about illustrating as a highly paid, fascinating profession and about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course. Just tear out this ad, write your name, age, and address in the margin, mail it to us with six cents in stamps and we will send you your copy free. Do it right now while you are thinking about it.

Federal School of Illustrating

1278 Federal School Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

PISO'S
for coughs
Quick Relief! A pleasant effective syrup
35c and 60c sizes
And externally, use PISO'S
Throat and Chest Salve 35c

Beauty Culture Course at Home

EARN \$40 TO \$75 A WEEK
AUTHORIZED DIPLOMA
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Earn while you learn. Study in spare time. In 8 weeks easy lessons can make you expert in all branches, massage, manicure, pedicure, drying, bleach, waves, skin work, etc. No experience necessary. Enormous demand for operators. Practical Shop Instruction Privileged. Get FREE book NOW.
ORIENTAL SYSTEM OF BEAUTY CULTURE
Dept. 1712 1000 Diversey Boulevard Chicago

had developed a keen edge, but she had helped him a lot. They had rarely been separated, and only for short periods, in the whole course of their seventeen years. He wondered now for the first time just what he would do if she never came back! He found it difficult to think of himself as going on for the rest of his life without Alice. What would become of her; what would become of Freida! And if such a catastrophe occurred what would become of him! Puzzling, disagreeable questions, to which he did not readily find the answers. One thing was certain—things were different without Alice, and he was eager for her return.

Three days of this and Alice was home again. She arrived tired but cheerful while he and Freida were at the dinner table and regaled them with a lively account of her adventures. Freida's eager innocent cross-examination elicited the news that the long-needed mirror and hat stand for the hall would soon arrive. They were a great bargain—Elsie Avery knew the shopkeeper and he had made a special price. There was a new dress for Freida and Alice had bought herself a new evening gown.

"Don't look so sad, Mort! The bills won't be in till next month—that's all set. Let me tell you right now that I'm not going to worry about bills any more. Elsie says it's a good thing for husbands to be pushed a little; it makes 'em hustle. She's certainly a good scout. She knows a lot of people down there and they certainly gave us a good time!"

He could only say that he was glad she had enjoyed herself, but her confession of newly-incurred liabilities was a blow to the resolution formed in her absence to be more considerate and try to see things her way. She had spent several hundred dollars unnecessarily, and his good resolutions weakened before the problem of how to pay the bills.

CHAPTER IV

HOWARD SPENCER didn't forget his promise to take Alice to luncheon for a discussion of Press affairs. The conference was held in the main dining-room of the Sycamore Hotel where, if by any chance, Mort should see them—and the chance was remote as Mort usually shared the cafeteria service at the plant—he could hardly object to her acceptance of a friendly attention from the president of his company.

The meeting had for Alice all the joy of an adventure. Living so far from the business center the mere routine of her household was often irksome and Alice was a social being. Freida had her luncheon at school and was gone all day. Unless there was a tea or a bridge party or she made calls Alice was hard put to fill in the long days. She dressed herself with care for the unusual experience of lunching with a man downtown.

Spencer produced some memoranda and reiterated his assurance that he was entirely at her service at any time. He was not insensible of the fact that Alice was a pretty woman, and he derived satisfaction from the confidence she expressed in his wisdom as a business man. To Alice, Howard seemed very much a man of the world, who, by reason of his freedom from encumbrances, was far more attractive than the husbands of her friends.

Spencer had said nothing about a second meeting, but ten days later he called her again to propose another luncheon in the same place. It was about time, he said, that she was checking him up again. There was even less reference to business on this occasion than at the first meeting. There were times when he got bored, fed up with things, he said—with every implication that he had turned to her as a pleasant distraction.

"Oh, come now, Howard, you have plenty of ways of amusing yourself! You're just taking pity on me!"

"Certainly not! I've looked the room over carefully and you're the most satisfying object that meets my eye."

"Oh, pshaw, you've probably fooled a lot of girls with those same words; but I'm just as

glad to be here. I'm used to taking what's left over in this world!"

"That's just a pose, Alice. Don't try to fool me. I can't see but you have a pretty good time. But maybe you don't play enough. You ought to make Mort go out more. I don't see why you don't belong to the country club."

"Oh, he's afraid of the expense. Not just the dues and bills for dinner now and then, but he's morbid on the subject of not mixing up with people who have more money. Doesn't want to encourage me in extravagance. I always say that if you look rich it's just as good as having the money. But you know how he'd take that!"

"Don't I know! He's the same way about the Press; whenever I want to spread out a little he shudders. Fact is Mort hasn't the nerve and push for a business man. Of course he's a mighty fine fellow—clean and high-minded and no end conscientious—but, Lord!—we can't just keep the plant idle waiting for the pretty jobs he prefers to do."

"Mort means the best in the world," she observed, "but he hates to take a chance. And there is this, Howard—you might strike out on broader lines and lose money. He thinks you would. And of course I want more money!"

"So does the whole human race," he replied grimly. "Of course I shouldn't want to do anything you didn't approve of."

"I know you wouldn't, Howard. But Mort's awful touchy about the money being mine. And he's perfectly satisfied with the way we live. I let him have his way about building out there in Whitcomb Place. I suppose we could sell the house for five thousand profit."

"Maybe—but let's not try to settle everything today. We'll work out some scheme of expanding the business and then tell Mort it's going to be done. Half the fight's won if I know you're for me. Mort ought to give more attention to the practical side of the business."

"Don't think I haven't told him that! I've used some pretty plain words to him about that very thing. But I never get anywhere with Mort. He's as obstinate as a mule."

It seemed strange to Alice to be talking of Mort in this way, but she assured herself that it was only in the interest of the business.

She was increasingly pleased with Spencer. In her previous acquaintance with him she hadn't fully appreciated his fine qualities. She felt that they were at the beginning of a new intimacy; a confidential relationship very different from their meetings in her own house and the burlesque flirtations they had carried on before Mort's eyes.

Spencer's flattering little speeches, his deference, the pride he showed in her company, his obvious wish to give her a pleasant hour all touched her vanity. Mort had long ago outgrown anything of his early lover-like attitude; any compliments he paid her had to be coaxed out of him. He had become blind to such charms as she possessed, and it was exhilarating to find Spencer pretending at least to rate them highly.

"Terribly busy this afternoon?" Spencer asked when he had paid the check. "Bridge somewhere as usual I suppose!"

"Not even that! I think I told Elsie Avery I'd drop in during the afternoon."

"Elsie's a good scout. You two see a good deal of each other, don't you?"

"I never knew her till they moved into our neighborhood. Of course they are a little out of our class—live round the corner on the boulevard and have more money to spend. I'll say this for her; that she's not stuck up!"

"Why should she be where you're concerned! I'd like to see Elsie Avery patronizing you! Elsie's a real human being!" Spencer smiled his appreciation of Elsie Avery's humanity.

"I didn't know you knew her so well. There was some gossip of course when she married Avery, wasn't there?"

"Oh, there's always gossip, no matter what you do! I always deny everything. It's the only way," he replied. "I've a good mind to play hooky this afternoon and take a drive for an hour or two. But I don't like going alone."

"Why do you do it then?" she inquired. "I'd ask you if I weren't afraid."

"Well," she said, assuming an innocent look, "considering that you're an old friend and it's a warm day—"

"Thanks! What a comfort you are! I'll call the Press and tell 'em I'm detained downtown on business. Important contract. I had a date at the office with a bird who's a great nuisance. I'll leave word for Mort to wrestle with him."

While Spencer was carefully steering his car through the congested districts Alice was adjusting her conscience to the situation. On the one hand she was violating none of the proprieties but doing only a very natural and harmless thing! and on the other she found satisfaction in rebellion against the fate that had imposed so many self-denials upon her.

"Now we're out of that!" Spencer exclaimed with relief as they emerged into the comparative freedom of Capitol Avenue at Sixteenth. "We'll go out and look at the corn fields and get a sniff of clean air. What have you been thinking about?"

"Nothing!"

"What a luxury! The non-thinkers are the happy ones. I've been doing you the cruel wrong of suspecting you of being a thinker!"

"I used to be bothered that way, but I got over it. It wasn't getting me anywhere."

"Can't say my thinking has done me any good; but I don't dare quit just yet. For one thing I've got to find some way of making more money for you and me."

"That's on your shoulders! I've never been able to do anything with Mort. I expect to have better luck with you."

"Thank you, dear! Be sure I'll do my best."

He confirmed this assurance by touching her clasped hands as they lay in her lap.

"I wish I'd taken this up with you long ago. We might have gotten somewhere. But I thought you were satisfied with things just as Mort is and I didn't like to trouble you."

"Well, we understand each other now, so go ahead! You know, Howard, I honestly thought you didn't like me any more, or maybe you never really did!"

He had turned westward at the creek and the road being clear he gave her a glance that disposed of her accusation.

"For all you know I may have been afraid of liking you too much."

"There you go! Don't forget I'm not eighteen!"

"Not when you look sixteen!"

"That's a good one! You've been practising on some one!"

"Why object if you get the benefit?"

"I'm not objecting! I'm just suspicious!"

"You'll have to get over that! How much time are you willing to give me—oh, I don't mean today but in the long future?"

"Well, I'll see how you behave."

She gave him an equivocal flash of her eyes. Not for a long time had she been so happy. Spencer thought her worth while; she still had a charm for men! Youth sang a new song in her heart. A curtain had lifted and a new and radiant world stretched before her.

They had reached open country. He raised the wind shield and the warm wind flowed in upon them from the verdurous fields. She hummed a little song and he joined in, keeping time with his hand. They laughed merrily at their failure to remember all of the tune. It seemed that until now she had never really known him; noting his even white teeth and neatly trimmed mustache and the healthy color in his smoothly shaved cheeks.

"Tell me when to turn back," he said presently. "I don't want to be pinched for kidnapping you. It's nearly three!"

"I hadn't been watching the clock! Yes; I must be getting back. Elsie won't know what's become of me."

He turned at once into a crossroad that led to another thoroughfare for the homeward drive.

"We mustn't overwork a good thing," he

IMPORTANT—BAER BROS. CO. sell all nationally advertised watches and jewelry on credit at established cash prices

Xmas Gifts on Credit

Buy Today
10 Months to Pay
Our Guarantee

Your money back if not satisfied or if you can duplicate these articles even for cash. We make no claims we cannot live up to. **Guarantee Value Bond** with each purchase. **Lowest Prices**



X32—Blue white diamonds set in PLATINUM, green gold 14 k. engraved ring. \$32.90



X31—Solid 18 k. white gold ring, perfect cut blue white diamond. \$32.90



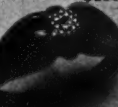
X31—Solid PLATINUM delicately hand engraved ring, perfect cut blue white diamond of first quality. \$57.90



X30—Engagement ring, 18 k. white gold, orange blossom engraving, perfect cut blue white diamond. \$100



X33—Blue white perfect cut diamonds, 1 sapphire, 18 k. hand engraved white gold ring. \$30



X34—Man's tooth ring, 14 k. solid gold, blue white perfect cut diamond. Always popular. \$40



X35—Solid PLATINUM, anniversary ring, perfect cut blue white diamond, 4 triangular sapphires. Very attractive. \$136



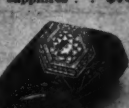
X36—18 k. white gold ring, neatly and artistically designed, perfect cut blue white diamond, 2 sapphires. \$75



X37—18 k. white gold ring, 14 k. yellow gold, perfect cut blue white diamond. \$90



X38—Conservative 18 k. white gold ring, 14 k. yellow gold orange blossom engraving, perfect cut blue white diamond. \$75



X39—18 k. white gold ring, 14 k. yellow gold, perfect cut blue white diamond, 2 sapphires. \$75



X40—18 k. white gold ring, 14 k. yellow gold, perfect cut blue white diamond, 2 sapphires. \$75



X41—18 k. white gold ring, 14 k. yellow gold, perfect cut blue white diamond, 2 sapphires. \$75



X42—18 k. white gold ring, 14 k. yellow gold, perfect cut blue white diamond, 2 sapphires. \$75



X43—18 k. white gold ring, 14 k. yellow gold, perfect cut blue white diamond, 2 sapphires. \$75



X44—18 k. white gold ring, 14 k. yellow gold, perfect cut blue white diamond, 2 sapphires. \$75

Send No Money—10 Days Trial

No deposit required. Simply send your name and address and say what article you want. Only if satisfied pay 1-5th (20%) on arrival. If after 10 days trial you are not in every way satisfied that you have gotten an amazing bargain, your money will be refunded immediately. Otherwise pay balance in 10 equal monthly installments. **You take no risk.** Transactions strictly confidential. Don't delay—order today. Address Dept. T-33.

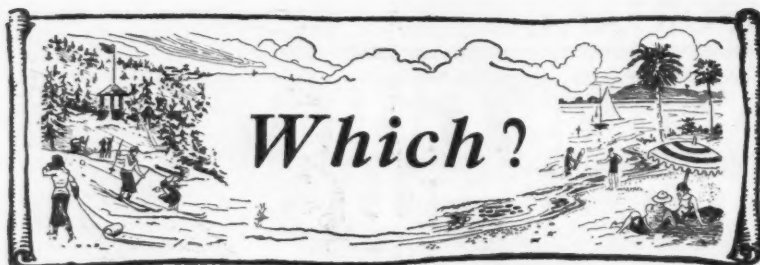
FREE

New 1925 DeLuxe Catalog. This is a catalog of choice gifts in diamonds, pearls, silverware, toilet sets and jewelry. Prices \$10 to \$1000. Cash or easy credit terms. If you do not see what you want in this ad, we suggest that you write today for our **FREE CATALOG** before ordering your Xmas Gifts.



Established 1890

BAER BROS. CO.
Write Dept. T-33 6 MAIDEN LANE—NEW YORK



YES, about this time of the year you are thinking about buying some weather. You want sunshine instead of slush. In which direction shall you travel?

Shall it be *West, North, South or East?*

California of orange blossoms, golden fruit, roses in January and unending beaches, or shall it be Hawaii of perpetual summer?

Maybe the North, with its crisp health-giving joys, calls you to the winter sports of Canada, Maine or the Adirondacks.

Florida, Bermuda and the West Indies welcome you to fishing, bathing, sailing and golfing.

Or are you thinking of those balmy romantic lands bordering the Mediterranean?

Which shall it be?

Let *Cosmopolitan Travel Service* be your Information Bureau.

Write for these booklets—they are travel friends that tell you what you want to know before you go—*sold at cost*.

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE CRUISE

Leaves New York March 7th, 1925. Twenty-three day all expense cruise to West Indies. Luxury—sunshine—rest. Reservations should be made **now**. Write COSMOPOLITAN TRAVEL SERVICE or any agent of the United Fruit Company or apply to any Tourist agency. Free booklet upon request.

Write For These Booklets

Special Cosmopolitan Magazine Cruise Booklet and

Two New Cruise Brochures

12. *Around The World Cruising* 10c

13. *Mediterranean Cruising* 10c
By D. E. LORENZ, Ph.D.

1. South America and Central America, 4c.

2. Southern Europe and the Mediterranean, 4c.

3. The Pacific Coast and the Great Southwest, 4c.

4. The Orient, 4c.

5. Florida, Bermuda and the West Indies, 4c.

6. That Trip to Europe, 10c.

7. The Canadian Rockies and Northwest National Parks, 6c.

8. National Parks of Colorado and California, 6c.

9. The Great Lakes and St. Lawrence Valley, 6c.

10. New England and Adirondacks, 6c.

11. New York and Surrounding Resorts, 6c.

Cosmopolitan Travel Service,
119 West 40th Street, New York City.

Enclosed find.....cents in stamps. Please send me booklets Nos.....

(If you care to give the following additional information it will help us to help you.)

I plan to travel in (Names of countries or localities).....

How Many Going?.....

I will leave (Date).....

Name.....

Address.....

remarked. "If you're willing we might—possibly—try this again."

"Thank you, Howard! You're awfully nice to me!"

"Why shouldn't I be?" he demanded. "You're the nicest girl I know! You're going to the Averys'? Shall I drop you at the door or let you out at the next corner?"

"Why do you ask that?" she demanded. "Isn't it all right for me to be out with you?"

"Certainly! It's all right!" he hastened to assure her. "I was just—"

"Now, Howard," she interrupted, "down in your heart you don't think it right for me to go driving with you."

He saw that he had blundered. The idea that it might be better not to drop her at the Averys' door had brought a flush to her cheeks.

"Oh, I'll show you what I think! You got me all wrong. I'll stop right square in front of Jim Avery's house and go in with you. Elsie won't turn me out. She'll probably give us a cool drink."

"Oh, all right!" she assented, her fear of criticism vanishing before the prospect of giving Elsie a surprise.

Mrs. Avery opened the door herself and gave a little scream of pleasurable surprise as she recognized Spencer.

"Alice, you wretch! Why didn't you tell me you were bringing a man along! But I'm just as glad to see you!"

"I told Alice you wouldn't mind," Spencer explained. "We've been having a little private business talk—a sort of confidential stockholders' meeting."

"Confidential—I get you the first time!" Mrs. Avery's gesture was eloquent.

"Now, Elsie—"

Alice's confusion moved Elsie and Howard to the gayest mirth. Elsie's heavy-lidded, sloe-black eyes narrowed oddly when she laughed. Her laugh—a series of unrestrained explosions—lacked nothing in heartiness. A large woman, deep bosomed but with narrow thighs, small hands and feet, full red lips, a clear olive skin and a voice wholly pleasant in her quieter moments—such was Elsie. A cheery, forthright person whom it would be ungenerous to call vulgar.

Her countenance suggested a strong substratum of sturdy common sense. Elsie, one would have guessed, had drunk at many of the wells of life and knew the ways and the weaknesses of men and was not without her knowledge of women.

Alice, pleased with the idea that she had done something daring in turning up with Spencer, wasn't ready to relinquish the center of the stage.

"Wasn't it all right for me to bring Howard?" she asked tilting her head and averting her eyes. "I didn't mean to be naughty."

"Naughty! Howard, she thinks it's naughty to come here with you! Can you beat it?"

"You've got to let Elsie have her laugh," said Howard. "She's not sorry I came."

"Well, you never come to see me," said Elsie with an injured air. "And—you've never taken me for a drive! I might die and no man would show me any attention!"

"There's a good one!" exclaimed Spencer. "You always did have a way with men—you!"

"Go on! Take my character away! I'll be the vamp in this sketch," said Elsie.

"I'm merely trying to say that you're a charmer. Alice, you don't know it but Elsie's hard to please. You just have to pile it on to make her know you admire her. I suppose Jim puts in all his spare time telling her how beautiful she is. That's the only way she can be satisfied."

"I love my husband!" exclaimed Elsie with a dramatic lifting of the hand. "The world knows it!"

"That's the stuff! Now you're going good!" cried Spencer.

"I'll say we're model wives!" Alice declared. "I'll say we are!" affirmed Elsie.

Alice had now attuned herself to the intimate key struck by Elsie and Spencer and was feeling at home. They were sitting in



Frank's 50th Anniversary
Cruises de Luxe

TO THE Mediterranean

Limited to 400—(Less than Half Capacity) by
Cunard S. S. "SCYTHIA"

(Built 1921) Oil-Burner, 20,000 tons
Sailing January 29, 1925—66 days

This Cruise, celebrating our Golden Jubilee, we plan to feature above all other Cruises, even surpassing our previous successful Cruises by the same steamer.

EGYPT—PALESTINE

Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England

The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda cafes, 2 elevators, gymnasium, commodious state-rooms with running water and large ward-ropes; bedrooms and suites with private baths. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)

Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S. S. "Aquitania," "Mauretania," "Berengaria" or any Cunard Line steamer.

Rates, deck plans, itinerary and full information on request. Prompt reservation advisable.

ALSO EUROPEAN TOURS

FRANK TOURIST CO.

542 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
219 South 15th Street, Philadelphia
582 Market Street, San Francisco
At Bank of America, Los Angeles
(Est. 1875.) Paris, Cairo, London

MEDITERRANEAN (Jan. 31) AROUND THE WORLD (Jan. 30) NORWAY and MEDITERRANEAN (July 1)

Seasonal cruises by superb, specially chartered, new, oil-burning Cunarders. Reasonable rates include hotels, drives, guides, fees, etc. European stopovers. Longest Experienced Management. Expert staff. Limited membership.

SOUTH AMERICA. Small party leaves Jan. 22.

Please specify program desired.

CLARK'S TOURS Times Bldg., N. Y.

SOUTH AMERICA

A NEW, more delightful voyage to a wonderland that is "different." New sights, new scenes to stimulate interest—a bracing climate to benefit health and add zest to sightseeing. Here are cities that surpass those of Europe in magnificence and thousands of miles of nature's best offerings in scenic grandeur.

Fortnightly sailings by the famous "Y-Fleet." Every vessel specially built for tropical voyaging. Perfect ventilation. Superlative cuisine and service. Every known device for the comfort of the passenger. Liberal stopovers.

*S. S. Voltaire S. S. Vanban
*S. S. Vanduyck S. S. Vestris

(Newest and finest ships in the South American service)

Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Aires

Calling northbound at Santos, Trinidad and Barbados

Tours round South America arranged.

For Illustrated Booklet, Rates, Reservations, etc., apply Sanderson & Son, Inc., Agents, Room 116, 42 Broadway, New York, or any local steamship or tourist agents

LAMPSON & HOLT LINE

the Avery living-room, half darkened by the shades to ameliorate the heat of the sun.

"I refuse to move!" he replied. "I was never so comfortable in my life. I suppose you haven't anything that goes well with ice."

"Ah, the gentle hint! The makings are all right here. How about some rickys?"

"Rickys! The very word refreshes me! May I squeeze the tender little limes?"

"No; me is the perfect housekeeper; the limes is squeezed. Make yourself at home and I'll be back in a minute. There's not a soul in the house—it's all yours!"

"Jim's certainly going good," Spencer remarked as he idled about the room inspecting the furnishing. "He's one of the big comers. He could have most anything he wants, but he's making too much money to take an office. Politics is no good except to help you along in business, and Jim has a big pull all right."

"I suppose he has," said Alice. "This place cost a lot of money."

"We want to get some official contracts at the Press," Spencer went on. "That's one reason why we've got to expand." He glanced toward the door and lowered his voice. "Jim's a good fellow and he'll help when the time comes."

"Mort always says political business is dirty; you know how he feels about such things."

"Well, we'll have to show him. You can't be too fussy these days if you want to make money."

"Well, of course, Howard, I'm not for doing anything that would look questionable—"

"Lord, no! And neither am I!" he declared.

"This is a lovely room!" she said. "Elsie has beautiful taste. But then—of course she has plenty of money to spend!"

Alice's sensations at being there with Spencer were still rather mixed. As they moved about the dim cool room, she wondered in spite of herself what Mort would say.

"You play, don't you?" Spencer asked pausing at the piano. "See if you can't pick up that tune we lost in the car."

She began searching for the right chords while he looked over her shoulder and hummed suggestions.

"By George, we got it!" he exclaimed jubilantly. "I think it's mighty nice being here—with you. It makes me sore to think of all the good times we've been missing."

"Well, you'd better make the most of this! There may never be another."

"What do you mean?—making the most of it?" he asked in a low tone.

He touched her hand that held a piece of music she was scanning.

"Don't do that!"

He bent down, clasping the hand as he peered under her hat brim.

"Not awfully angry?"

"I will be in a minute if you don't behave yourself!"

"I was just a little curious about your eyes, that's all. There's no sin in that!"

"Just silly," she replied, deeply preoccupied, or pretending to be, in the music.

"How many Christmases ago was it that I kissed you in your own house under the mistletoe? I remember you dared me! And old Mort was right there!"

"Why, Howard Spencer!" she exclaimed, confronting him with mock horror. "You never did any such thing!"

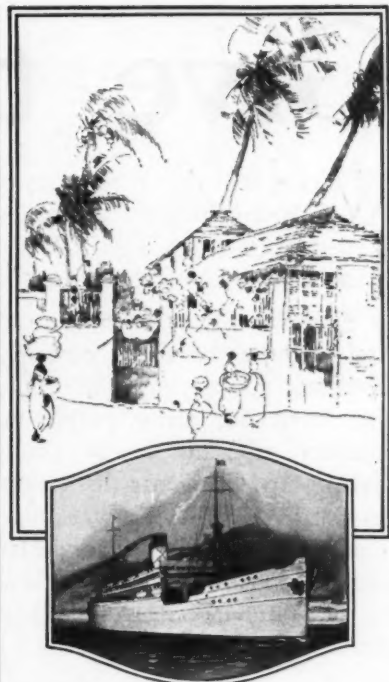
"Then you owe me one!" he cried triumphantly, seizing her hands.

"Howard! Behave yourself!"

"Toot, toot, toot! Stop, look and listen!" blithely chirruped Mrs. Avery, on her way through the dining-room bearing a tray.

Spencer rushed to relieve her.

The humdrum existence that Mort and Alice's married life has settled into is revived by a new note of excitement and risk. Meredith Nicholson tells about it in a fine instalment for the next COSMOPOLITAN.



GREAT WHITE FLEET

NO CRUISES to the West Indies—or elsewhere—offer so much in shore excursions, hotel accommodations and genuine hospitable treatment, afloat and ashore, as those of the Great White Fleet.

On these magnificent steamships, specially built for tropical travel, every passenger is a guest, with all the consideration and privileges accorded honored guests.

Food, service and amusements—which means everything from auto trips to deck sports—are of the unvarying high quality which has made Great White Fleet cruises known the world over as the final word in luxurious travel.

Remember that the United Fruit Company carries only first class passengers on all its ships, and this unvarying policy makes easier the well established rule that every passenger is a guest.

—and the fact that we do not send out casual cruises to the Tropics aids us in maintaining our wonderful service, for twice a week, every week in the year, Great White Fleet ships sail from New York and New Orleans. You can enjoy our cruises in June or December, or in any month of the year, for there is always a Great White Fleet ship to bear you southward.

Write for our new illustrated booklet "Caribbean Cruises" telling about the enchantment of the tropics and the quality and service of Great White Fleet ships.

Address Passenger Department
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
Room 1656, 17 Battery Place, N. Y.

General Offices, 1 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Give them Health

WE are told that three wise men followed the Star and journeyed to Bethlehem that first Christmas night, carrying gorgeous gifts—Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh.

And so the beautiful custom of Christmas gift-giving began. But, as time went on, many people made drudgery of this lovely practice. Making up Christmas lists became almost as perfunctory as making laundry lists. Tom, Dick and Harry received the usual neckties, handkerchiefs and socks. Betty was put on Mary's list, and Mary on Betty's, because both hesitated to break a social custom.

Would it not be a sensible thing this Christmas to give more as our hearts may prompt?

* * * *

Twenty-one years ago, on Christmas Eve, a young man stood at his work in a post-office in far-away Denmark. Thousands of Christmas letters were pouring through his hands. And as he worked he thought how wonderful it would be if all the happy people who were sending glad Yuletide messages would add a special Christmas stamp to their letters and cards. That extra money would build a hospital in his town for the children sick with tuberculosis! The young man took his big idea to the King and Queen of Denmark. His plan was enthusiastically greeted. The first Christmas Seals appeared in Denmark in 1904—and the little children got their hospital.

From this simple beginning grew the widespread custom of selling Christmas Seals to fight the Great White Plague.



Tuberculosis can be cured—can be prevented, and eventually wiped from the face of the earth. But the great battle against it cannot be left solely to those who support our welfare institutions.

Vast amounts of money are needed to bring back to health those who have been stricken with this most cruel of all diseases. Money for open-air camps out in the woods or

on sunny mountain slopes—money for long, restful vacations free from worry—money for proper food and care. Still *more* money is needed for the great work of prevention. And this money will be raised through the sale of the little Christmas Seals.

* * * *

Plaintive voices are calling to you for help. Will you help them? Let's *all* get together to help rid the world of this dread disease that shows no mercy for rich or poor.

Buy Christmas Seals as you never bought before. Buy till it makes you happy. Place a voluntary "health tax" on all your cheerful Yuletide letters, and thus brighten your gift packages with these gay little symbols of hope. The Christmas candles in your heart will burn more brightly because you have helped to smooth away some of the troubles of the world. This Christmas give the greatest gift of all—the gift of health!

In spite of the splendid work already accomplished in the way of prevention and cure, there are still in the United States a million sufferers from Tuberculosis. A majority of these lives can be saved if right steps are taken immediately.

In twenty years, the tuberculosis death rate in the United States has been cut one-half. In some places, the improvement has been even greater. For example, for seven years, the Metropolitan

has assisted in a demonstration of health work in an industrial city, and there the deaths from tuberculosis showed a decline of 69 per cent. The Metropolitan has also been able to obtain most excellent results in its Mount McGregor sanatorium for employees. About 70 per cent of the 1,354 sufferers from tuberculosis discharged from the institution during the last nine years are still at work.

Tuberculosis can be detected in its early stages and can be checked. If men,

women and children were given a thorough physical examination every year and took steps to correct physical impairments, 4 out of 5 deaths from Tuberculosis would be prevented.

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet telling how to prevent and how to cure Tuberculosis. A free copy of "A War on Consumption" will be mailed to all who ask for it.

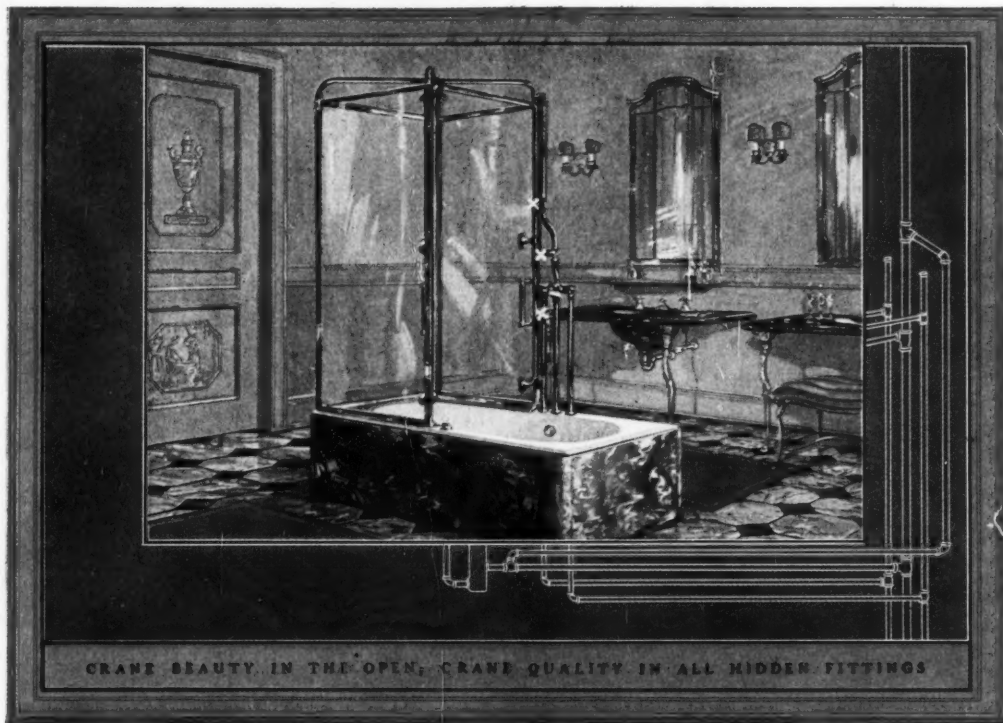
HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN, CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

An enclosed shower bath, lighted, ventilated, free from clinging curtains, yet entirely splash-proof, has long been the ideal of discriminating home makers. Costly built-in construction seldom results in the perfect comfort desired.

The Crane *Crystal* shower satisfies the most exacting standards of beauty, luxury and convenience. Plate glass encloses three sides. Four horizontal sprays supplement the overhead needle spray. In

combination with the *Tarnia* bath, no more space is required than for an ordinary tub. They can be installed in the most interesting of all settings, in the open, away from walls and corners. Inexpensive plaster or tiles may replace the black marble here encasing the *Tarnia*.

Crane plumbing and heating materials, sold by contractors everywhere, include fixtures within reach of all. Write us for "The New Art of Fine Bathrooms."

CRANE

GENERAL OFFICES: CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO
CRANE LIMITED: CRANE BUILDING, 386 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL

Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Forty-eight Cities

National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City, San Francisco and Montreal

Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Trenton and Montreal

CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, SHANGHAI, CHINA

CRANE-BENNETT, Ltd., LONDON

CRANE: PARIS, NANTES, BRUSSELS



Crane long turn elbow with cleanout



© H. H. Co.

E. KLEMPNER

FOR each pretty gown or suit, there's a style and color in Holeproof Hosiery that's perfectly, exquisitely suited! Sheer—lovely. But with amazing ability to withstand much wear and laundering.

In all the newest, most correct colors: Indian Tan, Noisette, Samoan, Caravan, Beige, Cloud, Silver and Jack Rabbit. At most good stores. If not available near you, write for illustrated price list. Styles also for children and men.

Holeproof Hosiery

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario

